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MY HOLIDAYS IN CHINA.

WILLIAM R. KAMLER, M.J.I.

MY HOLIDAYS IN CHINA.

NT OF THREE HOUSEBOAT TOURS, FROM SHANGHAI TO HANGCHOW AND BAC
VIA NINGPO; FROM SHANGHAI TO LE YANG VIA SOOCHOW AND THE
TAH HU; AND FROM KIUKIANG TO WUHU;

WITH

TWENTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS

(From Photographs),

BY

WILLIAM R. KAHLER,

MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS, AND EDITOR OF THE "TEMPERANCE UNION."

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ED FROM THE ANCE UNION."

PREFACE.

THE following account of three holiday tours taken at various times during the leisure of the author it is hoped will give a fair idea of some of the manners, customs, superstitions, notable places, objects, and folk lore of the people. The spelling, where possible, is phonetic, so that a person unacquainted with the artificial combinations adopted by sinologues will be able to pronounce the names without difficulty, and an effort has been made to present the materials in a style which will render the narrative both interesting and instructive.

WILLIAM R. KAHLER.

Shanghai, February, 1895.

SHANGHAI TO HANGCHOW

AND BACK

VIA NINGPO.

Chapter I.

A friend of ours who is accustomed to travel in the interior and is well versed in transactions with native boatmen, volunteered his services in procuring a boat for us to make an up-country trip in, so we depended upon him to settle the necessary arrangements, and on a fine morning went down to the Soochow Creek to look at his selection, which he had previously informed us was a paragon of perfection. When we saw it, we were very much disappointed, so was he, for we soon found that it was nothing of the kind, as the wily boat guild people had, much to our disgust, supplied us with a very inferior article, a not uncommon dodge with these gentry who had acted on a principle similar to that of certain tradesmen who show a good sample and then provide a commoner substitute. As all our belongings were with us, we did not consider it worth while turning back or waiting for another boat, so, bundling our traps on board, we followed, and started from the Public Garden steps. Our crew consisted of two men and a woman, for the women in China are as expert at the yuloh or scull as the men are.

The Garden referred to is the resort of the residents during the spring and autumn afternoons and the hot summer evenings. It is nicely laid out under the watchful care of Mr. G. R. Corner, who gives his services gratuitously, though the Municipal Council recently decided to make him a present at the end of each year in acknowledgement of his unremitting care and attention, and it is agreed on all sides that he deserves it. Attached to the Garden is a conservatory with many choice plants and ferns which have been collected from all parts. This Garden is entirely for the use of residents, the natives being kept out. Some of their friends got up an agitation years ago to induce the foreigners to admit the Chinese, but if they had succeeded, the place would have swarmed with natives, and the residents would have had to find some other place for themselves, for foreigners and natives cannot assimilate—their tastes and manner of life are so opposite. A compromise was effect-

"Ever Victorious Army" Monument, p. 6.

an out-of-the-way spot a monument in the form of a cross to the memory of some Englishmen who were treacherously seized by the Chinese outside Tungchow in 1860, during the second China War and while bearing a flag of truce. They were taken to Peking and carried about in cages, and shamefully ill-treated and some of them died in consequence. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Harry Parkes, and Mr. (afterwards Sir) H. B. Loch, were among the party captured. The inscription on the cross is as follows :—

+

BORN IN ITS LIGHT
PASSING THROUGH THE DARK VALLEY
IN ITS POWER.
RESTING IN ITS SHADOW
REJOICE O CHRISTIAN
IN ITS GLORY
BEHOLD O HEATHEN
ENQUIRE, BELIEVE AND LIVE.
WILLIAM DE NORMANN
Born 28 Aug. 1832 died 5 Oct. 1860.
ROBERT BURN ANDERSON
Lieut. and Adjutant Fane's Horse,
Born 14 Oct. 1833 died 27 Sept. 1860.
JOHN PHIPPS
Private 1st Dragoon Guards
Born 1833 died 18 Sept. 1860.
LUKE BRABAZON
Captain Royal Artillery
Supposed to have died on 19 Sept. 1860, aged 28.
THOMAS WILLIAM BOWLBY
Special correspondent of the Times newspaper.
Born 7 Jan. 1818, died 25 Sept. 1860.

On the Bund are the Masonic Hall and the house of Jardine, Matheson & Co. which it is reported, will, if necessary, take a province in pawn for a gigantic government loan, while the scope of its operations is not confined to big ventures. Other noble looking buildings line the bund, or road along the bank of the river. From this word 'bund' comes the word 'bunder' which means an improbable yarn, or in other words, a pure fiction. A couple of years ago there was a building that did not look noble, though it was venerable. It was formerly the private residence of a native who owned a wood-yard in front of it. Afterwards it became the native Custom House, but in 1853 was handed over to be used as the foreign Customs. This structure has since been pulled down and a magnificent building, with a four-faced clock, has taken its place. Along the bank run nearly two hundred telephone wires, and the electric light wires, while along the foreshore are a number of substantial jetties and iron pontoons for passenger traffic and landing and shipping of cargo from and to cargo boats. No ships or large vessels are allowed at the English bund, though they are in Hongkew and the French Concession—north and south of the English Settlement—where there are almost continuous lines of wharves. Off the English Settlement, a few yards from the bank, are moored the opium hulks, where the drug is stored till it is sold and the Customs' and likin duties are paid. These hulks are in fact bonded warehouses afloat. Some are of very modern construction, and two of them are like gigantic match boxes, and appear to have been built after the model of one of Bryant and May's boxes, with a roof on it. They are called the *Wellington* and *Yuenfah*. The others are the *Ariel* and *Corea*. The *Ariel* was formerly an American clipper and was dismasted in a typhoon in 1858. There is another hulk; this belongs to the Customs and is called the *Nimrod* and it was in keeping with the old Custom House. Over forty years ago, the *Nimrod* was a whaler in the South Pacific, and one of her crew, Mr. C. C. Gram, at that time, is still in Shanghai and in the service of the Customs. In the old days of Shanghai, the hulks were moored at Woosung at the mouth of the river, but afterwards permission was given for them to come up to the settlement.

Among the men-of-war in the river at the time of our trip was the *Rambler*, H.M.'s surveying vessel, nick-named the 'Hangchow Bore' and the butt of the Shanghai newspapers owing to the unearthly screech of her syren whistle, which gave one the cold shivers whenever it was sounded. She is referred to in the following night service signal which was concocted by a sailor belonging to the *Curacao* while at Port Hamilton. It shows what a sailor can do:—'A *rambler* and a *wanderer* in the land was the *daring* count *Espoir* who excited by *Victor Emanuel* and his wife *Cleopatra*, became the *vigilant champion* of the *audacious* robbers of the *Tweed*. Filled with rage, he mounted his war horse *Pegasus* and fled to his friends *Merlin* and *Agamemnon*; *swift* as the *flying fish* did he *fly*. He found *Merlin* shooting *wildswan* as if they were *linnets*, while in the distance could be seen the lovely *albatross* sporting on the banks of *Esk*. *Merlin* rendered himself *invincible* by means of *curacao* and having created a gentle *zephyr* sent him to the court of queen *Sapphire*. Out in the starlight could be seen a planet's *satellite* bearing down upon lovely *Mutine* as if she were some graceful *heroine* who had just conquered a *rattlesnake* and got stung by a poor little *wasp* who has left the bright *Orion*.' All H.M. ships on the station then are included in the signal. Another vessel was the French *Primauguet* whose old crew before they went home hoisted a pennant 262 feet long. This vessel is a ram and if she should poke her nose into other people's business, we opine she would make it very unpleasant for them. Let us hope she will never be given the opportunity.

We must not forget to mention the fine broad grass plots which extend the whole length of the river frontage, between the roadway and the water. There are seats, too, on the grass, and are much patronized both by residents and Chinese, for this is common ground. Between two of the plots, at the foot of Nanking Road is a monument to the late Sir Harry Parkes, one of the best Ministers that England has ever had at Peking. This monument was unveiled by the Duke of Connaught in the presence of an immense crowd including one of the deceased Minister's daughters. It is the figure in bronze of the Minister. He is standing on a pedestal of Italian stone, his right hand is extended, while his left holding a book, rests upon his hip and he is in the attitude of one addressing an audience. The pedestal bears this inscription:—

SIR HARRY S. PARKES, G. C. M. G., K. C. B. HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO JAPAN 1865 TO 1883. TO CHINA 1883 TO 1885. DIED AT PEKING 22ND MARCH 1885. AGED 57. THIS STATUE HAS BEEN ERECTED BY FOREIGN RESIDENTS IN CHINA AS A MARK OF THEIR RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER AND THEIR APPRECIATION OF HIS PUBLIC SERVICES. UNVEILED APRIL 1890.

After passing the Customs we come to the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank which is said to do more business than all the other banks This is partly accounted for by the fact that this bank has its head quarters in China, with most of the shares held locally. Further on, is the Shanghai Club which will vie with any in the East, and not come far behind some of those at home. Beyond this is the French Concession, and it is claimed by some that it is not a settlement like the English Settlement, but a bonâ fide piece of the country, given to France. How far this holds good, we do not profess to say, because we do not know. Like the English side, the French Concession is provided with a Municipal Council, but unlike the former, the Consul is king, and can, if he should be so minded, dismiss the Council with a stroke of his pen. This, however, is never done, though, on one occasion many years ago, the then

Consul locked up all the members of it. The Consul has control of the police; on the English side this power is delegated to the Council, the various Consuls having in the early days tacitly agreed to this arrangement. As the Soochow Creek separates the English and American Settlements, so does the Yang-king-pang the English Settlement and the French Concession. The French Municipality have erected a time ball mast and semaphore station just over the bridge which leads on to their Concession, and as it is close to the river bank it can be seen all over the harbour, although the river forms two sides of a right angle. The mast is very high and signals are hoisted several times a day giving the force and direction of the wind at Gutzlaff, some sixty miles away at the entrance to the Yangtze. Signals are also shown indicating the state of the weather in the China Sea or along the coasts of China and Japan. At mid-day the time-ball falls. On the top of the mast is a vane in the shape of an arrow. When Mr. Forbes, the United States Consul at Canton, in 1844, erected a flagstaff and surmounted it with an arrow vane, the ignorant Cantonese said that as it pointed to the four quarters of the globe, it transfixed the feng-shui, or 'wind and water' influences, and so sickness came. The people were told this by the fortune-tellers and doctors, so Mr. Forbes found it necessary to remove the vane. At the present day, arrow vanes may be seen all over the country.

Going on, we come to the wharves of the China Navigation Co., an English concern; beyond these, are the wharves of the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Co. which is purely Chinese, with the Viceroy Li Hung-chang at the head of it, though, of course, he does not look after any of the details, but the directors are appointed by him, and he occasionally takes them to task. When the Franco-Chinese trouble occurred, H.E. coolly 'sold' the company's steamers and business to a foreign firm, but the shareholders were not consulted in the matter, at all, and when the war was over, the ships came back into Chinese hands. The wharves of this company are called Kin-le-yuen or 'Fountain of Golden Profit' a name, however, given to the locality long before the C.M.S.N. Co. came into existence. Beyond these we see evidences that the Chinese are further advancing in the paths of civilization, for here are lots of carriages of all descriptions, colours, and stages of dilapidation, waiting to be hired, and the fare from this point to Smith's Market, a distance of about half a mile, is sixteen cash, or a cent and a half. It must be admitted that the ponies are not up to much, being mere animated frames in many cases, in fact more fit for the knacker's shop than for pulling sedate Celestials, but with a good deal of stick and some patience, time being no object with the Chinese, the passengers reach their destination. We next see the French Police Station of the Rue de la Porte de l'Est, a fine red brick building surmounted with the tri-colour. We now leave the foreign part of Shanghai and are abreast of the native city, in the suburbs of which are many shops, stores, and places of business, while the people swarm here like ants and all appear to be equally busy.

The lorchas and natives craft begin to get thick and they number some thousands; one of the former has a name meaning 'Eternal Luck,' with a very miscellaneous cargo on board, and there are to be seen upon her deck, among other things, a large boiler, some coffins containing the remains of people to be interred in the family burying grounds in some other province, and the stock-in-trade of a merchant with his sign-boards loose about the deck. The boats that go to Ningpo are called 'papicos' from the shape of their sterns. There are many of these about, also junks from Foochow, Ningpo, and Shantung. Many of these make but one trip a year,

coming and going with the fair winds, the Shantung junks leaving Shanghai soon after it is known that the Tientsin river is open for the season, and they sail from Tientsin for Shanghai before the river closes, a set day being decided upon for all the junks to leave, so that the whole fleet departs at the same time, except in the case of those that cannot get away. Fair wind or foul, they drop down the Shanghai river and proceed to Tsungming island, where they wait till all have arrived, and as soon as the wind suits they sail. Many of them are peculiar looking crafts, with three, four, and even five masts, each with a single sail on it. Some junks have painted ports like the old fashioned British men-of-war, while others fly a white flag with a red cross through it, for these are owned by Christians connected with a Roman Catholic Mission at Tientsin. At sea, junks carry a white light on each quarter at night, but these lights are so small and dim that it is difficult to see them at times. Some of the southern junks use red and green lights, but are the cause of considerable confusion, occasionally, for they do not always put the lanterns in the right places, the red being where the green ought to be and the green in the place of the red. Some of them carry a small garden high up in the stern, though how they manage to preserve the flowers in bad weather is a mystery. Of course, they have the inevitable eye on each side of the bow, for 'no can see, how fashun can savee?' They have a number of circles on each side aft, and in these are Chinese characters denoting the name and number of the junk and the company to which they belong, while on the stern is sometimes painted the picture of a phœnix and the characters for 'profit and peace.' The pay of a junk master is not very large, while the sailors get much less. It frequently happens that all hands on board have a share in the craft and when this is not the case, the master receives a commission in addition to his salary. The sailors add to their income by a little 'pidgin' or smuggling, which pays very well, and it is not alone the junkmen who do this, for the sailors, firemen, stewards, and compradores on board of the foreign coasting steamers are not above earning a few extra dollars in a similar manner.

As there is such an immense number of vessels in this locality, they are moored in such a way that there are regular water streets between them, some parallel to the bank and others at right angles to it, the junks lying in tiers of fifteen to twenty each on each side of these streets and thus the traffic is not impeded. There are Foochow pole junks with immense loads of poles on each side and these are fastened together with considerable ingenuity, while it is almost impossible at certain seasons of the year to count the small grain boats. Smaller boats are pulling about containing huxters' wares, and the vendors are crying their commodities in no uncertain voice. In one of the cockle-shells there are a man and a small boy, and they call out by turns in a musical tone 'I e te vae'—something to do with cooked rice, apparently—but their stock-in-trade does not prove to be very extensive.

The scene now becomes more animated, for there are hundreds of boats of many descriptions sailing about. Many of them have tall masts and they are going along with a fair wind and their occupants are either on business or pleasure intent. Some of them have white sails, some red and blue patchwork, some good, some bad, and others indifferent, with no portion of the original sail left. To aid in steering the boats there is a big oar over the bow, but this is not to be found on all of them. The scull over the stern is the propulsive agent and one frequently hears the cry 'Tae-sau'—push yuloh or scull, or go to port, and 'Bae sau'—pull yuloh, or go to starboard. The passenger boats are clean and nicely varnished and some

of them are graceful looking crafts. A few have officials on board and their flags denote their rank and the business they are on. One boat is on a pilgrimage to worship Kuan Ying, the Goddess of Mercy, of whom more anon, and small foot-boats rapidly pass us, having come from Soochow or elsewhere.

On the bank earthenware jars are piled up in pyramids, cones and other shapes, thirty to forty feet high, some of the jars being green, others dark brown, and from three to four feet high with a similar diameter. We now reach Tung Kah Doo, the 'Ferry of the Tung Family,' and there is a dock on the Pootung side, built by foreigners many years ago, but at present the property of the S. C. Farnham & Co., Ld. On the dock premises some time ago could be seen illustrations of the old and new systems of pumping gear, the old with its multiplicity of pumps, walking beams, shafts, cranks, etc., and, the new style, Gynne's latest 'centrifugal.' The natives also have docks in this locality—mud ones—and in them they are hard at work hammering away at and caulking their junks, both being evidences of the 'old time fashun.' After they have hauled a junk up one of these cuttings, they fill the mouth of the dock with mud to keep the water out, and they have to dig it up again when they want to float the vessel. Further up, on the Pootung side are kerosene oil godowns, then on the opposite bank is the Kao Chang Miao or 'High Abundance Temple' Arsenal, with its immense premises, and lying at the wharf is a man-of-war which was one of the vessels of the squadron which ran away from the French during the Franco-Chinese trouble, her captain evidently having accepted the dictum of Falstaff. In dock are two of the 'alphabetical' gunboats with one gun each, so called because they came out here with Greek alphabet names. Here too, the *Anding* used to lie. This is a splendid steam dredger built by Simons & Co. to dredge the Woosung Bar. The *Anding* or 'Established Tranquility' did nothing for a long time, the native authorities not being able to make up their minds to use her and when they did, it is doubtful if she did much good.

Chapter II.

Opposite the Arsenal is a creek called Pah Le Ching, the 'Hundred Le Creek,' at the further end of which is the town of Chuan Shah, locally called Tsao So or 'Sandy Stream.' Entering the creek just above Tung Kah Doo dock, the first place we come to is the Liu Le Jao or 'Six Le Bridge' of five spans with iron rails, and the village bears the same name. The next place above this is the grave of Chu Dah, who appears to have been a man of some importance in his day, for there are two monoliths in front of his grave, also a pailou and other evidences of departed greatness, Chu, our boatman informing us, having died at Shanghai about forty years ago. Above this is a wooden bridge covered with vegetation and much in need of repairs. As we pass under it, a boy calls out in 'pidgin' English 'Foreign man chow chow Frenchman.' Up till now, we have been under the impression that Frenchmen are foreigners like the rest of us, but it seems they are not according to the dictum of this youth. The place where we are thus enlightened is called Ne Kong Jao; it is a lekin station and distant nine le from the river. Se Kah Veng Tsung, or the 'Se Family Burial Ground' on the left bank, is a well wooded park and the Se family belong to Shanghai. Lung Wang Miao or the 'Dragon Prince Temple' is three le further up, and we pass Tsu Kah Wei or the 'Seat of the Tsu Family.' Several other places are seen, but our boatman tells us they have no names, and we ask how people can explain where they want to go to, if the places are nameless, a question which appears to surprise him. Proceeding, we pass a Roman Catholic Church in a village which has a

large number of sunflowers turning their heads towards the sun. Te Tung Jao and Wang Ne Tung are passed before we come to Po Chah which is twenty-four le from the river and thirty-six from Shanghai. It stands on the right bank of the creek and is a good sized village, being the centre of the cotton collecting industry, the plant growing in abundance here, and the people have taken to using Japanese gins for removing the seeds from the bolls. The place is the resort of beggars as is usual wherever busy people congregate, and there is also a large teashop doing a good business. We stop here for several hours during the day and our boatmen, having enjoyed themselves, for the town is having a holiday, return to the boat and we advance to Chang Kong Zah or the 'Long River Lock.' Ne Ko Che and the Tsu family graveyard are next seen, and here we lose the tide which runs up thirty-six le. Kuae Tso Te and Tsu Kah Zah come next and at the latter place we find the natives holding a celebration with the aid of Taoist priests. We hazard the remark that this is a 'chin chin joss pidgin,' but the lowdah, in a solemn whisper, says 'No b'long chin chin joss; b'long deblo.' Chang Kah Zah, a good sized hamlet and gardens, and Lo Kah Jao are next reached and at Sung Kah Jao, a wooden bridge, the creek takes a sharp turn, so that the compass from pointing north goes east. We come across a raft which is several hundred yards long and appears to have been here a long time, and there are a number of people living upon it. Kwong Che Jao has a stone bridge and here, too, the creek makes a sharp turn. Still advancing, we come to San Cho where there is a large dispensary, which, while we are in the vicinity, is largely visited by women. It is nine le from Tsao So. Tah Ping Jao, or 'Great Peace Bridge,' four le from Tsao So, is a wooden structure and too low for a foreign house boat of any size to pass under, though as the middle span can be raised, there would be no difficulty in getting through, but at the next place the bridge is built of stone and the arch being very low, we only get through by lowering the roof at the stern of our boat. We soon reach Tsao So after this, twelve hours after leaving Shanghai.

Having had something to eat, we set out to see the place, but soon find there is not much to take the attention. Tsao So is a small place, though it ranks as a 'ting' or sub-prefectural city, the officer in charge taking his instructions direct from the governor of the province, instead of from a taotai. The walls are very much in want of repairs; in fact, in places they have fallen down and the parapets in other sections are entirely wanting. Leaving the boat outside the north gate we enter the city and notice a proclamation under the gateway directing the people now that the weather is beginning to get cold, to take care of the children and hang out lamps at night. We go into a temple and find a board on which is written 'Good and evil divided distinctly,' while in the porch there is suspended from the roof a boat which is called the 'Go out search-god boat.' There is a temple to the gods of the five roads to happiness, literature, small pox, medicine, etc., and as is usual in many temples, there are empty coffins stored in spare rooms for the owners, or for charitable societies that keep them handy for the indigent and strangers who may require them. On the gate is a motto 'Manifest goodness.' The next temple is that to the Holy Mother, Queen of Heaven, and some of the tablets in it contain such sentences as these 'Virtue worthy of Heaven'; 'Water virtue' which does not appear to have much meaning to the majority of the natives; and 'Protecting people.' As the Chinese are noted for their utilitarian ideas, it is not to be wondered at that they have utilised the court of the temple to dry their paddy in.

As we advance we see small squares of yellow paper pasted on the walls of many houses and find they denote that the women-folk within belong to the 'Pool of Blood Society,' the members of which abstain from killing animals and eating meat, because it is a part of the doctrine of the Buddhists that women have to pass through a pool of blood after death, and to escape this they become vegetarians, as by so doing they hope to accumulate sufficient merit to counterbalance the evil in their natures, which would otherwise consign them to this loathesome infliction after death. It seems strange that in a number of the religious beliefs, woman is either blamed or is threatened with something that the man escapes, the object being apparently to keep her down. A Chinaman does not want girls in his family; the Jews expressed more joy on the birth of a son than they did on the birth of a daughter. It may be that as the ancients had frequently to fight for their lives, the women were not of much use; hence the high appreciation males were held in, but this does not hold good in all countries; witness Alaska, parts of Central Asia and some of the African tribes. Among these, a woman is somebody; she is the superior, not the inferior of man. We do not profess to accept this state of affairs, but we consider that the woman is at least equal to the man.

The next temple we enter is dedicated to the God of War, about whom we shall have something to say later on. It is called the 'Holy Military Temple' and there are handsome lamps here made of beads and in various colours. The temple contains the throne of the 'Prince of Water' and stars are painted on the walls of the building, typical of the extent of the authority of this god. The 'virtue of self-denial' is set forth on a tablet, and other maxims meet the eye, and boys are busy in the porch making joss sticks. In the temple to the "Three Original Emperors,' of whom it is said 'countless multitudes of people are protected in their bosoms,' we find Taoist priests officiating, and continuing our journey, we come to a pailou—(pronounced pilou)—to a virtuous widow, with phœnix and fish ornamentation, the pailou having been erected about 180 years ago. There is a temple to the Yah Wang or 'Medicine Prince,' Wah Toe, who is called here the 'Clear Eyed Earl'—because he is supposed to be able to see into a person's inside. He is the patron of doctors, and the temple is the residence of a doctor. A notice on the wall intimates that 'if you have any respect for yourself, you will give incense money'; but we are inclined to think that we left the place low down in the estimation of the natives. There is, too, the image of a sheep with green eyes in this temple, and people troubled with sore optics worship it. Wah Toe is supposed to ride this animal.

Proceeding, we get on the city wall and come to a three-storied dummy pagoda which is surmounted by a deep blue button. The pagoda is called the 'Balcony of the Star of Literature' and is close to the examination hall, which is closed. Leaving the city by the East gate, we pass a shop in which spinning wheels are being made, the spokes of which are artistically carved. We see the place of business of the people's 'uncle' with a notice put up giving the names of 'things to be redeemed to-day,' while for protection from fire there is a good-sized hand engine on the premises. We pass along a street lined with shops of the usual description, for outside all the cities we have ever visited, in the shops the commodities have always been confined to the kinds we see here. It may be that this has been settled by the guilds, for Chinese guilds are all-powerful among the traders, and they arrange that no new shop shall compete with an existing one at a less distance than ten

Sir Harry Parkes' Monument, p. 8.

very friendly, for they perch on the animals' backs and move along with them; truely extremes meet in this case, for here are the heavy ungainly buffaloes and the slight and graceful herons side by side. Having rested ourselves, we make tracks for our boat which it takes two hours to reach and then we start back for the Whangpoo where we arrive in ten hours and proceed up the river and see in the distance the Lung Wha—(pronounced Lung Wrah)—or 'Flowerly Dragon' pagoda, and the district of the same name. This place is noted for its peach trees and its annual festival. In olden times the pagoda was used as a look-out, as the Japanese made predatory visits to this part of China.

On one of our visits to this pagoda we found the priests in procession at the temple close by, no less than two hundred of them taking part at one time. The procession was inside the front part of the temple and the priests wound backwards and forwards, so that a person standing in the front doorway saw six lines of priests on the move at one time. Some of them were dressed in bright yellow robes, some had grey, others blue, and the rest brown robes, while all the men had shaven heads, many of them with the regulation twelve burns on the top. The life of a priest seemed to agree with many of them, for they were so sleek that their eyes were almost closed with fatness and they appeared to take the world easily, not disdaining the good things it provided for them, notwithstanding their vows which interdict the eating of meats and other luxuries. Others were repulsive looking and some were ascetic. In the procession were bald-headed nuns and females of the sisterhood who had not taken all the vows, for although they wore the yellow robe, they had not shaved their heads. Two at east of these women had considerable pretentions to beauty and we thought it a pity that they should throw themselves away among such a lot of wooden-headed people as the nuns appeared to be. Other women joined the procession who wished to store up merit for themselves; one was a small-footed vermilion-lipped individual, who was painted and rouged and dressed in most gorgeous style, and she hobbled along as if she had a very exalted opinion of herself, but she should not be blamed for that, for do not our own countrywomen act similarly? All the time the procession was in motion, the priests chanted something, which appeared to be a repetition of the words 'yah zu,' and a priest beat a big drum either to catch the attention of the Buddha of the temple or to mark time for the processionists.

The Lung Wha pagoda is seven stories high and octagonal and the top story is reached by a hundred and seventeen steps. It is kept in excellent repair, a remark which applies equally to the temple. Two of our party were armed with cameras, but the difficulty was to get the priests to voluntarily submit to be taken, though a little diplomacy effected the desired object. One of our party placed his camera in the porch of the temple and waited developments, and when a priest went to put a piece of paper in the oven where waste paper with writing on it is burnt, our amateur took a snap shot at him. When told he was 'took' he would not believe it, and wanted to look inside the camera, which caused a crowd of priests to gather round him, and this furnished a good opportunity for the other photo fiend to get half a dozen of them. Some natives object to be photographed as they think their spirit is captured by the process, and that they will thus be at the beck and call of the photographer.

Chapter III.

Between the Kao Chang Miao Arsenal and the pagoda is a creek called the Sah Whay Kong or

'Lime creek,' with two bridges, the outer and the inner. Asking our boatman why it is called by that name, he replies that he does not know; it was always so called, and we have to be content with his answer, though there is not a particle of lime to be seen anywhere. Our boatmen having waited too long while they took their midday meal, the tide had risen considerably, so crash goes some of the woodwork on top of our cabin, the boat having come in contact with the arch of a bridge we are passing under, but nobody is hurt; so after repairing the damage, and a good deal of talk, the boatmen proceed. We now reach Sicawei,—(pronounced Se Kah Way)—'the Seat of the Si Family,' and pass the Observatory which is under the direction of the Jesuits. This Observatory includes a natural history museum, with botanical gardens attached. When we visited this institution, the leading spirit was the Rev. Father Heude, who has travelled extensively through China, collecting specimens which he has accumulated at the museum. Under his direction, the Chinese converts connected with the establishment have erected a substantial building in which to display the specimens, and have laid out the grounds. On entering the premises, the first thing observable is a row of wooden sheds in which are housed the live deer. One of these animals, a stag with fine antlers, is as mad as mad can be, and of such a dangerous temper that not even Father Heude dare go near him. The deer are of many kinds, from the little moose to the gigantic Manchurian stag with wide-spreading antlers, and Japan, the Philippines, Formosa, China and Manchuria have all been ransacked to obtain them. Some of the varieties were previously unknown to European savants. In a cage by himself and on a perch, is 'the Philosopher,' a magnificent eagle which accepts its captivity as a matter of course. Near the museum, is an enormous skull which had belonged to a whale, the carcase of which had been found near Hongkong years ago and the jaw bones are large enough to have surrounded a mouth in which a man could have reclined comfortably. Father Heude has a valuable and extensive collection of soft-shell turtles preserved in spirits, for the Rev. gentleman, when he has time, examines their skulls to ascertain if there is any truth in the Darwinian theory. He has published several papers containing scientific descriptions and illustrations of fresh-water shell-fish, so that while at the time he commenced his investigations there were only some nine or ten species of Chinese shell-fish known to naturalists, now he has been able to bring the number well into three figures. In one of his cases is an alligator. This reptile was captured near Wuhu on the Yangtze, thus proving that there are alligators in China, a statement previously denied. In further proof of their existence, lots of them have, in recent years, been brought to Shanghai from a place called Yangchow near the Grand Canal, a short distance from Chinkiang. The Observatory itself is fitted up with the most elaborate instruments that it has been possible to obtain, the only one not being found there is the seismometer, but as we have no earthquakes here, it is not necessary. Connected with the Observatory is the time-ball on the French Concession which is manipulated by electricity by the Director of the Observatory.

Our narrative will not be complete without our saying something about the alligators above referred to. These creatures suddenly appeared at Shanghai in 1887, the 'Queen's Jubilee Year,' and we ascertained that natives found them in a cave at Yangchow, and brought them to Shanghai for sale. They were poor, miserable looking objects of an entirely different disposition from those fierce saurians seen in the Straits Settlements. All were purchased by foreigners or Chinese, and while the former kept theirs in bath tubs as objects of curiosity,

the latter gave their purchases their liberty in the river to the disgust of the foreigners who were fond of a swim. The fate, however, of the alligators was the same, for they all came to an untimely end; the imprisoned ones sulked, refused food and died, while some of the others were shot and the remainder came to an early death at the hands of the boatmen, being deprived of life with the aid of bamboos and bludgeons. An honest native patriot, however, thought he saw his way to keep their memories green and at the same time recoup himself for his trouble, so he issued a pamphlet on the subject of saurians in general and the Shanghai ones in particular. He had his full share of contempt for foreigners, and stated that they injured the feng-shui, and he was glad to see the alligators. He had been aware for many years that the natural sphere of all foreigners is the water and that it was on the water that by supplanting the native junks with their steamers, they had done the greatest harm to the natives of Shanghai. The appearance of the alligators was a sign of the approaching downfall of these foreigners, for the alligator is the manifestation of the water dragon, and one of the tutelary geniuses of the country, and he had displayed himself to prove that the latter had not deserted her. Thus it is that the water dragons were sent to warn us and re-assure the natives. The pamphlet in which all this and a good deal more is recorded was eagerly purchased at six cash a copy.

According to legend, Han Yu, the St. Patrick of China, banished all Chinese alligators to Ngo Hu, or the 'Alligators' lake,' in the Kwangtung province. He pretended that he was all-powerful, and the stupid saurians, not knowing any better, were persuaded by threats and promises to go to the lake as recorded.

Chapter IV.

As we advance, the scenery becomes very pretty. Both banks of the creek are covered with tall graceful bamboos and reeds, some of the former being from twenty to thirty feet high. Feather grasses, drooping willows and clumps of bushes abound, while in the cleared parts, the slopes are planted with vegetables to supply the Shanghai market. Noticing some small coffins, about four feet above the ground and supported upon posts, we asked our boatmen why they were not buried. One of them replied that the coffins contained the bodies of children who had died of small-pox and were not for that reason allowed to be put under ground. 'Well,' said we 'what about grown-up people who die from that disease?' Our man seemed to think this a very foolish question and told us in pitying tones at our ignorance, that they never died of that, whatever else they might succumb to! We ascertained that grown-up people who come to a violent end are not supposed to be put under the ground either, but we know that this rule is not always adhered to.

A Chinese scholar who believed in throwing physic to the dogs has made the following addition to the world's literature on the subject of small-pox. He says 'small-pox is due to causes partly internal and partly external. Sad, to relate, great numbers of children are seized with the malady and deaths are frequent.' This last circumstance induced a certain benevolent and philanthropic gentleman to write as follows:—He says 'that in a case of small-pox do not call in a doctor or resort to drugs, for the incompetent among the doctors are more than the competent and there is danger that the treatment administered will rather kill than cure. Refrain therefore from sacrificing life to the ignorance of quacks. The true remedy is to beat a drum in the presence of the patient; no matter what kind of drum, as several kinds have been tried and always with success.' The writer explains the rationale of this musical cure, which he states is in strict accordance with

the laws of nature, but it requires some knowledge of Chinese etymology to understand it. The learned scribe goes on to state that in dry weather the conditions are eminently suited to the small-pox devils—they positively revel in it—and nothing serves to drive them away like the beat of a drum.

During a violent epidemic at Canton the city magistrate, after offering prayers and incense, and forbidding the slaughtering of animals and finding his efforts of no avail, borrowed an ancient brass drum from a temple in order to resist the onslaught of the evil deity that was working such havoc among his people. The drum was carried through the streets with great pomp, but it does not appear that this heroic measure met with the success it deserved. Perhaps, like the farmer's horseshoe, it was not used the right way.

In the case of a terrible epidemic, the authorities alter the month of the year so as to deceive the gods. Thus, if the sickness prevails in the sixth moon, they call the last day of that month the last day of the year, and the first day of the seventh month the first day of the new year. Congratulations are heard on every side, crackers are fired off, the butchers do a roaring business, as do other tradespeople, and things are lively generally, the object being to deceive the gods into believing that it is actually new year time, when all accounts have been settled up and all are supposed to be happy. The gods having been thus hoodwinked, and thinking that new year is not the time for epidemics, remove the disease elsewhere. Priests, also, go about with paper boats to entice the demons of disease to enter them, then they take the boats to the river and set them adrift and so the locality gets rid of the epidemic. Should the boats touch the shore anywhere, the people in the vicinity immediately push them back into deep water, so that the plague shall not linger among them. Soldiers are employed to frighten the demons of disease away and mount the city walls, where they fire off their guns to repel the invisible enemy of the people. The God of Pestilence has his share of work to do and is taken out with a procession to the locality of the plague. This worthy was once a mortal, as is the case with most of the gods of heathen nations. He had belonged to the literati, and one day while passing a well, saw an evil spirit breathing down into it and poisoning the water. The scholar, thereupon jumped into the well and was drowned, and thus people were prevented from drinking the water. How it became known that the scholar had seen the demon, nobody can tell, but it is popular belief all the same, and for his devotion, he was deified and given the post of God of Pestilence.

We see some tombs that have been colour-washed black and are built of solid masonry. These are the last resting places of well-to-do folk, and as such people are dressed in silks and satins and have jewellery and valuables buried with them, it is necessary that the graves should be strongly built to preserve them from the ravages of the human ghouls who rifle graves and despoil the occupants of the fine things within. Over the brickwork there is sometimes a mound of earth, but where this does not exist, two Chinese characters are cut in the brickwork, one at the front and the other at the back. In front, the character means 'posterity' while that in the opposite wall denotes 'prosperity,' thus expressing the hope that the deceased will have many descendants who will be blessed with wealth and happiness; this of course, while benefitting the living, will also redound to the honour of the dead, for so long as there are descendants, the deceased will receive worship and their memories will remain green, a happy consummation which will be the more likely to ensue if the worshippers have the needful to make a grand show on the occasion of their oblations before the shrines of their ancestors.

On some of the graves a little whitewash is sprinkled, the object being to keep away the wandering and vagrant spirits from annoying the occupants of the tombs, for these restless spirits do not like lime! To propitiate them, however, the people burn joss cash at the All Souls' festival which the wanderers attend, but as they are supposed to be very quarrelsome, the City God is brought out and placed near the bonfire in which the cash is burnt, the object being that under the eye of the god the outcast spirits shall get their fair share of the money, and thus quarrelling will be prevented, and the beggar spirits will be induced to leave the well-to-do spirits in peace.

In some parts it is usual to collect the bones of the dead and place them in jars. The coffins are left in the ground or in a field for a number of years after a period of rest inside a house. They are then opened and the bones collected.

Rows of graves, the last resting place of the members of one family are sometimes seen; they are all joined together, as many as fifteen in a row, forming a ridge a hundred and fifty feet long. Some graves have fir, pine, cypress or other evergreen trees around them, though a bamboo grove appears to be the orthodox adjunct to a grave of ordinary people, and fir trees for titled folk, the whole being surrounded by a privet hedge. There are graves everywhere, for as an Irish friend said on one of our trips 'the Chinaman cannot exist without one.'

In the selection of a place to deposit their dead, the natives observe great care. They consult a fortune-teller, and after a good deal of mystery, this worthy chooses a site, but, like other wiseacres, he sometimes makes mistakes; hence it is that along the banks of the creeks and rivers ruined masonry graves are seen. These had been built before the water washed away the banks, so that the money spent on the fortune-tellers was worse than useless, for not only was the fee lost, but the bones of the dear departed were consigned to oblivion and gone no one knows where. Tombstones contain on them only the name of the deceased, the place where he belongs to and the date of his burial. There is nothing to denote that he was an affectionate father and husband, a loving friend and a highly respected member of society. All that is done in memorials to the emperor when the relations of a dead man wish to obtain for him a pailou, for by honouring him they also add to their own importance.

On the left side of the creek the bank is more wooded than on the right. We soon reach Hung Jao—(pr. jow as in *cow*)—or 'Red Bridge' village, but why the bridge is so denominated, we fail to ascertain, for there is not a particle of red about it. We would mention, however, that our black tea is called red by the Chinese. At this place, as at many others, we see natives openly gambling in their boats; in one case, something has gone wrong, for the players have lost their tempers and are having high words, though they do not come to blows. The usual extent of a Chinaman's quarrelling is limited to an interchange of the filthiest language he can think of, and the bespattering of the ancestors, alive and dead, of his opponent. Here, too, are many beggar boats full of women and children, the former in the raggedist of costumes, while the latter have not even that, though they are well supplied with dirt. These boats are always to be found in the creeks near towns and large villages; nobody appears to interfere with the occupants, on the principle that discretion is the better part of valour, for in the event of anything happening to one of these outcasts, their friends would make the man miserable who had inflicted the injury, the only way to obtain peace being to give the beggars what they want, namely a sum of money.

A native paper tells the following story which shows to what extent a beggar may carry his desire for revenge :—'A beggar of Tungchow near Peking, brought a lot of trouble and inconvenience a short time ago upon the owner of a cloth shop. It seems that the individual in question became such a nuisance begging for a few cash, that the shop people refused to give him anything, but instead heaped abuse upon him. This so angered him that he decided to commit suicide in the shop of his revilers. Waiting his opportunity, he hid himself away in the shop at shutting-up time, and then, when all was quiet, hanged himself. When the doors were opened next morning, the shopmen were horrified to find the body of a man dangling from one of the rafters. The news soon got abroad, so did the tepao—(pr. pow as in *cow*)—or district watchman, and not having been properly 'squared' the latter promptly informed the district magistrate, who, as in duty bound, was constrained to hold an inquest on the remains. Before, however, the preliminaries could be settled, it was necessary to lock up the rich proprietor of the shop and his assistants.' Anybody who knows anything about the runners attached to the different magistrates' yamêns, or offices, will also be able to form a very sure opinion that the shop owner would have a bad time of it unless he were willing to heavily bribe the human vultures who had charge of him. Before the prisoners could regain their liberty they would have to pay a pretty sum, whereas had they satisfied the beggar's importunate demands in the first place, they would not eventually have illustrated the proverb of 'penny wise, pound foolish.'

We pass boatloads of vegetables en route to Shanghai, and here we come across the first native barrier or custom house where our boatmen are questioned as to who they are, but on giving a reply that they are engaged by foreigners, are allowed to proceed. The native boats would have to pay toll here, or at other barriers, to avoid which, some of the owners of market produce leave their boats above one barrier, take it overland and put it in a boat below the station.

A good story is told of a successful fraud upon the le-kin runners at one of the barriers. A certain dealer in cotton who had often been fleeced at a particular le-kin station determined to be revenged. He accordingly loaded two boats with eighty bales of cotton each and sent one of them on ahead, and when it arrived at the le-kin station the head boatman reported his cargo as one hundred bales, so the greedy runners, delighted at getting a possible 'squeeze,' levied duty on that number of bales and gave a corresponding receipt. Towards evening the second boat arrived, and after some conversation, the owner of the cargo asked about another boat with cotton that had gone ahead some hours previously and on being informed, said the runners had been duped, for that boat contained a lot of valuables and the boatmen had stated that there were a hundred bales on board, in order to throw them—the runners—off the scent. Upon hearing this, they set off in great haste to intercept the boat and make the people in it pay the duty which they now believed the station was being defrauded of, besides, they had a good excuse to demand something for themselves. They overhauled the boat at midnight and threw all the cotton bales on the bank, but failed to find the valuables, for the simple reason there had never been any. When the boatmen came to reload the boat, there were, of course, only eighty bales, so the boatmen turned the tables on the runners and accused them of stealing the twenty bales that were short, and as the le-kin men had only a few hours before given a receipt for one hundred bales, they were constrained to pay for the number that they now believed to be deficient.

FIVE-MASTED JUNK, p. 10.

Chapter V.

Going for a stroll along the bank we notice that men and boys are busy among the growing vegetables and have tied to their waists bags into which they are shaking the leaves of the vegetables. On closer inspection we find that the leaves are honeycombed by small beetles, and it is these latter that are being shaken into the bags. It is probable that these pests of the market gardener have their origin in the way the Chinese manure their vegetables. Returning to our boat we find that it has come to a narrow part of the creek and in addition there is a sharp turn with high banks on both sides, while close by are some fifty boats, the crews of which are tugging and straining to get through, for there is a regular block. We succeed, after a hard struggle, in passing these boats, being good humouredly assisted by the crews of the other boats. In a couple of hours we reach Che Paw which is said to shelter between two and three thousand inhabitants whose principal occupation at the time of our visit is washing rice for their evening meal and cleaning a very necessary article of furniture in domestic use.

Che Paw means the 'Seven Precious' things, which are supposed to be agate, amber, crystal, emerald, gold, rubies and silver. Having stopped at one of the jetties, our lowdah, or head boatman, went ashore to make some purchases of oil, bean sauce and lao tsiu or spirit made from rice. Parenthetically it may be mentioned that wine was introduced into China over two thousand years before Christ, it is said, and that people got to like it so much, that the then emperor, Yu, banished the introducer, a man named E To. It is a pity he did not banish the wine, also, but he did not. At Che Paw a Mexican dollar is worth only one thousand and thirty cash, which is somewhat less than the value of a similar coin at Shanghai. To this the lowdah does not object, but after he has made his purchases and finds that he is to receive in his change eight small cash in every hundred, his face becomes the picture of blank despair. A happy thought, however, strikes him and he brightens up again, for he borrows a few cash from our boy and with some loose coin he has in his pocket, manages to pay his score, and so with considerable relief to his feelings, he puts the dollar back in his pocket. It may be mentioned here that when a dollar is changed, the changer never receives the full number of cash. These cash are nominally, made up in strings of one hundred each, but actually each string is short two, three and sometimes more, so that in a dollar's worth of cash which are strung together and tied up like sausages, the changer gets from twenty to fifty and even more than that less than he should receive. Every morning the cash shop men may be seen slipping cash on or off the strings according to the state of the market.

Here we visit an opium den with lounges in it for twelve people, but only a few of them are occupied. We ask the price of a smoke and are told thirty-five cash. Some of the customers, we are informed, smoke as much as a couple of dollars' worth of the drug a day, while others limit their allowance to a single pipeful, that being the usual of run of custom. With regard to the two-dollar smokers, there are very few of them, as the majority of the patrons of the establishment consist of working people whose purses are limited in capacity, and to judge from the appearance of those who are smoking while we visit the place, their means must be of a very meagre nature. We are told that the number of similar dens in the village is between thirty and forty and that only foreign opium is used there. Opium is called 'smoking dirt' and a pipe a 'smoking pistol.' It is a moot point whether the Chinese government is desirous of putting down the opium trade, but we know that there are many mandarins who smoke opium and that the

authorities collect a large revenue from it. We know, too, that from time to time, proclamations are issued against its use, but proclamations do not go for much. Besides this, it is well-known, and it is so stated in the *Peking Gazette* from time to time, that taxes are collected on the native article which is largely grown in the interior under the very noses of the officials. It is sold and smoked openly, but now and then some new broom of a mandarin fulminates his threatenings against the keepers of opium dens and as a consequence the places are closed for a few days, and the mandarin having done his duty dismisses the matter from his mind and things go on as before, though no doubt the runners inform His Excellency that the places no longer exist, the den keepers, by the judicious application of a little palm oil, having persuaded the runners to so report. It is, however, plainly evident that there is shuffling somewhere, with regard to the opium question. We have said that the poppy is largely grown in the interior; this should have an influence on the consumption of the foreign drug unless the demand increases through a larger number of natives than before taking to the habit. Native opium is cheaper than the foreign and is mixed with the latter, so that in time, as has been the case with tobacco, the Chinaman may discard the imported article altogether. In olden times there was no native tobacco till a patriotic minister induced the farmers to plant the weed for themselves. It did not, at first, commend itself to the taste of the people, but being gradually mixed with foreign tobacco till in course of time none of the latter was used, the native taste became accustomed to it and now, with the exception of those who are more or less associated with foreigners, the Chinese will not use foreign tobacco. At the ports natives may be seen smoking foreign pipes and cigars.

The people at Che Paw are very quiet and our presence among them is scarcely noticed. The boys, however, hazard a remark that the 'whiskers man,' ourselves, smoke tobacco, in allusion to our puffing a cigar. For a wonder, the native dogs do not bark at us; evidently they have forgotten the traditions of the Chinese canine tribe. Here we see a Roman Catholic Church which, we believe, is in charge of a native pastor. We stop at Che Paw for the night, and late in the evening hear a woman recalling one of the spirits of a sick man. In a case like this, the sick man is already insensible, and the spirit referred to is supposed to have wandered away, leaving the body tenantless. With the object of bringing it back to its home, somebody, usually a person connected with the family, proceeds into the street and calls out in a loud voice the sick person's name, and somebody else answers gently 'I am coming.'

In another case which came under our notice, a different process was employed. One of the coolies who had been engaged at an office, took sick and was not expected to live, so his relatives came to the conclusion that one of his spirits had gone back to the office, and until that was found, the sick man could not get well. Accordingly, a deputation of three persons, two of them women, armed with lighted lamps, proceeded to the office in question and hunted round the spot where the sick man used to stand. They had lighted joss sticks and some red paper with them, the paper being used to wrap up the spirit when they found it. Apparently they were satisfied with their errand, for they wrapped the paper up and departed. We have a suspicion in our minds that the expedition had another object in view besides finding the spirit; if it had, it was a failure.

In Che Paw one of the bridges, a stone one, has three arches, but boats can only pass under one of them, because the houses are built out on piles into the creek, almost as far as the centre arch, which is very high.

Next morning we proceed and pass some pailous, or 'memorial portals' in honour of people who had distinguished themselves and whom the emperor had allowed themselves or their friends to immortalize by erecting ugly stone structures to their memory. A number of portals have been built to the memory of filial daughters who have done something preposterous; for instance, fed their aged parents with pieces of their own flesh in order to effect the cure of diseases which had resisted all other equally heroic remedies. One girl daubed her father's coffin with her own blood to mix with the lacquer, while another allowed herself to be bitten to death by mosquitoes so as to draw their attention from her parents who might have saved their daughter's life by spending a few hundred cash on a mosquito curtain.

Over the pailous, cut in stone, are characters meaning 'Son's Will,' this being the imperial authorization for their erection. We have noticed that where stone is dear, there are few pailous, while in a place where it is plentiful they are plentiful, also. This may only be a coincidence, but it looks as if the cost had been counted before the emperor had been memorialized to permit his dutiful subjects to put up these structures, for it must be remembered that the memorialists pay for the pailous; the emperor only grants the permission to put then up, but he orders that thirty taels be handed over to the applicants, by the local authorities though this sum would go only a little way towards paying for one of these structures. It is common belief that if the parties on whom the honour is conferred are really deserving, the pailous will stand; if not they will fall down in course of time. Judging from what we saw, and assuming that public opinion is right, a mistake must have been made in a good many cases, for a number of these memorials have fallen to pieces. The Taiping rebels, it must be acknowledged, destroyed some of them.

It is considered a disgrace for a widow to re-marry and sometimes pailous are erected to those who have survived their husbands many years. The notion that a widow should not marry again does not hold good in all parts of the empire, for they do in quite a number of instances ignore the custom and at some places when a widow wants to marry again, she presents an offering to the tutelary god of the city in which she lives, believing that by the offering she will avert from herself the doom with which widows are threatened in the next world if they re-marry, namely of being tied with their arms round a red hot iron pillar. Even if she escapes this, with what face can she meet her first husband in the world of shades? We may add that this question is propounded by the editor of a native paper, so evidently, he is of opinion that widows should be widows to the end of their days. An instance is on record, but with what truth, we cannot say, of a widow presenting her offering to the god only a hundred days after her first husband's death. Some years ago, a family of Cantonese at Hankow drowned their sister-in-law in broad daylight because she would not marry again.

In the *Peking Gazette* from time to time appear petitions from high officials on behalf of the people to be allowed to put up pailous. One of the judges thus petitions:—Le Hung E bequeathed at his death a sum of Tls. 10,000 for the support of his widow. The latter who is now living with her mother at her native place in Anwhay, has been deeply affected by the Yellow River disaster, and has placed a sum of Tls. 5,000 at the disposal of the government for the relief of the sufferers. Though she expressly desired that no notice should be taken of the act, the Governor of Kiangsu considers that such an instance of commendable benevolence should receive due publicity, and in reporting it to the Throne, asks that permission may be given for the erection of an

honorary portal to the memory of the donor. Another case is mentioned. In this, a man, having conceived a passion for a handsome woman, the wife of an acquaintance, killed her husband, and then forced himself into her room, where he declared his passion for her, and on her upbraiding him for his conduct, he threw her into a well and she was drowned. In consequence of this, the great viceroy, Le Hung-Chang, prayed the Emperor to allow a pailou to be erected to her memory.

The Tartar general at Chinkiang, at the time of the capture of the city by the British troops, had a pailou erected to his memory, because, when he found that his troops were beaten, he retired to his house with his family and set fire to it, so that he and all his family were burnt to death, for he preferred death to disgrace. This was considered a noble act, but the probability is that he did not know how the conquerors would treat him, knowing how Chinese victors deal with those they have overcome, namely very cruelly, so to escape a similar fate, or the wrath of the emperor he destroyed himself and his family.

Pailous are sometimes erected to the memory of parents whose children have contributed one thousand taels in money, or in wadded garments, during famines or floods, and the emperor orders inscriptions something like this to be engraven on them: —'They delighted in charity and loved to do good,' giving as his reason that the promptings of the parents were the immediate cause of the children's generosity, the real reason of the donation being that the children would have a better local standing among their fellows when it was known that the parents had been so honoured.

The widow of an admiral at Echang poisoned herself with white lead three months after her husband's death, rather than survive him; hence a pailou to her memory.

Mention is made of flags being given to families in honour of some member of the house who had died by his or her own hand, from a sense of duty or custom. We should think that the fact of memorial portals being erected to commemorate virtue on the part of widows is derogatory to all widows in China, as it makes it appear that they are not in the habit of being virtuous.

We see lots of ducks in charge of men and boys who are either in small punts or on shore. In each case they are armed with long and slender bamboos with which they direct the movements of their charges. We are told that sheep know the voice of the shepherd; a similar remark applies to ducks and the duckherd; when he calls them there is such a quacking and commotion in the water, the ducks making for the spot where the herd stands, as fast as they can, for the recalcitrants are 'assisted' with the bamboo which is brought down smartly on some of them when they lag behind. It is amusing to watch them feeding; they all rush out of the water, and make for a basket in which their food is. This food consists of straw chopped up very fine and slightly moistened, but so slightly, that directly a duck takes a billful, it rushes down to the water and wets it, returning for more. The duck is sacred to one of the goddesses, to whom all sacrifices, except ducks, may be offered, for it was some of these bipeds that saved her life, in the Foochow river, we believe. She had been cast adrift in this river, when some ducks came to her assistance and so saved her. Mandarin ducks and geese are considered emblems of connubial affection and fidelity, and on the occasion of a wedding a pair are sent with a red band round their necks to the bride and bridegroom.

The following story is told of a countryman who stole, cooked, and ate a duck. He retired to rest satisfied with his feast, but awoke in the night with an itching sensation of his skin. Proceeding to investigate the cause of this, he

found to his horror, that he was covered with feathers, which had grown out of his skin, so in the morning, he repaired to a fortune-teller to assist him in getting rid of his strange covering. The man informed him that if he were severely reprimanded by the owner of the stolen duck, the feathers would fall off. Now the owner of the duck was a stoic, who considered life too short to get angry about anything, and when the thief went to him and said 'I know the man who stole your duck; he is very much afraid that you will severely reprimand him,' the stoic said 'I shall not do that; it is not worth the trouble.' The artful countryman thought that if he could get the stoic angry, without actually knowing the thief, it would be all right, but it was not; so he had to own up that he, himself, was the thief, and required to be reprimanded before he could get rid of his feathers. The stoic then gave the thief a good talking-to, and this had the desired effect. So all's well that ends well.

Chapter VI.

The next town on our route is Se Ching. Here, as at Che Paw, are some three-arched bridges. One is called 'the Renovated Peaceful Bridge' and the summit is reached by thirty nine steps. Close by, is a temple with yellow walls and in it is a god dressed in mortal's clothing, the yellow colour of the walls denoting that the temple is built by imperial command. Inside this temple is an inscription which means 'both holy man and god'; another means 'the kingdom flourishing, the people at peace.' In all, there are three bridges, the last being the finest we have seen, so far. We arrived at Se Ching in the morning, having heard church bells ringing an hour before. On entering the church which is called St. Bartholemew's, we find that it will accommodate about two hundred and fifty people. Two foreign priests are officiating, the congregation consisting of women and children for the most part. The women sit on the right and the men on the left, while the girls and boys are close up to the altar rails, but on separate sides of the church, while the centre of the nave is occupied by what appears to be a somewhat superior class of women. With the exception of a Chinese lady who uses a chair, all are sitting or kneeling on round mats about two inches thick. We notice that some of the men evidently agree with the opinion that 'religion was not formed to make our pleasures less' and have piled up several of these mats and are squatting on them as being more comfortable. They all join in the service, the children singing with a vim and animation that rather surprises us. One of the men, who seems to be part of the establishment, makes a slight mistake in singing, whereupon another man alongside of him bursts out laughing and has to hold his sides, the joke evidently being too much for him. A number of people are walking about the church and eating sweets, but they do not, apparently, belong to the congregation, and the sermon is attentively listened to, and it lasts over an hour, but the Chinese are a patient race, and so the congregation is content to sit it out. If Roman Catholicism does nothing else, it at least teaches the people to be clean and tidy, for we notice at Se Ching, as at other Roman Catholic centres, that the converts are scrupulously clean and neat. 'Cleanliness,' we are told 'is next to godliness'; let us hope that this saying applies equally to the Chinese Roman Catholics as it did to the followers of the late Mr. Whitefield. One of our party has a conversation with a native who holds some office in the church, and others soon join in, and are very liberal in their ideas. Says one of them 'Do you worship the Virgin Mary?' and another replies for us 'Only Jesus'. 'Do you worship St. Bartholemew?' and again our sponsor replies 'Only Jesus.' 'Well' said our interrogator, 'We are the same in the principal things, only in the smaller, we differ.'

Alongside the Renovated Military Peaceful Temple, there is an oil-mill used for getting oil out of cotton and other seeds and from beans, and we have the good fortune to see it at work. The floor of the mill consists of a large flat stone, circular in shape, and about twelve feet in diameter, out of the centre of which is an upright wooden post. Then there are two heavy stone rollers about five feet high and two feet thick, on one of which is inscribed the characters meaning 'Daily increase, monthly prosperity' and on the other 'All things as you wish them'—an expression of goodwill usually inscribed on presents made to officials. The rollers which are connected to the upright post by an axle, revolve round it, the motive power being supplied by a plodding, patient, blind-folded buffalo. On the front of each roller is a wooden holder shaped like a square funnel with a hole at the bottom, through which the beans percolate into a trough, which in turn leads to the flat stone forming the base of the mill, and to facilitate the continuous flow of beans, a rod works up and down through the bean holder. This rod acts automatically by means of an arrangement, on the inner side of one of the rollers, of pegs which, as they catch a lever, cause the rod to rise and fall. After the beans have been crushed flat, they are by another automatic arrangement, cleared off the bottom stone and are then taken up in baskets and placed in another mill, to be still further ground up. This second mill consists of a circular trough in which three large narrow-edged rollers work. These rollers are also drawn by buffaloes and the beans are reduced to powder, which is scooped up and placed in a large basket close to a furnace which is attended to by a man who blows the bellows with one hand, and with the other, keeps putting a handful of straw into the blast. Over the furnace are pots of boiling water, on top of which, again, are baskets. A second man dips a small scoop into the large basket and takes up a certain quantity of the powdered beans, the quantity being regulated by a small scale which is attended to by a boy, but constant practice enables the man to take up just the right weight, so that the scale is not of much use. The weighed beans are placed in the baskets over the hot water pots and left there for a few seconds, each pot being used alternately, so that the flour in the one has time to steam while the other is in use. The man at the furnace has at his feet on the floor a small circular stand on which he places a couple of rings made of twisted bamboo, each about a foot in diameter and an inch high. He strews a handful of chopped straw on the floor inside the ring and repeats the process as he makes the cakes, the object being to prevent the cakes sticking together when they are placed in the press referred to later on. He now takes the sufficiently steamed flour off the boiling water and dabs the mass into the ring and then presses it down with his feet, a very primative way of doing things, but nevertheless, very effective, so that it becomes a cake the shape of the ring. As the cakes are made, they are stacked up and are ready for the next process, namely getting the oil out. For this purpose, there is a strong wooden trough about four feet long with one end slightly lower than the other, and at the bottom of the lower end there is an aperture leading into a tub. The cakes just referred to, rings and all, are placed edgeways in the trough at the lower end and half fill it; then a thick piece of wood and some smaller blocks in three rows are added, thus nearly filling the space left by the cakes. The operator next inserts an iron-bound wedge between two of the smaller blocks and commences the operation of squeezing the oil out, by hammering down the wedges with heavy stone hammers. As fast as one wedge is driven home, he repeats the process with the other wedges, and thus gra-

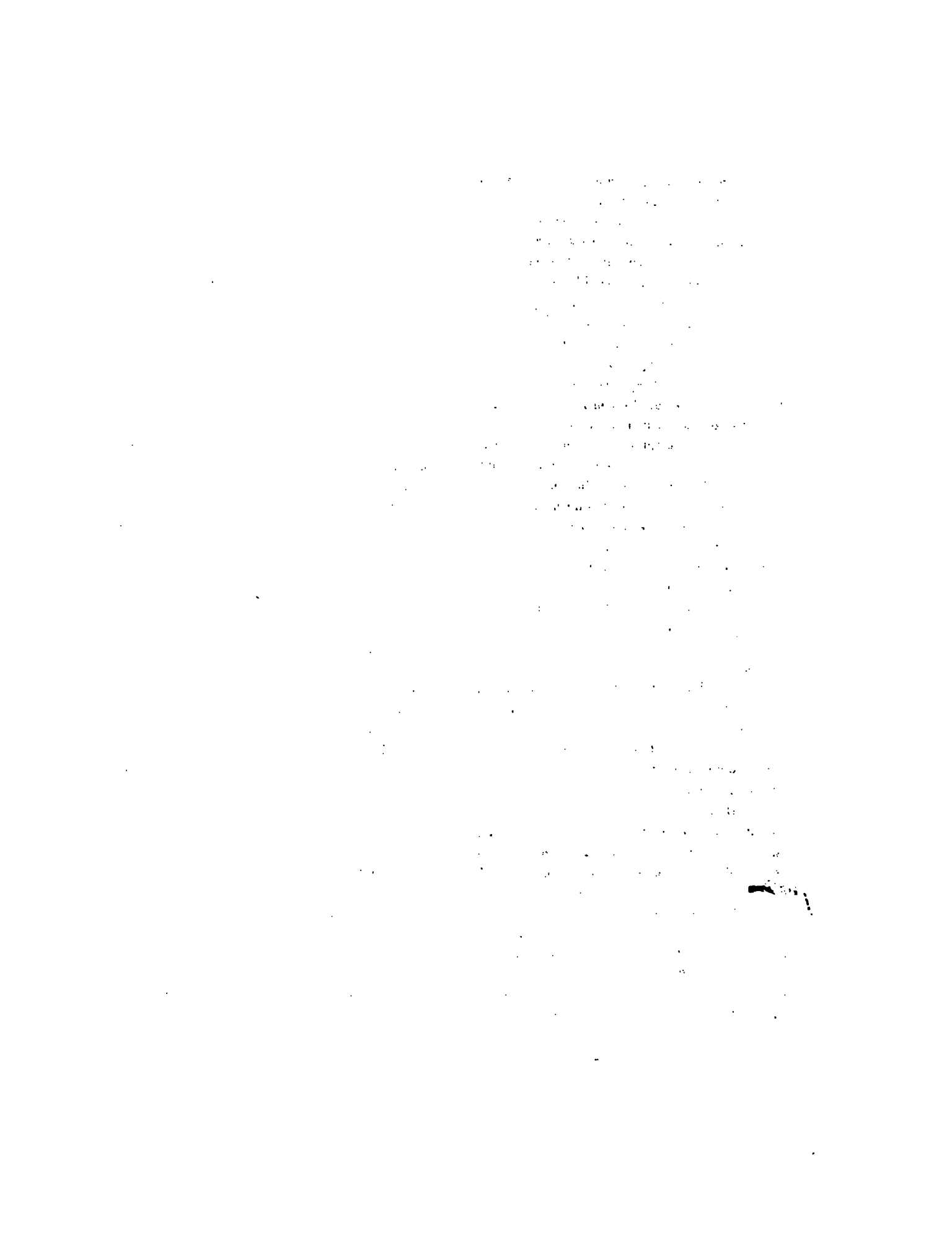
dually the oil exudes through the aperture and is collected in the tub, the result being four catties of oil, and a man can make forty catties of oil a day. Cotton seed oil is used for lighting purposes and the bean oil for cooking and when so used is most offensive to the nostrils of foreigners, though like most other things, one gets used to it in time. The used-up bean cake is given to pigs, and the cotton cake to the more fastidious cows and buffaloes. Bean cake is also used as a fertilizer. Cotton seed oil, being cheaper than bean oil, is sometimes adulterated to make it look like the latter, and is sold as such by dishonest dealers.

Se Ching is a very busy place, but the water traffic is much restricted in the creek in front of the town by the boats which lie at right angles to the banks, while large rafts of Foochow poles take up a good share of the water surface. This, however, is nothing unusual, for wherever one goes, a similar obstruction is noticed, the open spaces, apparently, being considered the vested rights of those first on the field. Some of the rafts are green with age and are only removed as they are sold piecemeal. In the country behind Se Ching there is a shrine with the characters meaning 'Great peace to all on earth.'

We now proceed on our way and leave the Sah Whay creek, which branches off to the south and we ask the lowdah how far is it to Soongkong, the prefectural city. Now, the natives have a way of repeating the questions that are put to them, like the end men in a nigger minstrel show, and when we ask the lowdah how far it is to Soongkong, he replies 'How far is it to Soongkong? It is two nine le to Soongkong,' for the natives have some occult, to us, reason for marking distances by nines. 'How's the wind?' we ask, and the lowdah replies 'How's the wind? The wind is west-north,' thus giving us an illustration of Chinese left-handedness, a few samples of which will be found in the next chapter.

Chapter VII.

To a Chinaman, the left is superior to the right, and when he invites a guest, he gives him the seat of honour, which is on the left side of the host. The off-side of a Chinaman's pony is the left side, because he mounts from the right. Of course, everybody knows the Chinese write in perpendicular lines; the end of the book is what foreigners consider the beginning, while the edges of the self-same book are not planed when the bookbinder puts the leaves together, but the back is. In the case of wearing queues, under similar circumstances, we should consider it a disgrace, because it was imposed upon the people to show that they were a conquered race and was rigorously enforced by the conquerors. The Chinese now think differently and take the wearing of the queue as an honour. It was not always so, however; hence in former days the people wrapped turbans round their heads to hide the disgrace; the turban is still worn in some parts, but the wearers have forgotten why this form of head-dress still exists. Foreigners make speeches after dinner, but if we may judge from what took place at Peking not so long since, the natives have the post-prandial speeches first, and the dinner next, an advantage, we think, for after-dinner speeches are not always words of wisdom or priceless pearls, especially after the champagne has freely flowed. Here then, the foreigner can take a leaf out of the Chinaman's book. A father does not necessarily ennoble his descendants, but the good deeds of sons are the means of conferring rank and honours upon parents, grand-parents and even remoter ancestors. In turning man-power machinery, the natives invariably turn the wheels in the opposite direction to which the hands of the clock move, while a Chinese junk turns on her stern, instead of on her stem. If a man accidentally tears his coat, the native tailor puts a patch on the outer side of the garment,



A Buddhist Priest, p. 15.

intended in a closed chair. Men, when singing, think it is the superlative degree of perfection—if there is such a degree—to be able to imitate a woman's voice, but to foreigners, their singing sounds like a cat's serenade on the tiles on a moonlight night. When an official or criminal is sentenced to punishment, he thanks the emperor for the favour. Foreigners think it a pleasure to be in the company of ladies in public, whereas with Chinamen it is quite different; being such superior creatures, themselves, they consider it is beneath them to be seen in public with their wives, who cramp their feet, while foreign ladies compress their waists, though in this instance the Chinese lady is probably doing herself less injury than her foreign sister does in tight lacing. When a man falls down in a fit, the bystanders make no effort to revive him, but wait till he comes round of his own accord. In this case they fancy that the afflicted man's spirit has gone out for a stroll, leaving the body without a tenant, so that if they moved it, the spirit on returning to its home, might not be able to find it, and then the man would die. They say, however, that there are always lots of wandering homeless spirits about, and sometimes the spirit of a goat, or pig, or other animal, finding an untenanted body, takes possession of it till the rightful tenant returns. As a proof of this, does not some sound proceed from the throat of the fallen man, and is not this, they say, the usurping spirit expressing its satisfaction at having obtained even a temporary residence? A case came to our notice some time ago of woman in a fit. Two men were standing over her, one of them had his hand over her mouth and the other had his on her nostrils to keep them closed. They thought they were doing the right thing, for they were keeping the usurping spirit in the woman till her own proper spirit returned. The people coax the wandering spirit to remain till possession is claimed by the owner, by putting grass into the insensible man's mouth to feed the temporary resident. As soon as this rightful occupant claims possession, the man gets up and goes about his business, and the temporary tenant is again a homeless wanderer.

A military officer wears the plume in his hat behind and pointing downwards, while his foreign brother wears his in front of his busby and pointing upwards. Of course, we all know that a cow's tail hangs down except when the animal is a tantrum and that most birds have their tails pointing downwards too, so perhaps the Chinaman has some warrant for wearing his feathers the way he does. We have seen the crew of a mandarin gunboat put their scabbards on their bayonets, instead of their bayonets into the scabbards, the former being fixtures to their guns and the latter drawn from their belts. Instead of ramming the powder down the barrels of their guns, they strike the butt of their muzzle-loading weapons on the ground, and do not use wadding. Oil and some liquids are carried in baskets in China and are sold by weight; live fowls, ducks, geese, etc. are also sold by weight, feathers and all, so that the purchaser does not get so much for his money as he ought to. Prefect Chang becomes Chang Prefect in Chinese, and a Chinaman enjoying his pipe eats—or drinks, for the expression is the same—smoke, but to eat vinegar shows the person who does so is suffering from an attack of the green-eyed monster—jealousy. His heart, according to Chinese anatomists, is in the pit of his stomach so that of a dishonest man it is said that his heart is not in the middle. Small boys order the men about and the latter take this as a matter of course. A carpenter uses a black instead of a white line for marking with. The signature of a witness to a contract is of more importance than that of the principal. It is said that the emperor—and possibly

rich men—pays his doctors when he is well, and stops their salaries when he is ill, so that it is to the advantage of the medicoes to keep their imperial master in good health. A case is recorded in the *Peking Gazette* recently, of the emperor stopping the salaries of four members of the Imperial College of Physicians, for a year, because they failed to diagnose his complaint. When a Celestial wishes to state that a thing is correct, he usually employs the negative form and says it is not wrong. He wears his collar outside his coat, his cuffs outside his sleeves, and his stockings outside his pants and puts things up his sleeve instead of into his pocket which he does not possess. With us, only women carry fans about with them, but in China the men do so also. Chinese lads playing shuttlecock, employ their feet instead of their hands, no bats being used. A Chinese policeman, on the principle, apparently, that prevention is better than cure, beats a gong at night to let the thieves know where he is, instead of trying to catch them. When counting on their fingers, they commence backwards and begin with the little finger. Saucers are placed on cups instead of cups in saucers. In beckoning to a person the fingers are turned downwards instead of upwards. A Chinaman ties his hat on with the straps behind his head instead of under his chin. Instead of a family vault a Chinaman has a family mound. Finally there are ducks in China which live in trees, and sometimes make their nests in the chimneys of foreign houses during the summer months. We have seen this at one of the Yangtse ports, and the birds are called summer ducks. This is not a *canard*, although it refers to ducks.

Chapter VIII.

Proceeding on our way, we notice a pair of monoliths, surmounted by stone lions, close to the bank of the creek, and on enquiry, ascertain that they have been erected to commemorate the promotion by an emperor of a mandarin on whose land they are; there is no inscription on them to denote this, but the natives all know what it was done for.

Most young children, that is boys, wear a cap shaped to represent a lion's head in order to deceive the demons, who are prowling about to take children's lives, into the belief that what they see are not human beings, but lions. For a similar reason children are called by names which do not belong to them. Stone lions are also seen on various monuments, in front of bridges and temples.

We soon reach Sungkiang, the prefectural city of the Kiangsu province, though the taotai does not live here, but at Shanghai, the latter being now the more important city. Sungkiang, or the 'Pine Tree River' is called 'Soongkong' by the natives, and on our first acquaintance with it we are inclined to think that the principal products are cross-eyed people and graves, for these are seen in large numbers. Having landed at an out-of-the-way place, we find it necessary to tramp some distance before we get on the city side of the creek, and then see a youth using a foreign sewing machine—there are more in the place, we find afterwards—and he asks us if we intend calling upon Mr. Bu. We have not the slightest idea who Mr. Bu is, but we say we will do so and ask the way. His directions are so explicit, for a wonder, that we soon reach the place, and it is fortunate that we find it so easily, for the rain comes down as we are knocking at the gate, and we hastily take shelter inside the chapel. Mr. Bu, we discover, is the Rev. W. B. Burke of the American Episcopal Mission, South, the only missionary, besides his wife, in the place. He is not at home, however, but his servants invite us into the residence out of the rain and while we are waiting, he returns from Shanghai. Having introduced ourselves and apologized for taking his house by—and in a rain—storm, he

desires us to stay till the rain holds over and we talk of things in general, and Soongkong in particular, for an hour, and when the weather clears, accept his offer to see the sights. There is a school attached to the Mission, and during half the day the boys learn the Chinese Classics, and the rest of the day literature supplied by the Mission.

The first place we come to is the temple to Tung Yoh, His Sacred Majesty, King of the Eastern Hades, who is seen sitting at a table with a wife on each side of him, and his son and heir at the end of a table to his left. His Majesty has summer and winter quarters, so that part of the year his image and those of his family are placed in the front of the temple, while during the winter, they are removed to warmer apartments at the back. They are all dressed in silks, though it must be admitted the garments are rather threadbare and dilapidated. The last execution in Soongkong took place in the courtyard of this temple and the executioner who was heavily bribed to undertake the job, was nervous and bungled it, so that instead of decapitating the criminal at the first blow, he cut the man's shoulders and it took upwards of five minutes to put the poor wretch out of his misery. There are gamblers and fortune-tellers, one of the latter with a long beard, the more easily to impress the greenhorns with the truth of his prognostications; there are also dentists with hundreds of natural teeth for sale, and vendors of small things with their stalls in the yard and gateway of the temple.

The next temple to this is in honour of Yang whose face and presumably person are as black as a coal. This worthy was formerly a mortal, like most of the gods, and while performing an act of humanity, namely saving life at a fire, was burnt to a cinder; hence the reason his deified remains are so black. Not satisfied with making a god of him, the people placed his image in triplicate in the temple, one of them being taken out for an airing with such paraphernalia as are customarily used in processions, for he has every requisite for the occasion, belonging to himself. In the same temple are some of the gods of sickness; there is one called the Bull's Head and another the Horse's Face, two of the attendants of the Rulers of Hades, and so-called from the shape of their heads. There are other gods to attend to fire, cold, and the elements generally, their ugliness alone being almost sufficient to put one into a fever. At the back of the temple is Yang's official seal in a box about a foot square.

Proceeding we come to the prefect's yamen, in the courtyard of which a meteorolite is said to be buried, while over the spot there is a ting or pavilion. The late Dr. Macgowan tried to unearth this meteorolite, but the prefect, or his deputy, got wind of it and stopped the operations, giving the head coolie engaged in the work a thousand blows for his temerity in having undertaken the job. Near the yamen we stop under the eaves of an opium shop and while waiting, a native belonging to the yamen comes along to make a purchase. We ask him how much he spends a day on the drug, and he tells us that he pays three visits a day to the shop and on each occasion spends forty eight cash. We ask him if he knows how much he spends during the five years he has been a smoker; he does not know, so we tell him that it amounts to upwards of two hundred taels, but he expresses no surprise at this and says with the greatest nonchalance that if he spends so much, the opium shopkeeper is benefitted to that extent. He is a sickly looking object with eyes like those of a consumptive person.

The place which is of much interest to foreigners is the grave of General Ward, who was an American citizen and organized what was afterwards the 'Ever Victorious Army.'

He fought against the Taipings and twice captured Soongkong for the Imperialists. He was mortally wounded on 19th September, 1862, while leading a charge of the Imperialists against the rebels at a place some fifteen miles from Ningpo, to which city he was afterwards taken, and he died there. His name appears on the 'Ever Victorious Army' monument on the Shanghai Bund. In after years, the Emperor Tung Che, on the petition of Li Hung Chang, by rescript, deified Ward, and in March 1877, the Shanghai taotai invited a number of Shanghai residents to be present at the ceremony of the dedication of Ward's memorial hall. As we had heard of this building, we make for it, and on approaching the gate find a beggar wrapped up in a mat asleep in the archway. We arouse him and ask how we can get inside, for the building is apparently closed, so he calls the man in charge, and we are admitted, but are much disappointed that the interior is not up to much. In a corner is an empty coffin, the owner of which, having no present use for it, probably gives the watchman a few cash yearly to allow him to keep it on the premises. In the same room there is a tablet containing Chinese characters which mean the 'Sacred seat of Major Ward,' and beside it are two others which have been presented by the Shanghai taotai. On these are inscribed the following antithetical sentences, one of which, translated, reads 'A wonderful warrior, he was from beyond the seas, whose deeds spread through a myriad miles, and whose name is retained in stone and blood,' and the other 'A blessed spot in Yuenchien, whose fanes of a thousand ages contain his features depicted in colours and in the hearts' [of his companions]. The poetical name of Soongkong is Yuenchien, literally 'In the midst of the clouds' and it is used in the second sentence in antithesis to 'beyond the seas,' but every part of the one sentence has an antithetical part in the other. There is another sentence over the top of the tablet meaning 'Deeply lamented by his companions in arms and even by his enemies.' In the rear of the building is the grave mound covered with grass and entirely neglected. The watchman tells us that the place has not been visited since the first ceremony in March, 1877, though the mandarins are supposed to worship before the name tablet on the 1st and 15th of each moon. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* The watchman tells us he receives no pay for looking after the hall, though he seems to find means of living somehow; he apparently does this by hiring out the hall to people who want to have private celebrations of their own, for on one of our later visits we found the hall converted into a temple for the nonce and Taoist priests were holding some kind of ceremony, Ward's tablet being hidden by a picture of one of the gods who was the presiding deity, for the time being.

As we leave the building, the beggar previously referred to, asks for cash, and has the assurance to demand more when given some by one of our party. To punish him, the writer takes some of the cash back, whereupon he most persistently tackles another of our party, who, knowing the nature of these objectionable creatures, declines to listen to him, but the beggar's importunity almost amounts to obstruction, for he forces himself in front of our friend who finally partially satisfies the demand of this impecunious parasite. We have always noticed that the maximum—it could not be less—number of cash given by the Chinese to beggars has been one coin, with which they have gone away satisfied; should more be given, they are not content, as in the case of jinricsha coolies in Shanghai, who, if they are paid more than their proper fare, invariably demand more, as they think the party paying them does not know what the tariff is, and they thus try to impose upon him.

Chapter IX.

The next place we visit is a large temple in spacious grounds, surrounded by vermilion coloured walls and dedicated to the Sage of China, Kung Fu Tze, or as he is known to foreigners, Confucius. As everybody has heard something of this worthy, we need not say much about him, further than that his descendants are held in great veneration, the lineal male representative being styled 'The Most Holy Duke,' and he and his family travel in green sedan chairs ornamented with gold knots. Confucius, being held in such high honour, the laws require that a temple to the sage, with the gates facing south, must be built in every city and town, where worship is to be carried on during the second month of the spring and autumn. So much respect is paid to his memory, that notices are cut in stone pillars outside the temples, conveying an order for all mandarins, civil and military, to dismount from their ponies when passing them. In one of the Confucian temples we visited at Paoshun, near Shanghai, the ceiling was painted yellow with storks on it; there was a tablet to the philosopher, in the place of honour, while others in blue and gold were to his disciples, and at the back, others to their ancestors, and dragons were painted on the curtain in front of the table behind which the tablet to Confucius was. Writing on the Confucian worship at Soochow, the Rev. H. C. DuBose says: —To Confucius they pray, first the invocation when they invite the presence of his divine spirit, thus 'O Confucius, how great art thou, first in prescience, first in knowledge, the peer of heaven and earth, the teacher of ten thousand generations; the appearance of the unicorn foretold thy good fortune; with the harmony of music we invite thee; the sun and moon are bright, heaven and earth clear and still.' Afterwards the sacrificial lord takes his position in the centre of the hall, and the prayer of blessing, corresponding to the long prayer of the kirk, is read. It is inscribed on a large square wooden tablet to the Most Holy, the First Teacher, Confucius. During the several entrances of the governor, three prayers are offered, and again a solemn address when the sacrificial vessels are removed. At the close, his divine spirit, which is supposed to be omnipresent, as far as China is concerned, is requested to return to its invisible and unknown resting place, the wording of this benediction being as vague as the Chinese language is capable of expressing uncertainty. At the spring and autumn, sacrifices of one bull, twenty two sheep and twenty two swine are driven to each temple.

There does not at first appear any means of getting inside the Confucian temple at Soongkong, but we eventually see two women looking out of a doorway, so we make bold to enter, and the women run away and hide themselves, but, finding that we are not going to molest them, their curiosity gives them courage to come out of their hiding place and look at us. We find lots of doors, though none of them being locked, we are able to visit all the buildings which form the temple. The walls of the main building, like the outside wall, are painted vermilion, but we are much surprised to find an idol in the place, for we have always understood that no idols are allowed inside Confucian temples. We learn, however, that this temple is combinedly dedicated to Confucius and some ancient worthy, apparently Kwan Te, so this will account for the presence of the image. Confucian temples, pure and simple, contain tablets only, the principal one being to the honour of the sage, the others being to other and minor philosophers. In this temple the names also of the latest successful candidates at the literary examinations appear on boards suspended from the ceiling. At the back of the main temple are others containing the

A Pailou, p. 24.

gods are so accommodating that he need not accept the result as final, but can try again, paying, of course, for another chance. We pay for a ticket, but as we do not adopt the usual formula of bowing to the joss, though a substitute could do it for us, it is possible we do not get the correct version of our future prospects. This is what is on the ticket: — You ask about your sickness; the sickness you have is caused by the summer heat, but it will leave you very soon; the first time you perspire you will feel relieved.

Our boy, in answer to our enquiry as to how many chances he may take, says 'No can takee too muchee, no can fooloo that joss.' Nevertheless, they 'fooloo' the joss all the time; they cheat him right and left, at least they think they do, and yet they expect to receive some benefit from him. Our boy's mother being sick, he thinks he will consult the deified doctor on the subject, and draws a first class prescription for her complaint, a kind of haphazard arrangement, it must be confessed, though he does not appear to think so. Says he, after going through the usual formalities 'This b'long very good' though he afterwards has occasion to change his views on the subject, for the priest forgot to give him the 'directions for use' which our Celestial avers should have accompanied the prescription, so he throws his ticket away in disgust. These tickets are pieces of yellow paper, about three inches long by one wide, and the printing on them is stamped from a block in the rudest manner possible.

The palace contains an image of Kwan Ying which has thirty two arms and hands, a very liberal allowance. Not to be outdone, the Taoists invented a goddess called the 'Bushel Mother' whom they similarly endowed. The 'Bushel Mother' holds the sun, moon, stars, and precious things in her numerous hands, and in the flowery language of the Chinese, these goddesses are each called the 'Thousand Handed,' whereas the largest number of hands is only thirty two, while some have no more than eight.

As a rule, the priests, lawyers and doctors come from the ranks of the uneducated and lower classes of the people, and consequently their reputation is not of a very high order. The physicians know little about medicine and less about anatomy and surgery and are for the most part quacks, while in Canton a priest is called 'a hungry demon after beauty.' Should a doctor treat his patient differently to the rules in force among the medical fraternity, and should the patient die under the treatment, the doctor would stand a chance of being held to blame for the man's death, so that if a native medico wishes to depart from the 'olo tim cust'm' he takes considerable risk on his shoulders, and so is deterred from making any effort that is more in unison with modern practice.

Evidently it is not all sunshine with celebrated doctors in this empire of China. During the tenure of office of a district magistrate at Shanghai, not so very long ago, there was a well-known medico living in the foreign settlement. The magistrate had his eye, figuratively, of course, on him, and only waited for an opportunity to fleece him. One day he sent a runner to this doctor with six hundred cash, to ask him to go and see a sick man in the city and as the runner did not say he had come from the magistrate, the doctor was under the impression that the patient was not an official, and declined to obey the summons. The runner returned to his master and reported the refusal of the medico to attend. He was sent again, whereupon the doctor said he would not go for three times six hundred cash. A third time the runner presented himself; this time with the card of the magistrate, which being equivalent to a command, he hastened into the city and when the magistrate enquired why he had not come the first

time of asking, commenced to make excuses. The magistrate said he would make the doctor's fees so low that it would not be worth his while to continue in practice, the alternative of this being that he should contribute five thousand taels to the Yellow River fund. The doctor managed to get the fine reduced to three thousand taels and thought himself lucky in getting off so easily.

An idea exists among the natives that some merit will accrue to them if they write out a prescription and circulate it among their friends. One copy will save the writer from sickness; ten will save his family; a hundred will procure the safety of the village in which he lives, and so on. Some time ago, there was a mandarin who paid a visit to Peking and while there fell sick and to all appearances died, but as there was some doubt as to whether he was actually dead, the body was not buried. It was fortunate there was this delay, for the man was only in a trance, and when he revived, he told people that he had, Mahomet-like, been to Heaven where he had been received by the gods who gave him a prescription which was to work wonders. This prescription was circulated far and wide, but we have not heard whether what the gods told him was true, though we know of an astute Celestial who undertook to save himself and others by increasing the circulation of the prescription. He knew what he was about and endeavoured to do the most good with the least possible expenditure of energy. He had seen in his employers' office a hectograph and the idea struck him that he could take many copies of the prescription by the aid of this implement, and thus, while storing up merit for himself with the gods, would be the means of giving a wide circulation to the document. It did not make any difference whether he wrote it out or mechanically copied it, for the gods were not supposed to know the difference, never having seen a hectograph, and the writing appeared as if written with a pen-brush. It must be recollected that the virtue was in the writing, not so much in the prescription itself.

A Chinese advertisement reads as follows:—'Our medicine will cure all affections of the five intestines and derangements of the seven emotions, constitutional debility, feebleness, dimness of vision, rheumatic pains, and cramps in the feet. If a dose is taken for five days the body will feel light; ten days the spirits will be lively; twenty days the voice will be strong, the hands and feet pliant; for a year the hair will turn to black.' This is not quite so good as the 'Elixir Methuselah' which cured a patient of diseases he never had and made him a child again.

The priest at the Yah Wong Kung tells us that there was formerly a brass bell 'as large as a house' attached to the temple. This is rather a vague description of its dimensions, it will be admitted, and the peculiarity about it was that cast and re-cast it as often as they liked, it invariably cracked when struck. When Kwan Ying, the Goddess of Mercy, heard this, she took compassion on the people and came down and personally superintended the operations, the result being that it never cracked again, but many years afterwards it mysteriously disappeared, not a vestage of it remaining. It is said to have been consumed by fire, though it is more than probable that the Taipings—(pr. Ty-pings)—took possession of it and either melted it down for bullets or converted it into coin.

While walking along the streets the rain comes down in torrents, but the people are very polite and ask us to step into their houses till the weather moderates. We accept the kind invitation more than once, so are able to dodge the rain, till we get to one of the gates, in the square of which we see a small cannon of British manufacture. It is marked with a crown and the letters B.P. underneath, and

close to the trunnions on top appear L. E. & Co., but these letters are so rusted, that deciphering them is difficult; the date is 1861, while on the walls in the vicinity of this and the other gates are some more rusty dilapidated guns of ancient date and bearing such letters as C. A. & Co., and C. S. S. These guns were probably used against the Taipings, and some had come to grief, for they are broken off close up to the trunnions. Other broken guns are also lying about and the inscriptions on them denote that they were cast in the time of the Tai Ping Teen Kwoh or 'Great Peace Heavenly Kingdom,' the name the rebels called their rule when they overran China. In the distance, from the top of the walls we see the two camps and the powder magazines, the latter being built on a foreign pattern with lightning rods, etc. The people, not liking the proximity of the magazines, wanted them removed, but the officials having paid them a visit, decided that they should remain. Looking over the wall outside the city, we notice a pig dealer's place of business, and painted on the gate post in large letters are the characters meaning 'The Heavenly Pig Company.' t nly a blending of the sublime and the ridiculous, but the Chinese have very high-sounding names on their signboards, as for instance 'Excelsior Stocking Shop,' 'United Tranquility,' 'Myriad Happiness,' 'Myriad Abundance,' 'Broad Abundance,' 'Great Prosperity,' 'Eternal Spring,' 'Must Win Company,' a lottery shop, 'Myriad Happiness Come Company,' also a lottery shop, the names being, not those of the partners of the firm, but of some qualification, Chinese steamers b ing similarly designated; for instance there are the 'Heavenly River,' the 'Great Precious,' the 'Top of the Sea,' the 'Broad River,' the 'Great Want,' the 'Broad Gain' and a lot of others. Some of the signboards are very handsome, having different coloured characters on different coloured backgrounds. When the proprietor of a shop dies, the characters are smeared over with indigo, that being the colour of mourning in the second degree; should there be more than one partner in the concern and one of them die, then some of the characters only will be covered over with indigo.

While we are waiting under one of the city gateways for the rain to stop, we are accosted by a young Chinese gentleman who politely asks us to go to his house, close by, and sit down. We go with him and find that he is a student, and he asks us to partake of a substantial meal, an offer we politely decline, so he brings out some tea and cakes and melon seeds. With the latter the natives while away the time in the intervals between talking; they crack them between their teeth very cleverly, but we are making a bad showing till the student brings out a pair of melon seed crackers, which are used by people who have lost their masticators or which are defective. He shows us some of the foreign things he has purchased, such as photographs, a storm glass, a pair of binoculars, etc., and we in return let him look at our aneroid, compass and camera. Of course, the household has a good look at us, but they keep at a respectful distance, while some of the lady members of the establishment cautiously peep at us from behind the screen. If all the literati of China were like our host we are sure things would be very different in China from what they are.

On our way back we come across a place where paper with writing on it is burnt. Alongside of it is a log of wood, which has been there since the time of the Rebellion, and now the people are afraid to remove it, fearing that if they do, the luck of the place will be taken away. Outside the East Gate there is a temple of 'Long Life,' with the image of a stork, the emblem of longevity, in it.

Chapter X.

When on top of the Fong pagoda we saw

the Fung Whong San or 'Male and Female Phœnix Hills.' It should be mentioned here that these hills are reached by the Sah Whay Kong, the creek we entered on our way to Soongkong, and after passing Se Ching some distance, the traveller turns to the right, whereas going to Soongkong, he goes to the left. It appears that the fung and whong are symbolical of one of the five constant virtues, which are benevolence, uprightness, propriety, enlightenment and good faith, and to constantly remind people of these, every man's coat or jacket, long or short, has five buttons, though it is probable that not more than one man in a thousand has the remotest idea why the number of buttons is limited to five. We have asked many natives and they were unable to tell us. The fung and whong are supernatural creatures and classed with the unicorn, tortoise, dragon, and the white tiger, at least that is as near as we can get to the definition of these creatures. The presence of the phœnix foretells a virtuous reign, but as there apparently has been only one appearance of this bird—if bird it is—it would seem as if a virtuous ruler was an individual of a very rare variety; in fact, so rare a creature is the phœnix that no two Chinamen can similarly describe it. Here is one description of it:—'It resembles a wild swan in front and a unicorn behind; it has a swallow's throat, a fowl's beak, a snake's neck, a fish's tail, a crane's forehead, the crest of a mandarin duck, the stripes of a dragon and the arched back of a tortoise; its feathers are of five different colours representing the five cardinal virtues, and it stands five feet high. Its song resembles the music of the Pandean pipes like which the tail is spread out.' Truly a most wonderful creature; consequently there is no need to be surprised at its rarity, and it is extraordinary that there should be such a minute description of it in the native records. At a meeting of the gods, the Queen of Heaven came down on one, though others say it was Kwan Ying who employed this mode of locomotion, but we give our vote in favour of the latter.

The story of the Queen of Heaven is that she was the daughter of Commissioner Lin and that on account of her great virtues and having saved the lives of her father and brothers whom she dreamed were in danger of shipwreck, she was made a goddess during the Sung dynasty. Both she and Kwan Ying, with whom she is frequently confounded, are worshipped by sailors, and numerous temples on the sea coast have been erected to her honour, but she is primarily the goddess of sailors. A temple in her honour is erected near the Honan road bridge, Shanghai, where she is worshipped, her anniversary being the 23rd day of the 3rd moon.

One of the Fung Whong hills is called Zo San, or 'Snake Hill;' it is three hundred feet high, being the most elevated of the group and on it there is a fine Roman Catholic cathedral, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, the only one in China so dedicated, strange to say, and a Chinese temple formerly stood on the site of the present structure. It is an imposing building, and elaborately ornamented inside. On one of our visits the bells were ringing a joyous peal, for it was Easter time. On the side of Zo San on the way up to the cathedral the road zig-zags considerably, and at the angles of this road are the fourteen stations of the Cross with a shrine at each. In each of these there is a relic, a piece of bone of some kind, and explanations in Chinese are given of the scene depicted in bronze in the shrine.

We saw a good number of converts paying their devotions before these stations, in a similar way that Buddhists do in front of their shrines, and counting their beads, though we do not intend to infer that the devotees do not recognize the difference. They were very decently and neatly clothed; quite different from

what we see in the case of the heathen, who appear to think the dirtier they are the more their holiness. Entering the cathedral we found it full of converts and others, and the Jesuit priest was very busy, for he not only had to conduct the services, but he had to hear confessions, there being two confessionals, one on his left for the men and the other on his right for the women. The service was High Mass and the nearest approach the natives could get to the word 'hallelujah' was 'yah-la-lu-yah,' the final hallelujah being pronounced 'yah-la-lu-u-u-yah.'

On the same hill near the base is a seven-storied pagoda or what is left of it, presenting a strong contrast to the modern cathedral above. All the woodwork is gone, having been destroyed by fire years ago. It may be mentioned that most of the pagodas in China have an odd number of stories, that being the rule, though in some places we have visited, pagodas with an even number of stories are to be found. There is another contrast, namely, the ruins of a Chinese monastery or temple at the foot of the hill; scarcely one stone is standing on top of another, and the ruins are covered with vegetation. We were told that on one of the hills there is a grave which contains the remains of a notable, though we did not see it. It is said that there is a stone stairway up to the grave, with figures in stone of priests, saddled horses, rams and other animals on each side of it. Years ago there was a Chinese camp at Fung Whong San, the soldiers being commanded by foreign officers.

The view of the country from the top of Zo San was very grand and enchanting at the time of our visit. The ground looked as if it were spread over with a variegated carpet of gigantic proportions. There were no hedges—there never are in China—but as far as the eye could reach were to be seen narrow raised ridges which served as footpaths and to separate one patch of cultivation from the other and to keep the water in when required, and from the distance it looked as if these ridges ran at right angles, while others had graceful curves. In nearly every case, each patch of ground had something growing on it, either wheat, rice, beans or Chinese radishes, the bright yellow of the latter, the light green of the rice, the darker green of the wheat and still darker green of the beans interspersed with the dark brown of the unoccupied patches making a pleasing sight. In every direction was to be seen water either in meandering silvery creeks or placid ponds. On the creeks, here and there, were boatsheds and picturesque boats with dark brown sails and blue-coated crews. Dotted over the landscape were homesteads with thatched roofs which peeped out from amidst trees, while groves of graceful feathery bamboos or fir trees hid the graves of departed worthies. Other grave mounds were covered with bright green grass and dwarf trees. Nearer, on the sides and at the foot of the hill were rocks, grey with age and exposure to the weather, or covered with lichens, breaking through the soil. Several low hills added to the effect, while now and again buffaloes or cows could be seen lazily chewing the cud, at peace with themselves and all the world. The view, indeed was pleasing and strikingly reminded us of Bishop Heber's 'where every prospect pleases' though we were not prepared to go the length of the good bishop and believe that 'every man is vile,' notwithstanding the constant importunities of the natives—men, women and children, for money. The natives of this place appear to think that the visitors go to the Hills for the sole purpose of giving them money.

Among the other hills in this group are the Te Mo San or 'Heavenly Horse Hill' and the Che San. On the former there is a pagoda or the remains of one. It is impossible to say how many stories it was originally, because

some of them have fallen down, and it inclines at a considerable angle from the perpendicular. The iron crown piece which used to be at the top of the pagoda has fallen from its high estate and now lies upside down on a stone on the ground. It is bell shaped and made of sonorous metal so that it sounds like a bell when struck. There is a small temple on this hill at its highest point, and a lamp is lighted in front of it at night just at the edge of the plateau on which the temple stands. At the foot of the hill below the pagoda, there is a large village which approaches the proportions of a small town, while there is an innumerable number of grave mounds.

From the cathedral hill no less than fifteen pagodas can be seen on a clear day with a fairly good pair of binoculars. Besides these, the Shanghai cathedral spire, twenty-one miles distant, can be seen, also the new Customs' building.

Chapter XI.

The following is a legend of Soongkong:—In B. C. 220, the emperor Tsin Che commenced the 'Myriad Mile' or Great Wall of China to keep the country clear of the incursions of the northern tribes. Now it was a popular idea in China, and in some other countries besides, in those early times, that to make the foundations of a large wall firm, it was necessary to kill a number of people and bury them underneath. It was supposed by the natives in Shanghai that the Holy Trinity cathedral in that settlement had some Chinese buried underneath it for the same purpose, and there was quite an excitement among the people over it at the time. As the great Wall of China was to be a very extensive one, not less than one thousand lives, it was computed, would be required to be sacrificed. The emperor, though desirous of having the foundations of his wall as firm as possible, still did not like the idea of putting so many people to death, and in his dilemma consulted an astrologer on the subject. This worthy was equal to the occasion, as fortune-tellers usually are, and he gave the emperor a piece of information which greatly rejoiced his heart. Said the astrologer 'There is living at Soochow, a young man named Wun Si Liang, and if you can bury him under the foundations of your wall, it will be as efficacious as if you slew ten thousand men'—probably because the first part of the young man's name 'Wun' corresponded with the Chinese sound for 'myriad.' The emperor, thereupon, sent some of his soldiers to capture young Wun, and while they were on their journey, he issued a proclamation offering a reward for the intended victim's capture, threatening at the same time all kinds of dreadful things to anybody who might have the temerity to hide him. In consequence of the wide circulation given to the proclamation, it was only natural that the young man should find out what the emperor intended to do for him, and it was only natural, too, that he should strongly object to this unceremonious disposal of his life and person; so he made up his mind to run away. That night he carried out his intention and went to what is now Soongkong. Arrived at the place, a small one then, he entered the private garden of a well-to-do citizen, and while making for the pavilion on the grounds, saw a young lady of some sixteen summers, sitting down alone in it. The lady turned out to be Mung Chang New or Miss Mung Chang, and she was a native of the place. She asked Wun what he was doing there, upon which he said he had fled for his life and told her the story of the emperor's designs with regard to himself. Miss Mung was shocked, as well she might be, but dissembling the state of her feelings, she asked the youth to sleep there for the night, and then she left him. Having retired to the family residence, she sought out her father

and told him about the youth, that she had fallen desperately in love with him and that he was then in the garden pavilion. She said she wished to marry the stranger, but her father naturally pooh-poohed the matter and said it could not be as she wished, but as she was his only daughter and was accustomed to have her own way in most things upon which she set her will, the old man eventually gave his consent. He then had an interview with Wun, and told him he would make him his son-in-law. Wun strongly objected; he said he might be caught at any moment and put to death and then the beautiful girl would be a widow, and all through him; besides, if the emperor knew of it, and most probably he would, Mr. Mung would be punished for harbouring one whom the emperor had already doomed to death. Miss Mung's father said he was willing to accept all risks in this direction, and in the end, Wun allowed his scruples to be overcome, and consented to the wedding. All the arrangements were perfected and the two were made one, but before evening arrived, the emperor's emissaries came and dragged Wun from the arms of his weeping bride, and in seven days he was 'wandering among the genii' that is he was dead, having been beheaded and his body buried under the Great Wall. The girl-bride was disconsolate, and sent a servant with two hundred taels of silver and clothing to make enquiries with regard to the report that her husband had been killed. The servant set out on his journey and arrived at Soochow where the attractions of this gay city were too over-powering for him, and he stayed there till all the money was spent. After a time he returned to his mistress and said he had been to the capital and from enquiries he had made, had ascertained that Wun had not been killed—though he was sick—and was not going to be. Miss Mung knew better, for the spirit of her husband has appeared to her on the previous night and had informed her that he was dead and had 'returned to the excellent city' that is, that he had been buried, and that the servant was unfaithful, he having spent the money put in his charge and sold the clothes. Miss Mung told her father of this and said she must go herself with clothing for her husband as no one else could be trusted. Knowing as she did that her husband was dead, it seems strange that she should want to take his clothes to him, but the legend does not make that at all clear; it is left to the imagination of the reader to find out for himself the why and the wherefore.

Her father very naturally objected to his daughter going on such a wild goose chase, but she was firm in her resolve and threatened to do all manner of dreadful things, among them to commit suicide, if she were prevented, so her father thought best to let her go, and she set out with one jacket only for her husband. Here again the gentle reader must allow his imagination to come into play to account for her only taking a solitary piece of clothing. However, Miss Mung started on her journey on foot, and she had small feet, so that it will be readily conceived what an anxious and wearisome time she would have of it. She took no money with her—another absurdity, though why she, being rich, did not provide herself with funds, is a point upon which the story is also silent. If she came to a city at night, after the gates had been closed, she would ask to be admitted. Now it is customary on such occasions, at most cities at least, for the applicant to make it worth the while of the gate-keepers to open the gates, and these people realize a handsome revenue in consequence. As we know, Miss Mung had no money, so when she knocked at the gate of a city, and money was demanded of her, she had to explain that she had none, and she also stated the business she was on. Her pitiful tale 'touched the hearts of all' which is saying a good deal in China in a case of

Glade near Hills, p. 25. 38

Anybody with the usual allowance of nerves usually has enough after seeing one performance; the noise is fearful, a great gong being banged most of the time and this drowns a good deal of what the actors say, but the natives, however, one of whose characteristics is the absence of nerves, enjoy this kind of thing. We do not envy them. Some other kind of musical—save the mark—instrument adds to the din, so that it is like pandemonium let loose. Then there is no stage effect; that is left to the imagination and in a case like this, the Chinaman must have a very vivid imagination indeed. Two pieces of bamboo placed upright and a dirty piece of cloth thrown across at the top from one to the other, constitute a door or gate; a bit of rag on the floor signifies a bridge or river, and so forth. The actors yell and twist themselves into all kinds of shapes which appears to be the acme of acting; the audience applaud, not by clapping of hand, but by making a noise in their throats corresponding somewhat to the sound a satisfied porker might be expected to utter. The people have their tea, and smoke in the midst of the most pathetic passages, the noise they make not having any effect on the entertainment. Attendants come round with towels that have been wrung out in hot water and hand them to the visitors who gravely wipe their faces with them as a kind of refresher. The swell guests do not pay at the door and no tickets are issued, but brokers go round next day and call upon their constituents. They also provide them with the bill of fare for the next performance. We do not know how this works, for our experience of credit-giving in Shanghai 'is not a happy one.' Many of the Chinese plays will not bear translation for they are vile in the extreme, but women will attend the performances without showing the least shock to their morals or decency. Many of the plays, however, are founded on the ancient history of the Three Kingdoms and now and again, some local topic is made the groundwork of a comedy. On one occasion, the Shanghai actors composed a play, during the performance of which a body of men came on the stage to represent the Municipal police force which caused a good deal of merriment. The men were dressed up like policemen and went through a form of drill which was a parody on the evolutions of the foreign bobbies.

Theatres in China, according to the native version, had their origin in the visit of an emperor to the moon one night. Apparently he had a dream, but he didn't let people know it. He said he saw in the moon the goddesses having a dance to music of their own composing, so in the morning when he got up, he decided to establish theatricals to celebrate the occasion. The people keep the autumn festival and give each other moon cakes for a similar purpose, at least that used to be the reason why they gave the cakes, but like many other observances in China, the real reason has been lost sight of.

We cannot do better than give here some of the legends of the moon that are current in the Celestial empire as we may not have occasion to again refer to this luminary. There are many legends of the moon, for what nation has not something mysterious to say about the 'Queen of Night'? According to the Chinese, Se Wong Mu, the Queen of the Fairies, who lived on Mount Kwun Lun, in Central Asia, and of whom we will say something later on, conferred the coveted boon of immortality on How E, a mortal. This How E was skilled in archery, and on one occasion during an eclipse of the moon, went to its assistance, and shot arrows at the monster which was devouring it, and so succeeded in driving it away. He lived some 2,333 years B. C. and his wife whose name was Chang, stole the elixir of immortality from him and fled to the moon. Notwithstanding the great

distance she put between herself and the earth, punishment followed her swiftly, and for the theft, she was changed into a frog which the natives believe to be there to the present day in company with Wu Kung, 'the Man in the Moon,' who having offended the inhabitants of Mount Kwun Lun, was banished there, and for ever condemned to cut down the cinnamon tree growing in the lunar orb. His labour has been unavailing and fruitless, for every wound he inflicts with his axe heals up before he can strike the succeeding blow. This venerable old man is reputed, however, to have an influence on mundane affairs, though how he can be continually chopping at a tree and doing other work at the same time is one of those anomolies which legends make no allowance for, and are silent on the subject. Matters in the moon, evidently, must be conducted very differently from what they are in China. Well, Wu Kung was sitting down one night in the town of Sung Cheng—apparently before he became an immortal—and he had a book in his hand, and was turning over the leaves. While so engaged, a youth passed. On the latter enquiring what the book was about, the old man said it contained the names of those who would eventually get married, and at the same time he produced a piece of red cord with which he said he tied together at birth the feet of the future man and wife, telling the young man, that his future bride was the daughter of a vegetable dealer living close by. The youth wanted to see the future partner of his joys and sorrows, and his wish was granted, but finding that she was only an infant in arms, and superlatively ugly at that, he engaged somebody to kill her. The ruffian bungled at his work and the murder was not consummated, and the child only received a severe wound on her forehead. In after years the young man married, his bride being an exceedingly handsome young woman, but she had a scar on her forehead, which the husband ascertained had been inflicted in youth by a man who had attempted to kill her, thus establishing her identity with the ugly baby he had attempted to destroy. In commemoration of this event, in some parts of China, women wear flowers in their hair because the young woman referred to had a flower in her hair to hide the scar.

But to return to the moon. There is a race of genii in the moon, also a hare, a cinnamon tree, and eight cassia trees, and at the foot of the latter the hare is engaged grinding the cassia bark for the use of the genii. As there are a man, a frog, a hare, and trees, not to mention the genii in the moon, it seems evident that there must be water in the lunar planet for their use; so astronomers may set their minds at rest on the subject. It is not to be disputed that there is a man in the moon, for foreigners and Chinese alike, can they not see him when the moon is full? When a man is 'full' he often sees lots of things which other people cannot; but this by the way. The foreigners' man in the moon is supposed to have been an Israelite who was banished there for disobeying the Mosaic injunction not to cut sticks or do other work on the Sabbath; hence he has his bundle of sticks on his back. As for the cassia trees, there is no doubt about them, either, for any one, with half an eye, and without the aid of a 'thousand mile glass' or telescope, can plainly see them at mid-autumn. Whoever eats the leaves of these cassia trees will become immortal. Possibly, but the rub is how to obtain them. There is a legend of a cat which wanted to become immortal, and licked the mortar in which a Taoist priest compounded the elixir of immortality. The feline, however, did not succeed in its efforts.

Chapter XIII.

To continue our journey. At a short distance from May Chang Kong, and a little way from where our boat is moored, we find a small

temple. After hammering at one of the doors for a time, we manage to get someone to let us in, but as we do not see the priest, who appears to be entertaining more influential guests than we are, at least, that seems to be the impression of the attendants, we just glance round the building and leave, much to the dismay of the priest, who comes running out after us to call us back, but we decline to return. Near the temple, we see a small bell, five feet high and about two feet in diameter and covered all over with characters representing prayers and religious instruction. This bell is cracked, and there is a circular hole in the top and on looking inside this hole, we find the bell is full of small shells, the last place, and a queer one, we would think of to put such defunct mollusks. We leave May Chang Kong in the afternoon, pass Ne Kwon Dong or 'the Cinnamon Pond' and arrive at Kah Shan or Kah Zay as the natives call it, 'the Excellent and Virtuous.' We find the suburbs of the town extend for at least a mile before the town is reached and the graves here, which are plentiful, are mostly all above ground and from a distance look like cottages, being built of brick with pointed tile roofs. There is a very high bridge across the creek which runs past the town, and close to it is a temple dedicated to the God of War. Further on, we come to the Se Chuan pagoda which is seven stories high and in the lower story is a representation of the different courts of Hades with the transmigration wheel, showing to what people will be born in their next earthly existence, but these are all in bad condition and much neglected. On the pagoda grounds there is a cracked bell, six feet long and about four feet in diameter, and at the mouth the metal is three inches thick, while four claws of a dragon are cast on top to hang it with. We ask a priest if we can buy it, but he says 'No' very decidedly.

We are, for the moment, startled by what appears to be a number of people burning a human body in the middle of the narrow street, but we are relieved on ascertaining that the body which is fully dressed is only a dummy, and on enquiry find that it is a custom to burn dummies that way when a thief has stolen something from the house in front of which the burning takes place, and has got away with his plunder, undetected, the idea being that he will die if an imaginary effigy of him is burnt. In the morning, as soon as the gates are opened and before the people are up, we go into the city and then on top of the walls, getting covered with spines from the rank weeds which grow shoulder-high on these walls. The interior of the town is not very extensively populated, as only about one third of the ground is occupied. We see a cannon of the time of Tou Kwong—1821—bursted, of course, and thrown aside as useless. So it is. Looking down from one of the water gates, we notice the pretty effect of evaporation; the sun is shining on the water through the gateway, and causing revolving spiral columns of vapour to ascend, some of the columns being several feel high and a couple of inches in diameter. Stone, apparently, is very cheap here, and plentiful, as most of the houses along the banks of the creek have good substantial steps and foundations of that material. The walls of Kah Zay, that is those along the creek which big boats navigate on three sides of the city, are in good condition and apparently have been repaired within recent years. A good sized canal runs right through the town from east to west and on one of our visits we went through it, but as it was early there were few boats on the move then. Outside, we see a coffin lately burnt, with the calcined bones inside; probably some beggar has been sleeping under the straw which had covered it and set fire to it. Coffins in Kah Zay are not the same in shape as in Shanghai and they are more substantial, the wood being at least three inches thick.

Proceeding along the creek we come to a very gruesome sight, namely a lot of human bones and grinning skulls. As mentioned elsewhere, the bones of dead people, after a lapse of years, are collected, and what we see is only the result of the custom. There are lots of old graves here and we first notice that they have been knocked to pieces, and next see the late contents of these graves. In one place there are about a dozen earthenware jars in a cluster ready to be earthed over and they are full of clean bones, with the 'brain bags' or skulls on top, and in other places the jars are seen in twos and threes. Each jar or urn is only about eighteen inches high and about a foot in diameter, but the mouth of it is not large enough for the skull, so that is placed on top and a basin-shaped jar is used as a lid over the urn and fastened down with mortar. We see many more dismantled graves, with exposed coffins, at the head end of which are characters meaning 'happiness,' and 'longevity' and a peach with leaf and branch, the emblem of longevity. Coffins are frequently presented to intimate friends and the act is taken as a compliment, while should 'longevity boards' or coffins, be sent by an enemy, it would be considered as a wish that the recipient would soon require to use them.

A story is told of a person receiving a coffin from one who wished him no good-will. The latter thought that the receiver would be much annoyed, and perhaps sicken and die, but no such result followed, for, not being in immediate need of the coffin, he sold it and pocketed the proceeds. We once heard of a native who visited a coffin shop during an epidemic. He asked for eleven coffins, and as the shopman had twelve, he gently insinuated that the would-be purchaser should take the lot, thinking that the man was going into that gruesome line of business. His advances were received with a torrent of abuse, for the customer got into a towering rage, and when he could command his voice, said 'So you want me to die, too, do you? I have already lost eleven members of my family.' The shopman, finding he had made a great mistake, apologized to the customer, and to show that he had no ill-feeling towards him, smashed up the odd coffin, and peace was restored.

At many of the temples benevolent societies keep coffins ready for use for destitute people who die in the vicinity. These coffins are thin boards loosely put together, but strong enough for the purpose for which they are intended. Private individuals sometimes keep their caskets at the temples they frequent, in order that they may be safe. Old coffins may be seen here and there used for purposes other than that originally intended, the utilitarian instincts of the Chinaman leading him to mend his embankments, bridge his ditches, and otherwise repair his premises with pieces of coffins. If the Chinese do not disturb the graves and coffins of their own ancestors, they do not object, apparently, to disturb those of other people, so long as there is no chance of their getting into trouble over the sacrilege. The coffins of the rich are made of very expensive materials, the wood being in many cases, cedar.

Trees are growing out of some graves and coffins along the banks. When this happens it is supposed to bring luck to the descendants of the entombed, so that if a person has a spite against the descendants, all he has to do is to cut down the trees, when, presto! their luck is gone; at least, so says popular superstition.

The following legend of trees growing out of coffins refers to Han Pung, a minister of state during the Sung dynasty, and his wife. Han had a beautiful wife of whom the sovereign was enamoured and cast about, like David of old, to get possession of her. He put her husband in prison, where he committed suicide.

The sovereign then tried to win the affections of Han's widow, who, however, repelled his advances with scorn, and on being invited by the tyrant to walk with him on the top of a high tower, purposely robed herself in flimsy clothing, and then threw herself over the parapet. The king tried to save her by clutching her clothes, but they tore in his grasp and she fell to the ground, dead. When her body was recovered, a note was found among her clothes requesting that she might be buried in the same grave as her husband, but the tyrant was so enraged that he gave orders that this should not be acceded to, and buried her a short distance from the other body. Nature, however, took pity upon her, and caused two trees to grow, one out of her coffin and the other out of her husband's, and the branches united overhead. In these branches, two mandarin ducks took up their abode and chaunted funeral dirges all the day. Below we give some coffin stories.

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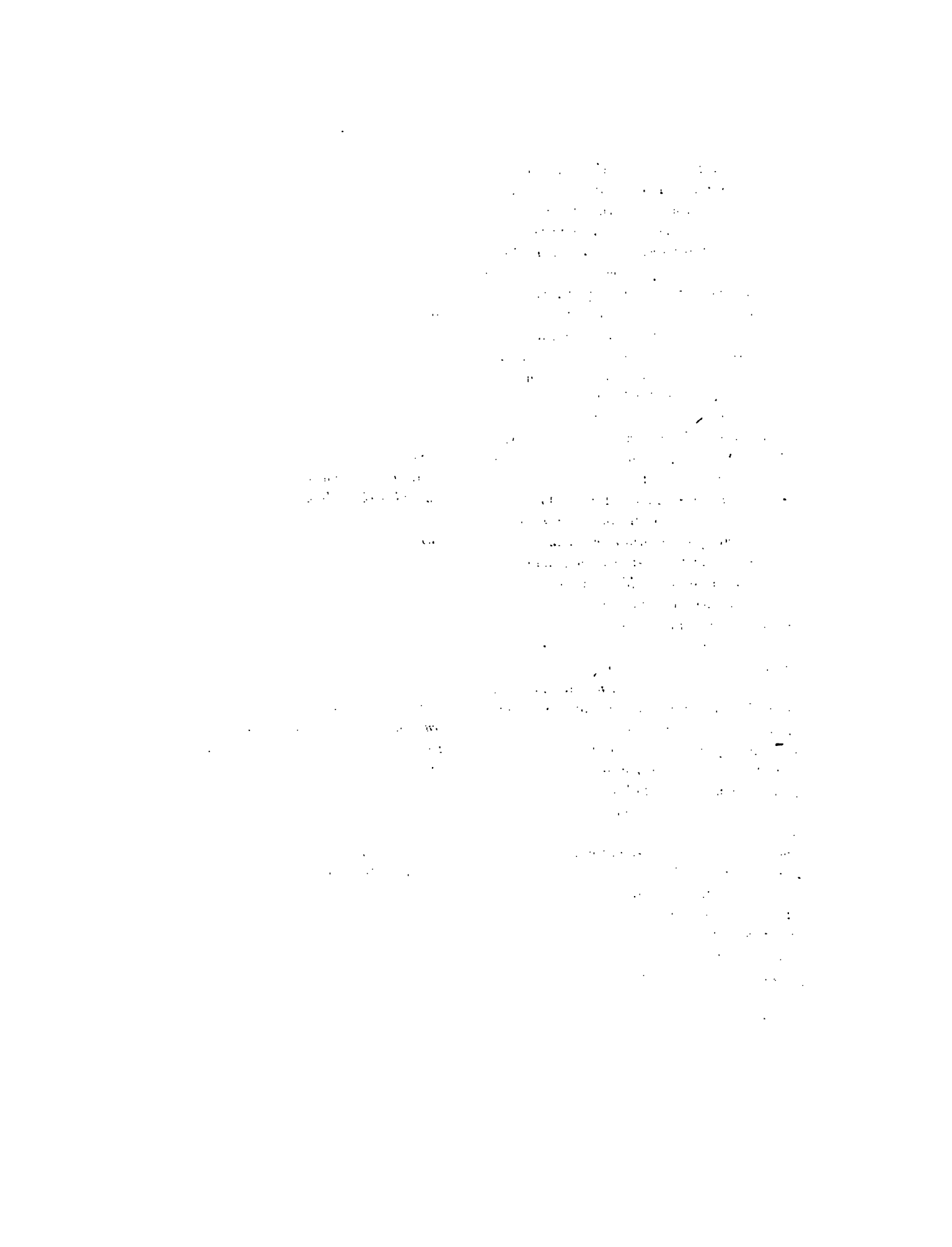
Chapter XIV.

Once upon a time a man was belated and had to pass through the country of the spirits. We confess, at the outset, that we are unable to enlighten our readers as to the locality of this region, so they must rest content with the statement that the country of the spirits did exist in early times upon the earth.

Well, in the darkness the man saw a light, and walking up to it, found that it proceeded from a house. Knocking at the door, it was opened by a handsome woman—all the women in Chinese legends appear to be handsome—who turned out to be a spirit, though at the time the man did not know this. He asked her if he could be provided with a bed for the night and she replied that he could on paying two taels of silver for the accommodation. He agreed to this and was shown a room, but in the morning when he awoke, he was very much surprised to find that he had only the sky for a quilt and that he was sleeping, or rather had been sleeping, on top of a coffin in a graveyard out in the open air! It must be admitted that this was rather a weird locality to be in, and he did not stay long in it, but on attempting to get off his dismal couch, he found that his wallet was held by something, and on making investigation, he noticed that it was impinged between the coffin and the lid and that it was the end of the wallet containing the money that was fast, inside the coffin. On asking to have his wallet released, the lid of the coffin gradually rose and his request was complied with and he left without paying the money as he had promised. But the occupant of the coffin, the woman he had spoken to on the previous evening, was not going to be cheated like that, and the same night she made her way to the spot where she knew the man would pass on his way home, and waited for him. He seems to have expected she would do this, so taking with him a handful of boiled rice, he started on his homeward journey. Arrived at the spot, there was the she-spirit, and as she demanded her money, he put the boiled rice into her mouth, which caused her to assume the form of a human being. He then took her home and she became his wife. In course of time there was a son born in the family and he was sent to school. The youngster was very smart and the other boys were jealous of him, so one day they were teasing him and said 'Your mother is a devil." The boy went home crying and told his mother, which so enraged her—it is enough to make any woman mad to be called a devil—that she left the house. When the father returned, he found his wife had left and on searching for her, discovered that she had gone back to the spirit-land and re-occupied her coffin, the lid of which, however, was fast nailed down. Of course, as it is against the laws of China to open coffins, the bereaved husband did not attempt to do so, but it is a mystery how he knew his wife was inside.



A Wedding Chair, p. 29.

clined to sympathize with him; they had been married without any love being wasted upon them; their parents had betrothed them while they were yet infants, and they had no voice in the choice of their partners, so, as stated above, they did not feel much sympathy in the present case. However, they did not want their brother to pine away and then wander about over the melon patch in the form of an attenuated ghost, neither were they anxious to have a funeral in the family, with the younger brother as the principal personage in it, so they finally concluded that 'something must be done' and done it was after a good deal of consideration and consultation.

Little boys at home believe there is a virtue in salt, especially if they can only succeed in putting it on a robin's tail. The worthy elder brother and his wife were under the impression that there was a virtue in rice; so there is, we are prepared to admit; it sustains life when there is nothing better to be had, but they did not look at it in this light. They wanted to catch the girl and thought that rice would have the same charm as the salt, though it would have to be employed in a different manner, for whereas the little boys expect to put the salt on the tails first and then catch the birds, this worthy couple considered that the girl had to be caught first and the rice forced into her mouth afterwards, thus furnishing another instance of the perverseness of the left-handed race. They gave the brother a handful of rice and told him to use it as directed above.

We have been unable to ascertain how it happened, though a suspicion crosses our mind that the youth came upon the girl unawares, probably while she was busily intent upon plucking a melon; but, be this as it may, he succeeded in putting his handful of rice into her mouth and then she made no attempt to get away. Elated with his success, he hastened to his brother with his captive who eventually became his wife. They were blessed with two children and lived happily together for ten years, but at the expiration of that time, the wife expressed a wish to go and offer sacrifices to the gods in a temple near her parents' home. She said she was going to 'chin chin the joss' for three days and three nights and wanted to go alone. Her husband, who was passionately fond of her, and could not bear the thought of her being absent even for that short time, said she might go, but that he would accompany her. She appeared to raise no objection to this wish and the family, consisting of the husband and wife and two children—one of them an infant in arms—set out on the journey, and when they had arrived almost at their destination, the wife asked her husband to wait where they were for a short time, with the children, while she went on ahead alone. The husband complied and the wife departed, but never returned. After waiting till he was tired, the husband followed the path she had taken, expecting to meet her coming back, and keeping the road, he arrived at his wife's parents' house, and making himself known, enquired where their eldest daughter, his wife, was. 'Our eldest daughter?' queried the father and mother in a breath, 'why she died years ago; she has been dead ten years.' 'That cannot be' replied the enquirer, 'she has been married to me for ten years and these'—pointing to the children—'are hers.' 'If you don't believe us' said the parents, 'come with us and we will show you her coffin.' So they all went together and when close to it, the husband saw a portion of his wife's clothes sticking out from under the lid which was nailed down. He showed this to his father-in-law who now began to doubt his own senses. The lid was hastily wrenched off and there, sure enough, was his daughter, looking as if she were alive, and wearing the garments her husband had last seen her in. Horror stricken, they gazed

immovable on the body which gradually crumbled to dust before their eyes, while the clothes appeared to have been turned to ashes.

It would seem that the daughter had really died as her father stated, ten years previously and had become a spirit, and while in this state she had married a mortal, but was only allowed to be at large for one decade. As the time was up for her to return to the land of shades, she hastily jumped into her coffin and had not time to get the whole of her clothing into it when the lid closed upon her; hence it was that a portion of her dress appeared outside. The father had the coffin lid nailed down again and took the bereaved husband away from the spot, and having another daughter, gave her in marriage to his already son-in-law to console him for the loss of his spirit wife.

The following refers to some place in the Kwangse province: —The wife of a native was on her deathbed and she called her husband to her and said that she had a secret to communicate to him before she left him and it was for his and their child's good that she was going to tell it to him. She said 'When I die, do not nail up my coffin, but leave it out on the mountain side. After a hundred days I shall rise again, not as a human being, but as a tigress, and when you see me you must make an offering of two fowls and then I will not harm you. As a proof that what I am saying is true you will find my clothes outside the coffin. She then died. Her ghost appeared in due course and the husband did as directed and afterwards went to look for the clothes outside the coffin. Sure enough, they were there, and while he was weeping, a tigress came up to him and he knew it was his deceased wife. The animal came close to him and he gently stroked its hair, whereupon it bounded away, but was never known to hurt anybody during its tiger life.

Chapter XV.

At the Che Le or 'Seven Le' bridge, while waiting for our boat, we become the centre of attraction of the villagers, and the village elder, after scanning us intently for a time, his eye catches our finger ring, and he puzzles his brains to make out how we put it on and off, for Chinese rings, especially among country people, are made of soft metal and do not form a continuous band, but the ends overlap and when they are taken off the ends can be unclasped as it were. After feeling our clothing one man says in effect 'My, what thin clothes you wear; don't you feel cold? Feel my clothes.' We do so, knowing that he has on a lot of cotton wadded jackets, and we tell him foreigners do not fear the cold. Says the first speaker 'Wouldn't you fear to go into the water?' pointing to the creek. As we have repeatedly taken a bath with the temperature only some five degrees above freezing, we have no hesitation in replying in the negative, which makes the old man shudder at the very thought of it. Taking hold of our hand he feels it and says 'What firm flesh you have; you must be very strong, and how red your blood is! Look, at my hand.' We do and feel it; it is flabby. The old man cannot understand how there can be so much difference in the flesh of two people, and we leave him wondering.

We reach Lew Le Shing or 'Flourishing Six Le' and while passing along the creek in front of the town, notice a man in a mandarin gunboat killing a fowl over the gun in the bow, while other men beat gongs, and fire off crackers, the whole ceremony being intended to bribe the god of the gun to give the gunner a sure aim in the event of his having unfortunately to use it against people.

The next place is the Kwang Foo Sz, a large monastery with a square eight-storied pagoda in the grounds. The pagoda is built after an Indian type of architecture but is old, time and the elements having played havoc with the lowest verandah round it, while others higher

up are in the last stage of dilapidation. The iron spike which surmounts all pagodas is gone and the iron collar looks as if it would fall at any moment. We have an interview with the abbot, a venerable old man, of probably eighty summers, and find attached to the monastery a nunnery with aged women in it. The abbot tells us that the site of his monastery was originally the bed of the river, but that an earthquake had raised the land and at the same time the pagoda, and he appears to believe it. The old man has a long conversation with us and is very polite; he shows us over the premises, and we see two bells, one broken, with the Pah Kwah or 'Eight Diagrams' on it which are used in divination, but the subject is too intricate and it would be of little interest to our readers to explain the Pah Kwah, so we proceed to something else not so dry. The sound bell—a joke is not intended—hangs up in the monastery and is seven feet in diameter with the names of the donors in relief on the outside. There is a joss in the principal room dressed in gorgeous robes with the Pah Kwah on the hem of the outer one. In the rear of the building is an image of Kwan Ying standing on the head of an animal that looks like an alligator, but is intended for a dragon, the head and tail of the creature only being visible, rising out of what appears to be a very stormy sea, while on the same sea is a black devil carrying a joss on his shoulders, and on the opposite side is another individual who is supplicating the goddess. In the background are big rocks with many idols painted on them. In the front part of the building or hall of worship, are two glass cases full of small wooden tablets on which are inscribed the names in gilt characters of the persons, who during their lifetime had contributed towards the support of the monastery, and are now being prayed for by the present incumbents. These tablets are called 'the gods' paper cards' and it is probable that the tablets were in earlier times made of cardboard. The Taipings destroyed the original monastery and would have destroyed the pagoda too, but it was already in ruins.

In front of the monastery is a large grave mound, the last resting place of Chu Mah Ching, minister of state during the period of the Shah dynasty in B. C. 2,000. There is another large grave on the grounds, namely that of a tung tah zr, and in front of it are four four-sided monuments, which appear in the distance as if they were monuments in a foreign cemetery but we have failed to find out who this tung tah zr or 'grand secretary of the Eastern Pavilion' was. The grounds are full of ruins; all the original buildings were pulled down long ago and immense stone pillars are seen lying about broken in pieces.

The abbot informs us that beyond Kah Shing or 'Excellent Prosperity' on our way to Hangchow, we will see three pagodas close together; there had been four, but the genii had lost one on the way and only arrived at their destination with three. We proceed on our journey when one of our crew takes sick with fever and ague, and on arrival at Kah Shing at 2 p.m., our lowdah bawls himself hoarse shouting to coolies on the bank to came and take the sick man's place, but without meeting with that success which his efforts deserve. We got into the city by the north gate and find a good deal of traffic going on. The people are rather inquisitive; one man wants to know the price of our thirty dollar binoculars, hazarding the remark that they are worth from four to five dollars, but we do not attempt to enlighten him on the subject. Some of the folks wish to know what we have in our pockets; it is needless to state that we do not oblige them on this occasion either. One youngster asks us to let him look at our watch; we do so and after hearing it tick to satisfy himself that it is not 'dead' he goes away, so that generally we are a source of some interest to the natives. Kah Shing

boasts some fine shops where the people appear to sell things at fancy prices. We enquire at an embroidery shop the value of some of the work, but the figures are placed so high that the shopman does not reach them through us. Rice here is cheaper than at Shanghai by sixty cents a picul; eggs are six cash each and the flesh of the succulent swine, the Chinaman's delight, costs more here than at Shanghai. At this town there are a great many pleasure boats which are nicely kept and very clean. We see cases of kerosene being landed, while in the shops are small quantities of foreign nicknacks for sale, such as photographs, looking glasses, bottles of scent, soap, tooth brushes, and toys, though we believe that many of these articles are made in Japan and some in Canton where many foreign articles are imitated, the Cantonese being considered 'foreigners' by the people of the other provinces—foreigner and Cantonese being synonymous terms in some parts.

Outside the city between the south and east gates on the opposite side of the creek, there is a seven-storied pagoda. It is entirely denuded of woodwork; the floors and staircases are gone and the roof is off. The Taoist priest who has charge of the Buddhist temple attached to the pagoda tells us the latter was built in the Leang dynasty, A. D. 550. The priest who has his hair parted in the middle and done up in paper, has a good growth of hair on his face, greatly in contrast to the baldheads and shaven faces of the Buddhists.

While walking through the city we find the air is full of 'foreign devils,' that being the epithet plentifully showered upon us, interspersed with 'foreign gentlemen.' In front of the Confucian temple there is a handsome stone gateway with the tops of the pillars painted in various designs and colours. There is an immense area of unoccupied ground in the city, which a native tells us is eighty le (nearly twenty-six miles) in circumference, though we do not attach much importance to the statement, but nevertheless it is a good size. On the south-west there is an eight-sided pagoda in keeping with the other one. The Grand Canal meets the city, through which the telegraph also runs and then diverges from north-west to south, continuing along the Canal which now becomes the highway to Hangchow. This Canal is six hundred and fifty miles long and the continuation of it from Kah Shing southward was built during the period of the Ming dynasty.

Chapter XVI.

Soon after leaving this city, we see a number of pailous; evidently the crop of worthies in this locality has been extensive, the pailous themselves having some pretence to beauty from a Chinese point of view, of course. There had formerly been some temples and monasteries in the vicinity, but the Taipings, as usual, had demolished them. One pailou stands in front of what was formerly a large monastery and presents a peculiar appearance, which is accounted for as follows:—It appears that a monk belonging to the monastery 'had disgraced the cloth,' an impossibility, one would think, at least in these degenerate days, when the Cantonese have such a contempt for them that they call them 'hungry demons after beauty.' Well, the abbot determined to make an example of the erring monk and condemned him to be burnt to death for his sins. The pailou referred to above was handy, so the monk was tied to one of the upright stone pillars and fire kindled under him, the result being that he was roasted to death. At the present day —and we personally examine the pillar, so can vouch for this part of the story—there is on the pillar the representation, actual size in red, of a shaven-pated monk, showing the entire figure, head, neck, and body, the feet being indistinguishable, just what the appearance the side view of a Buddhist monk or priest would have. Now the natives say that the

reddish colour of the stone was caused by the blood of the culprit soaking into it while he was burning and that where the outlines are rather blurred was where the blood ran down. Whether this delineation is caused according to the Chinese statement, or is simply a natural discolouring of the stone, we do not profess to hazard any opinion ; all we know is that it is there. A scientist could probably inform us whether blood could thus discolour a stone and though exposed to all weathers, keep it so for hundreds of years. It is possible that the people saw the stain in the stone, and in after years invented the story of the naughty monk as a warning to others. Our boy evidently believes the yarn, and as we pass the pailou he, in a state of great emotion, calls our attention to it. We tell him he may go on shore and examine it, but he will not go alone. Says he 'Suppose you go, my can go too ; have got for'n man, no can fear.' So we go, but can see that he is very uncomfortable ; probably he thinks the spirit of the man, not possessing a body in the other world, it having been consumed in this, is hovering about the locality and may do him some harm. The natives believe that these spirits cannot touch foreigners to their hurt.

A few yards beyond this pailou stand the three pagodas we referred to as having been brought by the genii and deposited there. It seems that these pagodas are in a line running east and west ; they are close together and in miniature. Each of the end ones has eight stories, while the centre one has nine, and probably is not more than thirty feet high. Usually pagodas have an odd number of stories ; those under notice are six-sided, and all round the walls are niches containing images of Kwan Ying and other representatives of the Chinese pantheon to the number of one hundred and twelve. The orginal pagodas were pulled down by the Taipings, and rebuilt, the first ones being placed there by the genii to counteract the evil influences of the Heavenly Dragon which had an unpleasant habit of stirring up storms in the locality, and drowning the occupants of boats which might happen to be in the vicinity at the time. It is worth knowing that such a simple means of preventing storms actually exists, and it is a great pity that foreigners cannot go and do likewise, but in this case, 'what is sauce for the goose is *not* sauce for the gander' for the feng-shui and the rest of it are not for the benefit of foreigners, but only for the more fortunate Chinese. Perhaps if the people living in the vicinity of the Poyang Lake, near Kiukiang, would build some pagodas at the upper end of the lake, they might be the means of saving lots of lives, for now and again the turtle god in that lake 'gets his back up' and acts in a similar way that the Heavenly Dragon does. The story of this amphibian is told elsewhere. While crossing rapid streams the boatmen beat gongs and offer sacrifices to propitiate the spirit of the dragon or god of the locality.

We see in the distance a fine building on the right hand side of the creek, and ascertain that it is the property and summer resort of a native of Shanghai and it looks more a foreign than a Chinese house for it has glass windows and a hedge in foreign style. Further on there is a ruined seven-storied dummy pagoda, much off the perpendicular. The next place on the route is Tah Mum or 'Great Gate' and apparently all foreigners in this locality are 'Foreign Devils,' with an occasional 'Western Ocean Man' thrown in, as these designations are plentifully given us.

We pass a temple dedicated to the God of War, a red-faced worthy and the following story explains how he came by his ruddy appearance. According to Chinese ideas, the thirteenth day of the fifth moon is an important day, for by the state of the weather then, the natives are supposed to be able to foretell the state of

the public health for the remainder of the year. Popular superstition has it that the thirteenth day of the fifth moon is the birthday anniversary of Kwan Te, the God of War, as this worthy is called. On this day, Kwan Lao Yeh, or 'His Excellency Kwan,' who is the possessor of a sword, is supposed to sharpen his weapon, and if he does so, there will not be much fatal sickness among the people; the reverse being the case if he fails to fulfil his duty. In order that it may be known that he has not neglected to do so, rain falls, this being the water that drops off his lapstone, and to prevent his forgetting it, the people in all parts of the empire offer up prayers to his godship.

We have said that he is a red-faced god—and a pretty ugly one at that—and now we come to the why and the wherefore of his ruddy appearance. In olden times, there was a part of China which was suffering from want of rain, the gods having dried up the clouds over the country because they were angry with the people. In their straits, the farmers asked the venerable guardian of one of the temples to help them; he was able, but unwilling to do so, as he feared the gods would punish him if he interfered between them and the people, but he sent the farmers to the rain dragon and thus shifted the responsibility off his own shoulders. The rain god does not appear to have been so circumspect as the temple guardian, or else he did not fear the consequences, and although he did not give the people rain, he sent a very heavy dew which fell nightly, so that the parched land was satisfied, and the rice grew up luxuriantly and the crops were far superior to those in other parts. This angered the gods and as they were probably asleep when the dew fell and did not know anything about it, they enquired who had dared to help those who were under a ban. On being informed that it was the rain god, one of them took a sword and killed him with it. The guardian of the temple, knowing that if he had not told the people to pray to the dragon, the latter would not have been killed, was very sorry, and taking a jar, caught the blood of the creature as it trickled to the earth. He then placed the jar in the temple where he intended it to remain for forty-nine days, at the end of which time it was to be opened, when an infant would be found in it. Of course, the secret leaked out and one of the inferior guardians of the temple could not restrain his curiosity, so, at the end of forty-eight days, wanting one day more to complete the transformation, he secretly opened the jar. The spell was broken; true he found a child within the vessel, but the transformation not having been completed for want of time, the child had a red face. Kwan Te is the god of most shopkeepers, of all workmen, soldiers, barbers, thieves, and all persons whose employment necessitates their using sharp instruments, and the sword of the executioner is kept in the temple to Kwan Te.

So far, for the legend, but the true history of Kwan is somewhat different. He was originally a bean-curd seller, and a native of Shanse. He became a soldier and rose to the rank of general, and after great successes, was beaten and beheaded by his conqueror. He was canonized about seven hundred and fifty years ago and still further promoted in the ranks of the dead and deified about four hundred years later. At present there are some sixteen hundred state temples to his honour besides thousands of smaller temples. We have not been able to find out, when the legend of this Chinese Mars was invented, but he is said to have appeared to the Chinese troops some years ago and given them the victory over their enemies, for which they ought to be very thankful.

The following story of a 'transformation scene' matches the foregoing. It relates to the 'Dog Headed Barbarians' or hill tribes near Foochow. In olden times there was an emperor who had a beautiful daughter, of

whom he was very fond; but unfortunately this lovely young lady fell sick, and was like to die. Her father was in a terrible way about it, and sent throughout the length and breadth of the empire to procure the most noted physicians to attend his beloved child. From far and near they came, for the emperor promised his daughter in marriage to any one who could cure her, but all his efforts were unavailing and the girl still languished on a bed of illness. After all the most noted medicos had failed, a dog appeared on the scene and offered his services. The emperor did not seem at all surprised at the dog addressing him, so from this it appears that dogs in those times were endowed with the faculty of speech. What the treatment the canine prescribed was, the legend does not state, but it does affirm that the dog's skill was far in advance of that of human beings, for wonderful to relate, the princess soon recovered her full health and spirits. Then the dog sought audience of the emperor, and demanded his daughter in marriage according to the imperial promise. The emperor was taken aback and said 'How can that be? I cannot marry my daughter to a dog' 'Well,' replied the animal, 'that is easy enough, you have only to lock me up in a room for forty-nine days, and when you let me out, I shall then have been transformed into a man.' 'All right,' said the emperor, and the dog was accordingly locked up. The emperor, however, like many more frail mortals, could not restrain his curiosity, but wanted to have an early view of the imprisoned animal; so on the forty-eighth day he had the door of the room where the dog was confined opened. His rash conduct was attended with unfortunate results, and the victim was the prisoner, for when the door was opened, the quadruped was found to have turned into a biped, but with a dog's head! If the emperor had waited one day longer, he would have had a perfect man for a son-in-law. However, being a man of his word, which cannot be said of all sovereigns, he fulfilled his promise and married his handsome daughter to the dog-headed man. The couple lived happily together and had two sons, on whom the names of Loi and Lang were conferred, for their father having been originally a dog, had no family name. The descendants are still to be found near Foochow and they wear a peculiar head-dress in commemoration of their ancestor's dog-shaped head.

Chapter XVII.

We pass lots of boats, and in the distance, hear horns blown. This is done by boatmen waiting at the landings as a gentle hint for intending passengers to hurry up, though from our experience of the Chinese, we do not think that they are capable of doing so. 'What for, wanchee hurry?' says the native, 'that belong coolie fashun.' Perhaps it is, but we do not remember seeing even coolies hurrying, except it was when they were feeding, and then the rapidity with which the food disappears is really astonishing. The country about here is fairly well wooded and there are lots of mulberry trees, as we are in the silk district. We see pheasants and wild pigeons and have a shot at the latter. With regard to the former, we do not attempt to shoot them, because we have no dog and the birds are on the opposite side of a creek. Later on, we come across people in boats dragging for shell-fish with long bamboos and a bag; the men do the dragging and the women the yulohing. Passing Tung Shing or 'the Cave Village' and Sun Jao we come to Sah Mun Wy or 'Outside the Stone Gate.' before reaching which we see four square stone graves above ground with a round hole in each on the south side. They contain the remains, we are told, of priests of high rank, the holes being for their spirits to come in and go out

of, though as the priests are supposed to have been annihilated after death, it seems strange that they should have spirits, but this is one of the anomalies we ought to be prepared for when dealing with Chinese subjects. Sah Mun Yu is the next place, and in it there are two pagodas close together, one of them being occupied by a section of the crow tribe, and the telegraph runs through this place from N. E. to S.W. but does not continue its course along the Canal. Our boat goes round five of the many sides of this city till the Canal again runs west. At Poh Lu Shang bridge we notice that the stones forming the causeway are all marked with the characters meaning 'Official stone causeway,' this being done here as elsewhere, to prevent the material being stolen.

'Have you any foreign bottles, Sir?' says a damsel in a beggar boat at the foot of a bridge. We have not, but give her an empty tobacco tin instead, for which she thanks us politely, and there is a great commotion among the rest of the beggars who want something, too. There are lots of beggar boats about the Canal at China New Year time, and the occupants appear to be busily engaged manufacturing fantastic dragon heads out of bamboo and gaudy coloured paper. 'Is this your New Year?' says the commander of a river gunboat who thus starts a conversation with us while we are resting on top of a bridge. All the bridges over the Grand Canal appear to be alike; they are round under the single arch and the crown is reached by from thirty-seven to thirty-nine steps. The crown itself is flat and is as long as the bridge is broad, being usually composed of nine stones, that is four running parallel and four across with a square centre piece, corresponding to the keystone, ornamented with raised figures of flowers and dragons. Bridges have fancy names such as 'Brilliant Dragon'; 'Myriad Year'; 'Prosperous Year'; 'North Bridge of Six Pairs'; 'Heaven Favouring.' We tell the officer that our New Year came over a month ago, although his is to-morrow, and he seems surprised that we compute time differently. 'Catching fish?' we hazard to two light-hearted countrymen who are in the cold water with a small net not much larger than a pocket handkerchief, and who have caught some fish the size of sprats. We ask them the price per catty, and are told that they are not for sale, but for their own consumption. 'To-morrow is your New Year.' 'Yes,' they reply, with a laugh, 'but we have no money.' Evidently their wants are small and easily satisfied, a kind of Garden of Eden state of blessedness. Proceeding, we come to a three arched bridge and along the banks of the Canal, here and there, are 'tings' or pavilions. These tings are built by the villagers as resting places for the convenience of people waiting to cross the ferries; they are not much like pavilions according to our ideas, but the Chinese use the most hyperbolical language, so that the reader must be prepared to learn that these tings have four stone corner posts, a tiled roof, and sometimes a stone seat. 'Only this, and nothing more.' A ballad, said to be sung by the tea-pickers, contains mention of a ting where a young girl, waiting for her companions, fell asleep and so her work was delayed.

We come to another kind of ting in the middle of the Canal; so pay it a visit. It is called the Pah Ko Ting or 'Eight-sided Pavilion'; why, we cannot tell, because it is square.

The first time that we saw this place, we found it unoccupied except by a colony of tame pigeons, and in it was an old image with a portion of its monstache gone and the building was very bare and dilapidated, most the woodwork having disappeared. We enquired of our boatman what the image was, and he informed us that it was the protecting spirit of the locality and had an influence over the elements in this district which was occasionally visited by sudden gusts of wind that made it dangerous for boats. On asking the name of this protecting spirit,

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the boatman, in a whisper, informed us that he dare not pronounce it in the hearing of the image, for if he did, it would most assuredly visit its wrath upon him by sending sickness. Later on and when we were presumably out of earshot of the image, we again put the question to the lowdah and he told us the ting was dedicated to the Genius of the Fox. This fox formerly lived on land, but the poor women and girls had such a bad time of it—which probably gave rise to the expression 'sly old fox'—that the animal was caught, the ting built in the middle of the Canal, and the beast placed therein. After that, no one ever saw the whole of the fox at one time; sometimes his head was visible, and sometimes his tail. Then, somehow or other, he was deified. There are numerous myths and tales about the fox which was originally a woman of loose character, and was punished by being changed into a fox. The one in the ting was probably the 'Celestial Fox,' a thousand years old and the image looked about that age. On the second visit, we find the image gone and the place in a worse state of dilapidation than before.

Continuing our voyage, we arrive at a place called Dong Se or 'The Western Pool,' and it has a bridge with seven arches, the first we have seen. As our boat passes along the Canal, we notice on shore the figure of a man in miniature, hanging from a bamboo and this is considered as a charm to ward off the evil influences caused by the feng-shui being disturbed through the building of some houses on the opposite side of the Canal. In Shanghai, the natives hoist a flat bamboo basket on a tall pole for the same purpose. An hour after leaving Dong Se, we come to a ruined fort on the left hand side of the Canal at a spot where another creek runs into it and find it to be a good solid affair, the walls being twenty feet through and as high as they are thick. There are embrasures for eleven guns on the ground floor, and in the walls two powder magazines and a well. It has one large gate and a small one, the latter walled up for the garrison to escape by or to make a sortie from. It is said that this small gate—others of a similar kind being provided in the walls of Chinese cities—was intended to be used only when the garrison surrendered to the enemy. If they came out of that gate, it was a sign that they were not going to fight any more and the enemy, recognizing this, would spare their lives. On the top, the parapet is pretty well destroyed, while long grass is growing in the yard. This fort was built by the Taipings on military principles and there are at the back, that is the side furthest from the water, a number of pits of different sizes for the enemy to fall into unawares.

Soon after leaving this fort, a strong breeze springs up and we bowl along at a fine rate. On approaching the Oo Ts Jao, or 'Dumb Bridge,' our boatman gives us a caution which at the moment we do not understand, so while the boat is passing under the bridge an exclamation escapes us, for it looks as if the mast will be caught by the top of the arch. We notice that our boatman seems frightened, so when we get clear we ask him what he had said to us before reaching it. He explains himself by saying that he had enjoined silence on us, because if a person spoke while passing under the bridge he would become dumb; hence the name of the structure.

On this evening we see an immense halo round the moon, having seen one round the sun only a few hours before, a piece of luck that does not happen every day. 'Come on board and get your food' calls out a man in the boat to our trackers on shore, but one of them replies that they will do so by and bye. The man in the boat says the food will get cold. 'Never mind' replies the man on shore, but one of them *does* mind, for a short time afterwards, our towline is slackened and on proceeding on deck to ascertain the cause

we hear some sounding blows and in the dim light see one man down on the ground and the other delivering the blows. We get them on board and then find that one of the men objected to being kept without his food, and when the other persisted in walking on, knocked him down and thumped him! As night sets in the stillness is broken by the barking of dogs, the firing of crackers and guns, the chirping of the pugnacious cricket and fishermen knocking sticks together to frighten the finny tribe into nets laid across small creeks. We say pugnacious crickets advisedly for they are caught in great quantities so that the natives may see them fight, large sums of money sometimes changing hands after a combat between two of these insects. Some foreigners, sailors especially, believe that pigs can see the wind, for if a porker gets loose on the deck, and there is the faintest suspicion of a breeze coming, the aforesaid porker will put his snout through the port and sniff away as if he enjoyed it. Such being the case, there is no reason for denying the Chinaman his belief that dogs can see evil spirits, for do they not bark at night when there is nothing visible to the human eye? With regard to dogs, the Chinese say that one dog barks at something and a hundred bark at him; that dogs have more good in them than most people wot of, and that it is better to be a dog in time of peace than a man during a rebellion. We anchor for the night and next morning on proceeding, Hangchow soon comes in sight.

Chapter XVIII.

The first time we went to Hangchow we passed a large dredger which apparently had not been much used, for it was one of those expensive toys that the mandarins occasionally buy and then get tired of. Prominent on the banks of the Canal were two buildings which, in the distance, looked like prisons, but we ascertained that they were strongly built government granaries. The gates, however, were open and there did not appear to be any grain inside. The water in the Canal was clear but darkish, while along the banks were substantial houses. At half-past 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the big jetty outside Hangchow, which is a hundred and fifty miles from Shanghai, and we had been over five days sauntering along on our journey which, so far, had been a very pleasant one. The boat was engaged to take us to Hangchow and our boatman averred that he had fulfilled his part of the contract and, in our simplicity, we took him at his word, but afterwards found that he had stopped about two miles short of our destination. He knew that if he went any further with us he would have to pay certain guild fees which he avoided by dropping us where he did. As we had been a good deal of our time in the boat, we thought that a walk to the city would not be out of the way, never dreaming, however, that the distance was so great as we afterwards found it to be. Taking our boy along with us, we trudged off, occasionally asking the direction and having reached the city gates enquired the locality of the missionaries. We had already been half an hour getting to the city gates and 'the shades of the night were falling fast' so we hastened on, for we did not desire to sleep at a Chinese house for the night. We were told that the American Presbyterian mission, to which we were bound, was on the opposite side of the city, so there was no help for it, we had either to go on or turn back, and the distance in either case was the same, so we put our best foot forward and stepped out. First up one street, then down another, then over a bridge, then along another street, till we thought we should never arrive at our destination. Then a foreign house came in view; it is—it's not—the place we want to go to, and while we are in doubt as to where the entrance is, that we may enquire the way, a nicely

dressed Chinese woman came out of a side door. We addressed ourselves to her and she politely told us, but as there were so many more turnings to take, we were just as wise as before. Under the circumstances, she very thoughtfully said she would get somebody to go with us. The individual, we found, did not know any more than we did; it was so long ago, he said, that he had been there, so up one street, down another, and retracing our steps occasionally, we were three-quarters an hour before we got to the mission we were looking for. We rapped at the gate in a high wall and on its being opened saw a nice grass lawn and a foreign house. This was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Judson, who gave us a cordial welcome. It was quite refreshing to see a foreign residence and be able to speak to people in one's own tongue, after five days of enforced abstention. Mr. and Mrs. Judson were very kind, and after dinner invited us to stay with them while we remained at Hangchow. We retired to bed early, as we were pretty well tired out, and gloated over the anticipated luxury of a good night's rest. Vain delusion! The bed was a good one, and the room pleasant, but other things had to be taken into consideration; we had counted our chances, but had not included the district night watchman. This individual, or a series of individuals, came at stated hours with his 'tuk, tuk: chang,' the former representing the noise made by striking the bamboo he carried, and the latter by the clashing of his gong. He seemed to get close up under our window for our special edification, and he appeared to be mighty earnest, too; may-be he was under the impression that there were thieves in the locality and wanted to give them a gentle hint that he was coming, for prevention is always better than cure. Perhaps he had the 'foreign devils' in his eye, and was thinking he was pounding away at one of them. Be this as it may, our beautiful sleep was disturbed at regular intervals till early morning, so that we wished the watchman, his bamboo and his gong anywhere but at Hangchow. On the second night we managed better and slept pretty soundly, and on the third—well, we had left Hangchow and the watchman far behind.

Chinese cities are divided into wards or districts which are shut off from each other at night by gates. We remember hearing of a watchman in the Shanghai city who was highly spoken of by the residents. No robberies were committed in his ward, though in the adjoining ones the thieves were very troublesome. It leaked out that this state of affairs was the result of an arrangement between the thieves and the watchman, the latter being one of the fraternity. He was allowed to earn his living honestly on condition that he did not molest them when they passed through his ward after collecting spoil, which he shared, from the other wards.

During our short stay on this first visit to Hangchow, we did the sights, or at least some of them, for it would take at least a fortnight to get anything like a fair knowledge of the city and surroundings. The morning after our arrival, we started out and went through Mr. Judson's portion of the American Presbyterian mission premises. We found that he had a workshop, laboratory and a school. In the former we saw one of the Shipman automatic oil engines, which he uses for driving a small electric light plant, turning lathes, and other machines. Attached to the workshop is a moulder's shop. In the laboratory are chemical, mechanical, electrical and astronomical apparatus, while the school has thirty boys as boarders whose instruction is in Chinese on foreign and Chinese subjects. In Hangchow, which is the capital of the province and the residence of the fuh-ti or governor, there are three Protestant missions, namely the American Presbyterian mission, North; the Ameri-

can Presbyterian, South; and the Church Missionary Society, British.

We paid a visit to the arsenal which is situated in the eastern part of the city, but we could only see the arsenal proper from a distance, for it was closed and no one was allowed to inspect the premises. Here was a case of 'penny wise and pound foolish' policy, for the good machinery in the buildings was going to ruin. The officials originally had a foreigner to manage the works, but the Chinese thought they could do without him; they tried the experiment and made a failure of it. Before the foreigner left, orders came from Peking for each province to make its own copper cash, so the Hangchow authorities got their foreigner to convert the cartridge making dies into dies for stamping cash. This he did; then they had no further need of his services, at least they thought so, but they soon found that each stamped cash they made cost the value of three, so they gave up the idea and reverted to the old plan of casting the cash. This process they carry on in some sheds attached to the arsenal; copper and block tin are used, the proportion being either six of the former and four of the latter, or equal parts of each, for we were told both stories. The copper used is marked 'Furukama, Japan,' while the tin comes from the Straits Settlements, and this is how the cash is made:—First of all the copper and tin are melted in crucibles made of clay. A board, on which are two rods or binders having fast on each side of them by their edges thirty-five pattern cash, is laid on the floor. It is about four feet long and a foot wide; on this is placed a wooden frame that just fits the board; mould is then poured on the board, lightly pressed down by a man walking over it, and then smoothed down by a piece of wire rod being run along over the top of the frame. An impression of one side of the pattern cash is thus taken, and the whole is then turned over and the board removed, leaving the cash. Another frame is now placed on top of the other, one, and mould filled in and pressed down as before. Both sides of the cash are now moulded, so the frames are separated, the pattern cash removed and the frames piled up in tiers of fifty, that is in sets of twenty-five. They are then firmly tied together and stood on end, when the molten copper and tin composition is poured in. The cash are now cast. After a few minutes during which the coins have time to set, the frames are untied and separated one by one, the cash being thrown out on the ground where they are broken from the binders with pincers. At this stage of the proceedings they look pretty rough and are now strung on a wire—for everybody knows there is a square hole through the centre of the cash—and rubbed backwards and forwards on a rough stone slab to smooth the edges. The next process consists of stirring them up in a tub containing paddy husk and water, and then they are tied up in strings of a thousand cash each and are ready for use. All this, which gives employment to four hundred men, is very primitive, but the Hangchow authorities appear to be blessed with utilitarian ideas, even if they only refer to the conversion of old gun carriages into stands on which to lay the stone slabs used in smoothing the edges of the cash. Such is the fact, though to our thinking, this is rather an expensive method of showing their utilitarianism. Lying about the place are guns and a fine stationary steam engine, with every particle of brass that should belong to it, gone, probably utilized by the soldiers and coolies to buy opium with. There was also in one of the rooms a small paddle wheel steamer about six feet long; this had been utilized as a bed!

Years ago, water was laid on to the Taotai's yamên from the Se Hu or 'Western Lake,' the pipes being iron ones and about four inches in diameter, but it seems they were put down perfectly level and as there was no pressure,

the effort was a failure. For some distance, the pipes run through the middle of one of the canals and level with the surface of the water. Finding it was a failure, many of the pipes have since been taken up. Who the engineer was who constructed this aqueduct, we have not heard.

There are to be seen at Hangchow traces of an imperial palace, which at the time of Marco Polo was a grand pile. According to this great traveller, it was the largest palace in the world, being enclosed by walls ten miles in circumference.

Chapter XIX.

The Chinese think a good deal of Hangchow, and rank it next to Soochow. They have a saying indicative of their appreciation of these places, thus 'Heaven above; Soochow and Hangchow below,' the two latter as the only two mundane places worth living in. No doubt, both Soochow and Hangchow are luxurious places, but the Chinese have another expression denoting that the three earthly paradises are Soochow, Canton, and Le-ou Chow. To be happy, you must be born at the first, because the people are handsome; live at Canton, because here the richest luxuries are to be obtained; and die at Le-ou Chow, because the best coffins are made at this town, if that is any satisfaction.

Among other things, Hangchow is noted for its silks, satins, and scissors. One street might appropriately be called 'Scissors Street,' as nearly every shop in it contains these instruments for sale. Our boy was so taken up with them, that he nearly ruined himself in purchases, and had to fall back on us to replenish his exhausted exchequer. In these shops, as in all others in China, a notice stares you in the face intimating 'No two prices,' which is supposed to imply that no price beyond that first asked will be accepted—which is not the case. In Hangchow, at least, we found that China is awakening after the long sleep of ages, for the ladies—the dear creatures—have taken to wearing foreign lace, and discarding their own equivalents. When the ladies make a move, the men are bound to follow.

There is a hill on the west of and inside the city; in fact the western wall runs over it. On this hill are numerous temples and all close together, though some are higher up the slope than others. The hill is called the Chun Whong San or 'City Moat Hill,' because the city moat or palladium temple is built on it. The first temple we visited was the eastern judgment hall of the Buddhistic hell. In front of the judge was an abacus or counting board by which he adds up the sins committed by mortals. The abacus, it seems, has a guardian spirit; at least the Chinese have a superstition about the Spirit of the Iron Counting Board or abacus. It appears that in 1882, it—we do not know the gender, so make it neuter—paid a visit to Shanghai, and the story runs that there was a young woman living with her mother, and she was the victim of this spirit, which stole her clothes. The girl naturally objected to this, and as her things disappeared without visible agency, she called out 'You had better pay for them,' whereupon the spirit complied and sent her some money through the roof. It is said to reckon up how much property a person is worth, using an iron abacus for the purpose, and then calls upon the person and asks for a light. If the request is complied with, the spirit, by invisible means, extracts money or valuables from the giver, and neither locks nor bars will keep it out. This ungrateful and malignant spirit pays a visit to the earth once a year, in the ninth or tenth month, we believe, and selects another person or city on its succeeding visits, a very sensible arrangement it must be admitted. The moral of this is that one should be careful not to give a light to any applicant during these months. The next temple was that of

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ous or frequent nature. In some places the chief of the beggars is imperially licensed and he wears a yellow robe and carries a wooden tablet as an earnest of his office.

The five Gods of Wealth were originally mortals and were noted for their brotherly affection, the one for the other, and also for their astuteness in making good bargains. For instance, their long-headedness enabled them to obtain an article which would bring them in a hundred-fold return, as they purchased things where people had little need of them and sold them where they were in most demand.

The sixth temple was that of the God of Light who is worshipped by people with bad eyes and defective sight, and the votaries present his godship with a pair of eyes painted on foreign calico, or on paper. We wished to purchase a pair of these eyes, as a curio, but the attendants said they could not sell what belonged to the joss. Anyhow we obtained what we wanted; the Chinamen gave us a pair, and we handed them some cash; there was no sale, according to the natives' idea, but we thought otherwise, and the Chinamen had the best of the bargain. Near the entrance to the temple, on an altar, was a bowl of water with a solitary cash in it. Anyone who was afflicted with sore eyes would get cured by applying the water to his or her optics—so 'tis said. It would even cure a dog, at least so they told one of our party who had a dog which had a cold in its eyes.

Near the Western Lake there is a well which has curative qualities, so that if the patient has not sufficient faith in the joss, he can try the water of this well. Outside of Peking there is a temple which possesses a mule made of brass and which has some remarkable virtues. If a person is ill, all he has to do is to pay a visit to this mule, follow out certain instructions, and presto! he is cured. He must first know what is wrong with himself, not an easy matter under all circumstances, and then he must rub that part of the mule which corresponds to his own affected part. Having thus transferred the virtue of the animal to his hand, he must then rub it on the locality of his complaint and the cure is complete. The most prevalent ailment among the devotees appears to be bad eyes, for the eyes of this brass mule are worn away owing to the constant rubbing they have been subjected to. Other parts are also considerably worn and have been patched over with pieces of brass, so that the mule has a rather dilapidated appearance. As soon as the whole of the animal is used up, there is another one waiting to undergo a similar process. The Chun Whong Miao is not such a grand temple as one might expect it to be, seeing that the god in it has charge of eleven districts. We should have thought that such a potential celebrity would have been accommodated with much better quarters, but he in not. It is usual on the first day of the fifth moon for the Chinese to get up a great procession in honour of the city god, and men and women appear in the procession in fantastic dresses, usually red, and with their hair streaming down their backs; some also appear as condemned criminals and consider that by showing in this world they are guilty of sins, in the next they expect to escape the just punishment of them.

In the hall of Wun Chang Kung, or 'God of Literature,' one of the scrolls in front of the god has this inscription:— 'All the great essays in the world have their source in filial piety and brotherly affection.' This may be true, but we are inclined to doubt it. The God of Literature is worshipped by the literati, the proudest, most conceited and most bigoted class of individuals—taken as a whole—to be found in China. When a member of this class obtains his degree of sen tsi or 'licentiate,' he and his friends make a great fuss over it; he

is fêted and a procession organized in his honour and the progression is in the following order :—first come two coolies bearing bamboos, there being stretched across from one bamboo to the other a piece of silk on which is inscribed the words 'Dragon Gate,' it being said of a successful candidate that he has 'vaulted the dragon gate.' Then follow a large number of men bearing bright coloured banners on which are inscribed in gilt letters various literary maxims, the banners being presented by friends. Next comes a band of small boys playing what the Chinaman considers music. Behind these, two men bear a tablet containing the licentiate's name in brass, and the honoured individual, himself, richly dressed and riding in a chair, comes immediately after, while the rear is brought up by people riding on ponies. We once saw a procession in honour of a native who had taken his licentiate's degree sixty years previously. On this occasion, the taotai sent a guard of honour to accompany the cortége.

On our New Year's visit to Hangchow we saw a military mandarin enter a temple with his suite, who placed a skin rug on the ground and lighted joss-sticks for him. He did not bow to the principal god of the temple but to the two attendants, who were apparently of more importance than the chief god.

During the time the Dutch embassy was on a visit to Hangchow a very long time ago, the members of it lodged at a temple outside the city and were sumptuously entertained by the priests.

Here we make a short digression to introduce a story about a temple at Shanghai.

Chapter XX.

In the Nanking Road on the right hand side going towards the Race Course, and a short distance from the Mixed Court, Shanghai residents will have noticed a temple some fifty paces back from the road, and having what is intended to represent red walls, though the rain and the weather combined have left little of the ruddiness. Nevertheless the temple, which is dedicated to Kwan Ying, was originally red, hence the name Hung Miao or 'Red Temple,' and it obtained its name and was painted that colour under the following romantic circumstances, that is if the legend referring to it is to be taken as authentic. Red is a sign of joy. In this a Chinaman and a bull differ.

It is one of the Chinese customs for parents to betroth their children at an early age, and go-betweens are engaged for this purpose. The horoscopes of the young hopefuls having been examined and having been found satisfactory, matches are made, and although the young people become acquainted with the names of their future partners, they rarely, if ever, see each other till the wedding day, while the child-bride maintains the strictest seclusion in the bosom of her family.

But now for the story. Many years ago, in a happy family of the name of Chin or 'Gold' there was a handsome daughter. They were in fairly affluent circumstances, and they brought Miss Chin up as a lady, one of whose qualifications was that she was the possessor of small feet. There was another family of the name of Shing, and both families were on friendly terms. The Shings, as their name denoted, were in a condition of 'prosperity' and consequently well off. There was a son in the family and there is therefore no wonder that Miss Gold and Master Prosperity were betrothed. In course of time, the latter became a scholar, and was waiting his chance of official employment. We may mention that there are always a good many people in a similar condition of expectation where Chinese graduates are concerned, for the Government encourage the students to cram themselves with the dry-as-dust classics, but do not seem so anxious to put them into office that they may

earn an honest—so far as the average mandarin's ideas of that commodity go—living. The old man's advice to his son 'get money honestly if you can; anyhow get money,' is a precept that the ordinary Chinese official carries out to its fullest extent. While our student was waiting, his parents died, and by some ill stroke of fortune, he became Prosperity in name only. There is a good deal in a name sometimes, but in his case, it was only sound and nothing more. He was still single and did not claim his bride on account of his poverty; indeed, if he had done so, the parent of the young woman would politely have said 'Allow me to introduce to your occular demonstration that useful piece of mechanism which forms the egress portion of this establishment,' or in other words, which, if not equally flowery and polite, conveyed the intimation of his going out by the same door that he came in by, as the old man wanted his daughter to marry somebody else. She, however, was a true hearted little woman, and would be no party to such an arrangement. Nightly she thought of her absent lover and fretted that she was still separated from him. He, too, thought of his lady-love, and while they were sighing for each other's company, Kuan Ying, the patroness of the Nanking Road joss house, came to their assistance. Neither of the lovers knew where the other was, and neither would have known the other if they had been so fortunate as to meet. Well, the goddess caused each to have a dream on a certain night; she was to see her intended husband, and he was to find his intended wife. Each rose early in the morning to see if the dreams would come true, but the young lady, being probably a little more anxious than the man, started earlier for the temple, or else the young man lived further away. Be this as it may, Mr. Prosperity, on his arrival at a creek at the top of what is now the Rue du Consulat, saw a very handsome young lady standing hesitatingly beside it. Over this creek or ditch there was only a single stone which did service as a bridge, and the lady being afraid, with her small feet, to cross over it, asked the young man, a perfect stranger to her, to carry her over. Said the youth, who though poor, was proud—that being one of the characteristics of the Chinese scholar—'What will people say, if I do so?' 'Never mind,' said she, 'I want to go and worship at a certain temple, and if our hearts are right, what does it matter what people say?' So Shing took Miss Gold on his back and safely deposited her on the opposite side of the creek, but the young woman does not appear to have been satisfied with this service, for she asked him to show her the way to the temple. He thought that this was adding insult to injury and that the damsel had a good deal of assurance; but he complied, for he was going there himself, and on arrival at their destination, her ladyship had further need of his assistance, and asked him to go and buy her some candles. We mention here in parentheses that the candles used at worship are made of vegetable tallow, for the gods do not sanction the taking of animal life which would be a necessity if the candles were made of animal fat; hence tallow from trees is used. The last request was almost too much for the patience of Shing; nevertheless, being a good-natured sort of fellow in the main, he complied with her wish, and then went to pay his devotions, the young woman considerately allowing him to go first. His offering consisted of a piece of mud, because he was poor, for the gods will just as soon grant the request of a poor and sincere man and accept his offering as they will that of the rich man. Having made his oblation, he told the goddess that he had had a dream in which he saw his intended at the temple, and would like to see the fulfilment of his dream. The young lady was eaves-dropping outside and heard this and when he had finish-

ed, she went in, and after offering her candles, told the goddess that she expected to see her intended in accordance with the dream she had had. Young Prosperity did not exactly put his ear to the keyhole, because temples do not have such things, but he did the next thing to it; he listened to what Miss Chin was saying. Listeners are said to hear no good of themselves, but in this case, a little eavesdropping by both parties appears to have done no harm, for when Miss Chin came out of the temple, a mutual understanding soon came about, though not at first, for Prosperity said Miss Chin could not be his bride; she would not go gadding about to temples, but would be at home spinning or looking after the household work. In the end, he was satisfied, and Miss Chin told him that if he would go to her back door—rather humiliating we are inclined to think for this high-spirited youngster—she would give him some money. With this he could buy new clothes and engage servants, and then he could go to her father and boldly demand his bride. He did as directed, and as 'fine feathers make fine birds,' the father was much impressed with the appearance of his to-be son-in-law, gave him his daughter without further ado and the bride and bridegroom lived happily ever afterwards and so ends the story, so far as they are concerned. Hence the goddess of the temple where they had first met was the cause of much joy, and the temple itself in consequence was painted red—not the same kind of red that a man sometimes 'paints a town' with. The Hung Miao became greatly celebrated, and is visited by many votaries to the present day.

Chapter XXI.

While on the Chun Whong San, we see a large crowd of people congregating on top of the western wall of the city, and on enquiring the cause, are informed that an execution is about to take place. We hasten down the hill as fast as we can, and have not gone far before we hear a shout, followed by a volley fired from guns but before we reach the wall the crowd has dispersed, though we ascertain some particulars about the execution. It appears that about eight months previously, a Ti Chow robber had been captured and after probably having been put to 'rigorous examination'—as the 'Peking Gazette' usually has it—or in other words the most barbarous torture, the criminal had confessed and was condemned to be beheaded. The theory is that no man knows, a day beforehand, when an execution is to take place, and the first intimation that the prisoner has that his existence will terminate in an hour or so, is a present of a meat breakfast. This custom was the means some time ago of all Hangchow being enabled to purchase meat during the interdiction of its sale and at the same time learn that there would be an execution next day. It is usual on occasions of seasons of drought for the officials to forbid the slaughtering of animals in order to propitiate the gods and entice them to send rain, and 'men and beasts are all alike' is a saying used to induce the people not to kill animals for food. On the occasion referred to, the killing of animals was forbidden, when suddenly the proclamation was taken down and another issued in its place to the effect that on the morrow the butchers could resume their calling, which they did. This action was taken because orders had been received from Peking to behead a culprit the next day, and he had to be fed on a meat breakfast as the means of informing him of his fate. The execution took place, and on the following day the new proclamation was removed and the old one put up again.

It sometimes happens that a criminal dies before the sentence arrives for his decapitation. In this case the executioner takes the body out of the coffin and beheads it, or if the man has been dead too long for this process to be

carried out, he simply draws his sword across the head of the coffin and it is supposed that the dead man's spirit is thus beheaded.

During one of the periods of drought at Soochow, the officials, as usual, closed the meat shops and forbade the sale of fish, flesh, and fowl and daily repaired to the city moat temple to pray for the much needed rain. Tablets were presented to the dragons of the five lakes and four seas, which cannot be counted, and to the gods of rain, wind, water and the elements generally. Ten Buddhist priests on one side and a similar number of Taoists on the other, chaunted in Sanscrit, or as near as they could get to the sounds of that language, and Chinese, the Taoists preferring the language they knew something about. All their efforts having up till now failed, an image of the Goddess of Mercy was brought from a place near Soochow, though it is a mystery why she not sent for at first. When the image arrived, the highest officials in the place, including the governor, judge, provincial treasurer and a lot of the small fry officials went out to meet it and accompanied it to the imperial gardens where the mandarins went twice a day to ask its intercession, and after the rain came, they gave the gods a theatrical performance as a reward for their services. Another way of rewarding the gods is for the emperor to confer a tablet upon them. In one of the 'Peking Gazettes' a memorialist, addressing the emperor, requests that an additional title of rank and a tablet written by his majesty's own hand may be conferred on a dragon spirit, which had manifested itself and answered the prayers made to it for rain. He says that in the An San or 'Peace Mountain,' a hundred le from a town called Kway She, there are three wells, of which one is on the mountain top at a spot rarely visited. It has long been known that a dragon lives in this well, which has this peculiarity, that if a piece of metal is thrown into the water it will float, while light substances go to the bottom. If offerings are made and they are accepted, then fruits come to the surface, but anything of an impure nature is rejected and sent up again. The spirit of the dragon lies at the bottom of this well in the darkest part of it, and it has taken the form of a fish with scales of gold; it has four paws, red eyes and a long body. In times of drought, it rises to the surface when the mandarins worship it and ask its aid, and the spirit is then taken to the city and prayed to. The memorialist cited instances where this dragon has answered the prayers of the people and it was rewarded by the emperor then reigning.

When a god does not respond to the prayers of the mandarins, after they have fasted and otherwise humbled themselves, the case is different, and sometimes a sound spanking is administered in the event of the god remaining obdurate. The tablet, if the god has one, is dragged through the mud, or the image of the god is similarly treated, and it is taken out into the burning sun to see for itself and endure the scorching heat, in order that it may respond to the prayers of its devotees.

H.E. Li Hung-chang, governor-general of Che-le, in one of his memorials to the throne, stated that the cause, on one occasion of the breaking of the banks of the Grand Canal, was owing to the deviltry of a river god who had concealed himself in the vicinity of that place. His presence was at first reported by the local rustics, and eventually corroborated by the testimony of all the officers and troops occupied in the task of filling in the breaches there. This river god is reported to have appeared in various guises to the soldiers and their officers while at work and this being told to the commander-in-chief and taotais in charge, on the day of the second successful attempt of fill in the breach, a sacrificial stage was erected in honour of this river god, and offerings made to him, beseeching his kind interposition on behalf of the embankments.

coupled with the prayer to remain passive and not spoil the work completed with such labour and expense. In answer to this it is presumed that the river god promised compliance, for on the day in question, the workers were blessed with beautiful serene weather and peaceful calm upon the waters; the labourers at the Canal having been hitherto impeded in their work by boisterous weather, sleet, hard and pouring rains, while the Canal itself was one mass of raging waters. Memorialist, therefore, thought that a fitting recognition should be made by the throne to this river god, for his interposition on behalf of unimpeded traffic on this Canal and the rest and quiet accorded the people living in the vicinity. The emperor was therefore requested to bestow a title on this river god of the northern terminus of the Grand Canal, and allow a temple to be built for him there, and entered in the official list of spring and autumn sacrifices by the mandarins of the locality. To this the emperor replied 'Let the Board of Rites report thereon.'

The 'fathers and mothers of the people' as the mandarins are called, are not always inclined to obey the proclamations they issue themselves for the interdiction of meat as food and a story is told of the officials in a district where one of these proclamations was issued, bringing considerable ridicule upon themselves through the astuteness of one of their number. We leave the correspondent of the 'North China Daily News' to narrate the story, in his own words:—Some years ago an honest mandarin served as prefect in Nanking. He was greatly feared and respected by other officials because of his thorough conscientiousness. On one occasion when prayers were being offered for rain and all animal food was strictly forbidden, the viceroy during a lull in the services was chatting with some of his friends when the prefect entered and passed around a handful of beans which he said had come from his native province of Shantung and were there esteemed a great delicacy. Of course no one could refuse, but the beans had been cooked in some preparation of strong emetic properties and a few moments later when all the prominent 'fathers and mothers of the people' were on their knees engaged in their devotions, the medicine took effect and established by evidence 'out of their own mouths' that every official in the city except the prefect had had abundance of animal food for breakfast. This served the honest man as a text from which to preach sincerity to his colleagues.

A story is told of a mandarin who issued a proclamation ordering the people to refrain from killing animals during a period of dryness, but when they went to his yamen—(pr. yahmun)—to represent that he was too rigid in his measures, they found his larder stored with meats of all kinds, upon which they lectured him for the inconsistency of his conduct.

The ox, says a native paper, is a stupid animal, but in ploughing and harrowing, it works hard to bring grist to the mills, and afterwards in grinding it, one ox will do the work of five men. The Buddhist priests teach us that of all ways of accumulating demerit, none is worse than to slay the harmless necessary ox. Beef-eaters will have no posterity, while those who abstain from eating beef will not die of cholera or pestilence. As a reward, those who spare the lives of oxen, will be given long life and to effect this object there is a temple outside Soochow, called the New Wong Miao or 'Temple of the King of the Cows.' In it are many stalls for sick cattle which have been purchased from poor people who would otherwise kill the animals for food. These are regularly fed and attended to and when they die, they are buried. The funds for this institution are collected from the oil mills which use cattle to turn the mills, by which means the millowners off-set whatever ill-treat-

ment they have subjected their animals to. The tenth day of the ninth moon is the New Wong's birthday, when a feast is given and incense is burnt before the god.

There are many ways of storing up merit besides attending to sick cows and abstaining from eating their flesh. In one of our rambles we came across a temple wherein was a priest 'accumulating merit' and at the same time helping the establishment. He was locked up in a room and there were many padlocks on the door; till all these locks were removed, the priest could not get out, so that when somebody else wanted to accumulate merit for himself, he purchased one of these padlocks and took it away with him, and the priest was thus one lock nearer liberty. In the wall was a hole and the priest could be seen in his chamber at his devotions and conversed with. His food was passed through the aperture to him, and he told us that he had been many months locked in, but from his personal appearance, and from the fact that his prison, which was well lighted, led to a yard which had a gate fastened from the inside, we had good reason to doubt his statement.

A missionary tells of a heathen Chinaman going to him and offering a beautiful ancestral hall to serve as a Christian church. He explained the reason of his offer by stating that the missionary was doing a good work, in which he desired to help, 'for' said he, 'by helping you, I hope to obtain a little merit for myself.' We know of cases in the Straits Settlements where heathen Chinese have swollen the Roman Catholic processions and carried lighted candles, for a similar object. Collecting paper on which there is writing, and burning it is another mode of getting merit. Flat baskets, with the characters 'Reverence the character' on them are to seen hanging on the walls of houses as one goes along the streets. Into these baskets people put scraps of paper on which there is writing, instead of throwing them away and allowing them to be trodden under foot, while men are employed by some of the temples to go round with covered baskets collecting from the wall baskets. The paper is then taken to the temple and burnt in a great urn which has been presented by devout people for the purpose, the names of the donors being cast on the outside of it. A man stores up merit by buying animals, birds and fishes for the purpose of liberating them, the practice being most in vogue about New Year time. When there used to be a big pond in the Shanghai Cathedral compound, lots of dead fish were occasionally seen floating on the surface and for a time it was a mystery why the fish died so, for the pond was full of them. It was afterwards discovered that natives, wishing to store up merit, had purchased the finny denizens of the water and had given them their liberty in this pond, where they had died, having been too long out of their element before they were put into it again. Sometimes a piece of red wool is tied to the fishes' tails, to let the gods know that the fish are votive offerings. Tortoises and turtles are for a similar reason given their liberty, and cases are known of turtles, over a hundred years old, having been accidentally captured over and over again, each time being given their liberty. A Chinaman has an eye to the future when he voluntarily makes or repairs roads and watercourses, though on this kind of merit-getting, the natives do not appear to set much store, to judge from the condition of the roads, which are in a state of disrepair from one end of the year to the other. There was a time when an argument arose between two statesmen with regard to roads. The innovator wanted broad roads; the fossil minister didn't. One said that good roads were conducive to the prosperity of the country; the other averred that the wealth of a country consisted in agriculture, and that as much land as possible should be given up to that in-

dustry. He carried the day; hence the present bad and narrow roads of this benighted country.

Chapter XXII.

The Ti Chow robber referred to in a previous chapter, was taken outside the west gate and made to kneel down beside the foot path. The district magistrate was in charge of the proceedings and he had a guard of soldiers with him. At a given signal the executioner chopped off the prisoner's head and at the same time the soldiers fired a volley and gave a yell, blank cartridge of course, being used, the object of the firing and shouting being similar that which actuates a woman to say 'shoo' to fowls that are tearing up her flower beds, namely to drive them away, though in the case of the soldiers it was the spirit of the decapitated man that was 'shoo'd' for the officials did not want his wandering spirit to attack them in revenge for their ordering the man to be killed and rendering the spirit homeless. Apparently this firing and yelling had the effect of driving the people away too, for by the time we get to the wall within five minutes after the firing, the place is deserted, the mandarin and his soldiers are gone, so is the crowd on the wall; the head of the robber has been taken into the city, and the body has been coffined and removed by a benevolent society. All that remains of the execution is the man's blood which is spilled on the grass, while a short distance off, the labourers are busy at work digging up the soil or cutting grass as if nothing had happened.

There is a superstition among the natives that after an execution there is no trace on the morrow of the blood of the slain. In some cities the execution ground is inside the walls, in which case there is some kind of shrine or small pagoda which contains a spirit which dries up the blood. The executioner's sword is kept in the temple of Kwan Te who is mentioned elsewhere.

The Chinese believe that a man has three souls, a very liberal allowance, it will be admitted, which at the death of the ow· occupy different positions; one remains the body in the coffin, one is in the l· gions and the third is in the memo· though it does not fall to the lot · to have memorial tablets; · arises what becomes of th· addition to these souls, the· ing to them, and it is th· troublesome occasiona· cently praying to the soldiers, he offered the ghosts p· paper clothing, etc, and asked the· the survivors with sickness. Accor· native ideas, hungry ghosts wait near the s· where a person has come to an untimely end; hence the firing and shouting at the decapitation of the Ti Chow robber, that is, as we said above, to drive the robber's spirit away from the place and thus prevent it troubling the living. A person wishing to revenge himself on an enemy will sometimes commit suicide under the impression that his spirit will haunt the man he wishes to spite. This idea, however, is not confined to the Chinese, for most Asiatics are more or less imbued with the notion that if they submit to undeserved punishment at the hands of others, the inflicter of the injury will in some way or other, receive it back in his own person.

The 'Shih Pao' gives the following curious story of a woman's revenge:—Outside of the south gate of Tientsin, Mrs. Wong and Mrs. Fung lived as neighbours and for a long time their relations were of a most amicable nature, not even so much as a harsh word having passed between them. One day, however, a sow belonging to Mrs. Fung happening to knock down and slightly injure the front door of Mrs. Wong's house, the latter at

"Bull Head" Attendant, p. 31.

once proceeded to claim compensation which was refused, whereupon a fierce altercation ensued which resulted in Mrs. Wong threatening to take her own life, as she felt herself to be the aggrieved and injured party. Mrs. Fung, upon hearing this dreadful threat, and fearing that she would be helplessly implicated should her enemy carry out her threat, resolved to at once take time by the forelock and steal a march upon her enemy by taking her own life, and thus turn the tables upon her. She accordingly threw herself into a deep ditch with the intention of drowning herself. Fortunately a countryman 'happened' by just then and rescued her and took her back to her home. The first woman, seeing how nearly she had been to sustaining the life-long enmity of the other woman's ghost, decided not to go into the world of shades, at least, for the present.

There is a bridge over the creek that runs between the Shanghai city and the French concession and debouches into the Whangpoo at the top of Kin-le-yuen. The locality is called Loh Kah Sah Jao or the 'Loh Family Stone Bridge.' Many years ago, a member of this family had a daughter who disgraced him by her evil course of life. Her father was greatly enraged and 'lost face' or was put to shame, and to recover his lost honour, Mr. Loh captured his erring daughter and put her to death. He took her under the bridge at low water and drove a stake through her body and left her there. At the present day people passing over this bridge are very careful, for if they slip, they will die, because the revengeful and uncoffined spirit of the girl will require them, and take their lives.

It is believed that the spirit of a person who has met his death by violence, if it can secure the violent death of some other person, returns to earth again, the spirit of the victim taking its place in the world below, and suffering its torments.

According to Chinese law, a person who commits a murder should be put to death, 'a life for a life' being a sine qua non. This law is not always enforced owing to the disinclination of relatives to take the matter before the officials and accuse the murderer. The reason of this reticence is explained as follows. When a person dies, his spirit goes into the world of shades, and according to the deserts of the deceased, it is either rewarded or punished. Now, the relatives expect the spirit will have trouble enough without their adding to the infliction, and that if the death of their murdered relative is reported to the mandarins, the spirit will suffer in the unseen world, for it will be mentioned that it had been in a court, which is considered as carrying a certain degree of obloquy with it, even though the murdered person was entirely innocent. They say the spirit being annoyed at this reminder will wreak its vengeance upon the living and bring them ill-luck, so that none of the members of the family will succeed in life or obtain official employment. Under these circumstances, they sometimes prefer to bury their murdered relative quietly and without reference to the mandarins.

Among other means of preventing malignant spirits troubling people, the characters meaning 'Keang Tse Yah is here' are pasted up on walls and prominent places. Keang Tse Yah lived some twelve hundred years B.C. and was a fisherman who used a straight needle for a hook, the fish, however, were so fascinated, that they spitted themselves on the needle, and so were caught. One day, while Keang was fishing he caught a precious stone, and this set him thinking. He came to the conclusion that it meant luck, and so it did; anybody is fortunate who finds something valuable. It also meant luck to another individual, a man named Se Peh, the 'Chief of the West,' who founded the Chow dynasty. This worthy had been out hunting, but in-

stead of bagging game, he found the old fisherman and took him home with him and into his service. Said he to Keang 'My grandfather told me that the fortunes of Chow would flourish when a wise counsellor joined himself to the dynasty. You are the man.' So then made him his trusted counsellor and conferred upon him the title of 'Great Grandfather's Expectation,' but why this Keang should rule over immortalized mortals we have not heard. Keang was divorced from his wife, and when she died, he made her the Goddess of Locusts and he is styled the God Maker, from the number of mortals he deified. Sometimes a picture of Keang Tse Yah is put up on a wall to keep away evil spirits; in all conscience, the picture is hideous enough to drive away anything, we should think. On the wooden door-gates of many buildings are painted the pictures of the door gods. These individuals were originally mortals and lived in the seventh century during the Tang dynasty. One is called Yu Che Koong and the other Tsin Ke-ung. The former was a skilful soldier, and during an assault on his emperor's palace by demons, the two worthies kept them back. In commemoration of this, the emperor had their portraits painted on the palace doors, a custom kept up at the present day, and when this is not done, their names are written on the doors instead. Yu Che who was originally a blacksmith, is worshipped by members of that craft, and both are supposed to watch over public affairs as defenders against the evil powers. In addition to effigies, brooms and baskets to ward off evil influences, the Chinese also employ the Pah Kwah, mirrors, tridents and other charms.

The following story illustrates the Chinaman's fear of ghosts. After the Franco-Chinese war, an imperial Chinese transport went over to Formosa, to Keelung, to convey to the mainland the remains of a mandarin and those of his two widows. Now, this mandarin is supposed to have been killed in battle, and when his friends put the body into a coffin, they found that the head was missing, and while they were waiting for a favourable opportunity to send the remains to the mainland, the mandarin's two widows, overcome with grief, also died and were coffined. The steamer having arrived, the three coffins were shipped and taken to Pagoda Anchorage, where the vessel anchored, and in the evening when all was quiet, the compradores sat down to their national pastime of gambling. There were five of them at the little card party, and they were deep in the game when there was a rumbling noise on the lower deck where the players were. It came nearer and nearer, and on one of the party looking up from his cards, he saw a sight which froze the blood in his veins. He uttered a piercing shriek, for there before him was the dead mandarin, no longer headless, but with the head and horns of a goat in the place where his own head ought to have been! The rest of the gamblers, hearing the shriek, looked up too, and then simultaneously made a rush to get on deck, tumbling over one another in their terror. One man was found with his head in the scuppers, while another ran into the arms of the chief engineer, and just managed to articulate 'hab got debblo' when he fell exhausted on the deck. The ghost having thoroughly frightened the gamblers, appears to have returned to his coffin and gave no more trouble. We know how the ghost scene came about, but the compradores were not to be persuaded that they had not seen a tenant of the other world.

Chapter XXIII.

Strangulation is considered a milder form of punishment than either decapitation, or 'ling che' because the Chinese have a great dread of mutilating the body which was given them perfect by their parents, and because they fancy that if their bodies are at all mutilated in this life, after death their ghosts will be

similarly disfigured, so that if a man loses his head or an arm, his ghost will wander about headless, or armless and have to endure the scorn and derision of other ghosts who have perfect bodies. It is for this reason that the natives prefer to be inoculated for small-pox—they adopt this practice instead of vaccination—inside the nostrils where the punctures cannot be seen. The worst punishment is that of 'ling che' or the slicing process, and it is popularly supposed that the culprit is submitted to one thousand cuts, but with the Chinese the terms 'many' and 'one thousand' are frequently synonymous, so that the large number of cuts mentioned are not given, though the punishment is usually sufficiently barbarous, four cuts being made before the coup de grace or piercing the heart takes place. In another form of 'ling che' the body is fearfully mutilated.

The emperor takes compassion on criminals sometimes; for instance, on the birth of a son, or the anniversary of his own or one of his relative's birthdays. In this case, his mercy takes the form of reducing the severity of a culprit's sentence one degree. If a prisoner is condemned to be beheaded, his majesty reduces the sentence from decapitation to strangulation, though from our point of view, there is no difference; if there is any distinction, we should think that strangulation was a more painful death, but the natives do not hold that opinion for the reason given above. Should a culprit be condemned to strangulation, in the first instance, his majesty can commute the sentence to penal servitude, and so on.

Some years ago two men were condemned to be strangled at Shanghai; one of the prisoners had killed his brother and the other had put a thief to death. The sentences were carried out between five and six o'clock in the evening on the execution ground outside the west gate of the city, and the head executioner was a runner from the Mixed Court, a round faced, happy looking individual, who did not at all bear the appearance of a person who would engage in taking life. But a Celestial seems to have no feelings; if he has, he does not show them, unless he happens to be a jinricsha coolie or a wheelbarrow man after colliding with some foreigner's carriage, and then he expresses his feelings altogether disproportionate to the requirements of the case; in other words he cries like a child. The head executioner had several assistants or 'learn pidgins' with him and they had certain duties to perform in connection with the strangulation.

The prisoners were carried to the place of execution by coolies, each of them sitting upright in a sling on a bamboo in the same way that a bale of goods is carried. Two stakes had been previously prepared and driven into the ground, and the prisoners, whose ankles were chained, were put down, each in front of his respective stake. All they had on was a pair of trousers. The stakes were about three feet high and there was a hole near the top of each; the culprits were placed in a kneeling position with their backs to the stakes to which they were strapped by means of thongs passing over each shoulder and under the armpits, while their faces were supposed to be turned in the direction of Peking, the residence of the emperor, to thank him for his kindness in confirming their sentences. This having been done, a thin piece of rope was passed over their necks, while the ends were rove through the hole at the top of the stake. Then the ends were tied together and a piece of wood being inserted crosswise through the loop thus formed at the back of the stake, was turned round and round very slowly, the result being that the rope on the culprit's neck was gradually tightened. One of the assistants wetted the rope round the neck, while another was busily engaged rubbing his hand up and down the culprit's abdomen to prevent the body becoming distended, and the third man felt the

action of the prisoner's heart, the idea being to keep him alive as long as possible. While this was going on a cloth was thrown over his face for the same reason that the cap is placed over the head and face of a person being hanged in western countries. The prisoners did not seem to suffer much; probably they had been stupified with opium by their friends, and in about two minutes they appeared to be dead, though the tourniquet was still being turned for some time longer, the head executioner going from one underling to the other to see that they were doing their work as it ought to be done.

During all this time the mandarins who had charge of the executions sat at some distance from the prisoners in a small building or joss house. Leading up from this to the stakes were two lines of runners at some distance apart, to keep the ground clear in front of the mandarins. There was an immense crowd of spectators, probably between five and six thousand, who occupied every mound or place where they were likely to be able to obtain a view of what was going on. There were some twenty glass button mandarins on ponies riding round the culprits during the execution to prevent the proceedings being interfered with, while the runners were laughing and poking fun at each other as if it were all a huge joke, and at intervals, cracker bombs were exploded, which appeared to be a signal for shouting by those nearest the prisoners. The shouting was then taken up by others and extended back among the thousands of spectators till the whole had raised their voices; evidently the assembled multitude did not want the blood of the slain to be upon them and their children, and so shouted to drive their spirits away. After the culprits were quite dead, the mandarins retired and the crowd dispersed, while the corpses were left at the stakes with baskets thrown over them.

The general belief in the transmigration of souls and the re-appearance upon the earth of people in a different sphere of existence according to their worthiness or otherwise, was recently taken advantage of by a native who had lost one of his hands, to get rid of a too inquisitive questioner in reply to whom he said, referring to his hand, 'Yes, that is a souvenir of my last state of existence. I was given to pleasure in the existence before the last, and was turned into a pig. One day while my disembodied spirit was awaiting a chance to be re-embodied into this world, a carriage rolled by in Hades; there was a merry crew in it and they asked me to join them. Nothing loth, I jumped up into the carriage and soon found myself born into the world as a sucking pig. I did not like this and fretted so much that I got thin and miserable which made my owner threaten to throw me out into the drain. This made me take pains to improve my personal appearance so that when I got sleek and fat, the farmer killed me and having been salted, I was sold. My spirit longed for the day when the whole of my flesh should have been eaten, for till that happened I could not expect to be born again, and becoming impatient, I entered the body of a new born babe, but as there was still one foot of my pig's body uneaten, I appeared in this new existence with a pig's hoof instead of a hand.' This is only another version of a very old story which is well-known to the Chinese.

Here is another veracious story and our readers may believe it or not as they have a mind to. In a certain district of Tungchow a man named Liu was working in the fields when he suddenly felt great pain in one of his feet. His wife went to his assistance and while examining his foot, a sudden flash of lightning, followed by a terrific crash of thunder, laid him dead at her feet, and on his back were found the characters in red 'Punished for killing his mother in a previous existence.' The

native paper which records this says that 'Liu left a blind old father and a young widow, and that if he had been guilty of the most heinous crime in his former state, why was he not punished then by the laws of this world or by tortures in the nether world before he was born again? To call him to account now does not really punish him, but punishes the poor widow and the blind old father who certainly had nothing to do with his crime committed in the previous life and yet who are the only sufferers now.'

During one of the thunderstorms which visited Shanghai, an old man wandered from his home and was found up to his neck in a ditch. The people immediately came to the conclusion that he was a bad man and had been hurled into the ditch by the God of Thunder, and their belief was strengthened when they found the old man was speechless, at least he would not reply, because they said that if he could speak he would describe the appearance of the God of Thunder, which his godship would not permit. Nobody would help the old man, for they feared the vengeance of the god, so that if a priest had not come along there would have been an inquest. The priest spoke in kindly terms to the old fellow who having regained his voice said that somebody had called upon him on the previous night and had led him into the ditch and left him there. As, however, the old man was subject to fits of mental derangement, it is quite possible that he wandered away from his home during one of these fits and was not found till next morning when he was so exhausted and benumbed with the cold that he could not speak when questioned.

Thunderstorms occasionally do more good than clearing the atmosphere, for hardened debtors after a storm sometimes hasten to pay what they owe, being afraid the God of Thunder will find them out and smite them.

Chapter XXIV.

Among the industries of Hangchow is that of bell making, a considerable amount of skill being required to perfect one of these articles, which are used entirely in connection with the religious worship of the people. Various metals are employed, but principally iron, that being the cheapest and the natives are not particular about the sounding properties. There is very little finish about the Hangchow bells, whatever there may be about those manufactured elsewhere, and they have no tongues, but the bells are struck with wooden mallets from the outside. There is a large bell at Peking suspended in a tower in the rear of the Ta Chung Sz or 'Great Bell Monastery.' It is made of the purest metal, is fourteen feet high and eleven in diameter and is said to weigh something like one hundred and twenty thousand pounds and the entire surface is covered with inscriptions from the Buddhistic classics and prayers for rain. Its tones would be greatly improved were it struck properly, instead of being hit by a heavy beam from the outside; as it is, it can be heard for miles, but is never allowed to peal forth except on occasions of drought or great private or public distress, and the Chinese believe the Rain God presides over it. The priests and attendants say that when it is struck, the attention of the god is called, and a fearful flood may result. It is recorded that on one occasion, some people, defying the remonstrances of the priests, sounded the bell themselves, and that the first peal shook the whole heavens and brought down such a torrent of rain that everybody fled in consternation at the result. This beats our western rain-compellers all to pieces. A curious legend is related of this wonderful bell to the following effect that the emperor Yung Lo issued an edict in A. D. 1406 that a bell, perfect in tone, should be cast to the honour of the gods. Several attempts were made, but failed

Some Idols for Sale.

boards are also raised, and the same process is continued till the wall has gone as high as it is wanted. The sides are then coated with a thin layer of wet lime and in this condition they stand the weather for years, probably as long as stone or brick walls would last. When earth only is used in building a wall, oil is sometimes mixed with it.

In one of the streets of Hangchow there is a mound of earth, and some years ago, there was a noted shrine upon it which was much visited. On one occasion some people fell off this mound and were killed, so the taotai—(pr. tow ti)—or governor of the city and surrounding district, consulted a fortune-teller who said the accident had occurred because the mound contained dead men's bones and that their spirits were angry at the desecration by the people walking over them. In consequence of this the taotai ordered a lot of coffins and had the bones decently buried. In addition to human bones, there were those of lower animals, but as the natives did not know the difference, the whole received the rites of heathen burial as those of human beings.

The following story of a dead man's bones is taken from the 'Shih Pao,' and is worth giving here:—In the district of Pan Yu in Kwang-Tung there is a mountain popularly called 'The Tiger's Den.' On this mountain a man had buried his father, but after the lapse of a few years he selected a new site for the remains and proceeded to unearth all that was left of his paternal ancestor. When the grave was opened it was found to be full of water and the coffin totally decayed. Seeing this state of affairs, the undertaker hastily picked up the bones, and placing them in an urn, had them re-interred in another tomb. That night when the son had fallen asleep, he dreamt he saw his father in great displeasure vigorously chastising him. He awoke quite puzzled, but falling asleep again, his father re-appeared, chastising him as before. This happened several times and upon his relating his experiences to his friends the following morning, some of them suggested that it might be possible that his father's spirit objected to being removed, while others hinted that the location of the new grave might not be satisfactory, but all these conjectures could not explain the strangeness of the situation, because the old grave was full of water and it was incredible that the paternal manes should prefer to remain in it rather than in the new one which was dry and in a well-configurated site. Finally a new thought struck the son and he asked the undertaker if he was sure he had picked up all the bones when he put them in the urn. 'No doubt about it' said the undertaker, but on search being make, sure enough, a bone was found which had escaped notice. This stray bone was at once interred with the rest and that night the son enjoyed undisturbed slumber, his father being no longer displeased with him for having neglected one of his bones.

Here is another yarn from another native paper:—According to custom a pearl was placed in the mouth of a deceased father by his dutiful son, but to the astonishment of all the relatives who stood by, the pearl was spirted out, time after time. On enquiry into this strange occurrence, it was ascertained that the pearl was a false one, the son having been imposed upon by the man who sold it to him. A real pearl having been substituted, the dead parent accepted the customary contribution.

Our office boy tells a story of what happened to his brother some time ago. It appears that the young man, who is a farmer, was digging in the fields, when the head of his hoe came loose. The youth, in a moment of thoughtlessness, thereupon knocked it on a coffin to tighten it and then proceeded to finish his work. In a short time he found he was getting ill, so he went home, where he vomited blood. His mother asked him the cause of his

sickness, but he could not tell her, though he explained the circumstances connected with the coffin. His mother, being a wise woman, took the situation in at a glance ; the spirit of the occupant of the coffin was angry at the insult, and being enraged, had punished her son. However, upon the old lady offering incense to the spirit, the youth fully recovered and was soon able to resume his work.

When a native dies his relations make the funeral as grand as possible so that the spirits in the unseen world may think that the dead man is of some importance, and thus induce them to pay him proper respect. Hired mourners are engaged and are each given a piece of white cloth as a badge of mourning, a similar gift being made to all who are invited to the funeral, while the family put on sackcloth; the closer the relationship, the coarser the sacking. The corpse is dressed in several suits of its best clothing, till it is many feet in circumference, and a lucky day is appointed by a fortune-teller for the removal of the coffin to some other place, though not necessarily for interment.

The eldest son or nearest relative closes the coffin, a precaution, apparently adopted to prevent it being said that the deceased had met with foul play, because it might happen that a son being hard pressed for money, or other cause, might in the event of the coffin being closed by somebody else, make demands upon his purse, under the plea that he had caused the death of the deceased. The son or nearest relative follows the coffin and repeatedly stops, kneels down and pays reverence to the deceased ; he appears to be so overcome with grief that he requires to be supported on either side by friends. The coffin itself is covered with a scarlet pall at the corners of which are imitation bats in black velvet, while in the centre is the character for 'longevity,' the bats having the same signification, for they are emblems of it ; but a red foreign blanket is frequently used as a pall. When the emperor specially desires to show honour to the deceased, he sends a pall embroidered with Buddhistic prayers. A paper stork with white body and green legs is placed on top of the coffin and two men go ahead carrying leafy bamboos on which flutter white streamers, for the spirits of the dead dearly love a bamboo grove, and the two bamboos are supposed to tempt the spirit of the deceased to remain in the procession. Other men carry strings of paper sycee or imitation ingots of silver to provide the spirits with funds necessary for the long journey they have to undertake. This sycee is dropped piece by piece as the procession goes along, and is not burnt. Then come men beating gongs at intervals and others bearing white painted boards shaped like spades, on which are inscribed in blue, black or gold, the name and titles of the deceased—in many cases a tissue of falsehoods—the dead man never having had such a distinction in his life ; not that that matters, for the spirits are not supposed to know it, while the fiction adds to the importance of the defunct, the whole turnout, the corpse and coffin excepted, being hired for the occasion. At intervals bombs are fired in sets of three, that being the number of guns in a mandarin salute.

There are a couple of white paper lanterns having on them in blue characters the name of the deceased and these lanterns are supposed to be lighted to show him the way, but as the funeral procession takes place in broad daylight, the undertaker saves the candles. In the rear come the hired mourners in chairs, but at Shanghai, carriages, wheelbarrows and jinrickshas are brought into requisition and the mourners are women who wear unbleached cotton cloth round their heads and shed crocodile tears at the loss they are supposed to have sustained. A fortune-teller decides the route the procession shall take, and we have known of cases where the procession has turned

down an alley at the request of a fortune-teller, and then come into the main street again a little further on, because the feng-shui of that part of the street which had not been traversed was unfavourable. There is no solemnity in the proceedings at a Chinese funeral, and the bystanders laugh and joke, knowing as they do the hollowness of the whole thing. According to the wealth of the family so is the ostentation, as many as twenty to thirty coolies being engaged to carry the coffin and all the time they are walking they call out 'Ah ho,' as all coolies do when carrying burdens. Many people who cannot really afford it, go to great expense to give their dead a 'good send off,' and sell or mortgage land and houses for that purpose, thus crippling themselves for years to come, and perhaps never getting their affairs straight again, but the dead must be propitiated; hence the lavish expenditure. When a man dies, his people paste a notice up outside the house with four characters on it which mean in effect 'Please excuse us as we are unable to meet or accompany friends in a proper manner.' The active mourning period lasts forty nine days, services being held every seventh day. On the hundredth day, tonsorial operations are resumed, the fiction being that during one hundred days a man may not be shaved nor have his hair cut. At the stated intervals during the forty nine days, priests officiate on behalf of the deceased. When a man dies he is said to have passed into the chang yeh or 'long night' and on his coffin, when not buried, are fastened at certain seasons strings of straw coloured paper cut out in the shape of cash and tied round the middle with red paper. When there is a grave mound a stick is stuck in the top of it and similar paper fastened to it. This is for the use of the spirit of the deceased.

Chapter XXV.

A great industry at Hangchow is the manufacture of mock money for offering to the dead. Formerly the Chinese burnt paper sycee, but in these days of enlightenment and foreign intercourse, the natives have come to the conclusion that paper dollars are more handy to the ghosts than paper sycee; hence they now to a great extent supply their ancestors and departed friends with the dollars. True, the imitations are only half the size of real dollars, but there appears to be no more harm in squeezing the dead than there is in cheating the living, besides the deceased are not supposed to be aware of the difference, for many of them departed this life before dollars were imported into China. Partly from this reason and to cheat grave robbers, the amber beads which the deceased wore in life and which cost from 200 to 300 taels a set, are replaced by beads made of resin which can be purchased for a hundred cash, or less than ten cents.

A hundred mock dollars cost thirty four cash, and they are done up in boxes containing two rolls of fifty dollars each. We watch some of the workmen making the money. First of all, there are blocks of foreign tin which are melted and then poured between boards lined with Chinese paper and the upper board being pressed down on the lower one, an eighth of an inch thickness of tin remains. This is next cut up into strips four inches long by one inch wide and some ten of these are then placed evenly one on the other and one end held between the fingers when the workman proceeds to hammer them out till he has beaten them so fine that they become three feet long by a foot broad and so thin that they are not thicker than the thinnest paper. This is then pasted on common cardboard which is next cut with a punching machine to the size of half dollars. A boy then takes the cut out pieces in hand; he is supplied with two dies, one representing one side of a dollar and the other the reverse, and

with these he hammers impressions of dollars on the circular pieces of cardboard and then the money is finished.

While we were at Hangchow the first time we were shown a proclamation that had been posted up at Huchow or 'the Lake City' at the south end of the Tah Hu or 'Great Lake,' a short time previously. It was an anti-Christian document and probably eminated from some of the literati who at this town were then strongly opposed to Christianity, and the poster called upon the people at the sound of the gong to rise in their might and expel the corrupt devils. Opium, it stated, ruined the body; Christianity was worse, for it ruined the heart. Up till now, the gong has not sounded and there appears yearly to be less chance of it being heard, for the people are getting friendlier all the time. The Baptists have a station at Huchow; it was in charge of a native who, at the time of our first visit to Hangchow, was under Mr. Mason who then lived at the latter city, but now resides at Huchow.

We visit the Church Missionary Society's hospital. This is a large place and is under the charge of Dr. Main, and there are wards for men and women. We find the building well ventilated and there are several male patients, but the women's wards are empty. In connection with the hospital there is a dispensary, also a lecture room with a full-sized papier mache model of a human being, while in the tower there is a large clock. Mrs. Main, in a recent annual report, states that during the year under review, the women's wards received one hundred and five patients aged from fourteen days up to seventy years. One of the patients was a boy aged nine months and he was suffering from convulsions, and to Mrs. Main's consternation, both mother and nurse left the child during one of its fits, because they believed that the devil was in it. This reminds us of the Tibetans on the Himalaya mountains when any of their number get asphyxiated through the rarification of the atmosphere. His companions lay him down on the ice and thrash him with their whips to drive the devil of the mountain out of him. They usually succeed, but we opine the poor man feels rather sore next day. There are twelve cots in the woman's ward, and they are supported by friends. Anybody who is like-minded can also pay for a cot which can be called after him if he so wishes.

Dr. Main in his report for the same year gives the list of in-patients as five hundred and nine and there were fifty four male and forty four female suicides or would-be suicides, but all those who arrived at the hospital alive were saved by the remedies applied. There were six thousand six hundred male, and two thousand four hundred and seventy three female patients who attended for treatment, while the visits paid to the dispensary during the year amounted to eighteen thousand seven hundred and twenty nine. The diseases treated were of the usual class incidental to the Chinese, skin diseases having a very large share in the attentions of the doctor. Among the number were five hundred and forty opium smokers of whom Dr. Main says 'one hundred and twenty-four poor creatures were admitted to the opium refuge to be cured during the year. Opium smoking is a sad business and no one is brought more into contact with its baneful effects than the medical missionary. They who say that the Chinese can smoke opium with impunity, talk pure and undiluted nonsense. Of those admitted most of them looked ill and emaciated, with leaden pallor of the skin, which made them look more like living skeletons than human beings; it is difficult to overestimate the evil produced by the degrading vice. It produces moral and physical debasement—the opium smoker falls an easy prey to disease—and leads to crime and ruin. The habit, once contracted, the rule is to go

from bad to worse; few, if any, continue to smoke the amount they commenced with, and in almost every case the dose is increased at the expense of mind, body and estate. Even the moderate use of the drug cannot be indulged in for years without producing very decided and appreciable signs of degeneracy and debasement. Our refuge is a practical protest against the opium traffic.'

Let us see what the Rev. Dr. Muirhead, the veteran missionary, who has been in China forty-seven years, says of opium :—'As a medicine, it is invaluable, and could not be dispensed with in one form or another. The best of things, however, may be abused, and the opinion of many is that opium is so in China, so that the growth, sale and use of it as now carried on, ought to be suppressed. The Chinese themselves, even its most abandoned victims, are at one in their ideas with regard to it. They deplore it. They denounce it as a terrible evil, yet it is so insidious in its effects, and so overpowering withal, that they cannot resist it, or give it up. The use of it is ramified in all directions, and everywhere it exerts a baneful influence. It is not ours to discuss the subject in a medical or physiological light, our simple concern is to look at it as regarded by the Chinese, in an international point of view, and in its bearing on the individual and on society at large. We know how it was decried at first by the highest authority in the land, especially on moral and social grounds, and though the nation or its representatives have grievously deteriorated since that time, perhaps very much through the increasing use of the drug, or the financial necessities of the country, the general impression with regard to it has undergone no change at all. The consent of the authorities to admit it on tariff has been taken advantage of by us as an article of trade, while it has tacitly been allowed to be grown, through the connivance of those in power, and for the benefit of the local revenue or for private reasons. Apart from such considerations, however, ought not the high moral and social grounds taken by the supreme government at the outset, and which still rule in the estimation of one and all indeed, ought they not to be sustained by us, though it may be we should be heavy losers thereby? The sentiment of the people is against it, even in the case of those who are most besotted by it, as well as the high minded and patriotic souls among them.

We are speaking not in ignorance or from mere prejudice against the drug, and would simply ask how would the proposal to stop the traffic be met alike by smokers and non-smokers? We hesitate not to say that, though it would be a terrible distress to the former for a time, and drive many to the use of the native growth, or other means to satisfy their cravings, it would meet with universal commendation. It is a widespread evil, and is to be seen in every relation of life, and in not one is it not lamented. It is true there are differences between those who partake of it, as on the part of those who use stimulants at home, but from one cause and another, the men, the women, who habituate themselves to it are enslaved by it, and unless they have sufficient means of counteracting it, they speedily become degraded and ruined by it.

Such are our impressions in regard to the trade in and use of opium. Though there are all varieties in the case of the smokers of it, we consider its effect and the opinion of the Chinese universally, to be clearly and emphatically against it, and no defence of its anti-malarial character and tendency, or of its value in relieving pain or affording a degree of social pleasure, will hold for a moment in support of the manner in which the Chinese use the drug. Enough, go into the wretched dens, or the magnificent divans in our neighbourhood, where it is smoked, and one ought to be thoroughly convinced that the practice,

with all the low and debasing associations connected with it, is an evil and only an evil, and is the source of untold mischief to hundreds and thousands in their own persons and in every relation of life. We venture to add that there are Chinese at no great distance from us, who are so shocked and disgusted at the state of things current in our settlements that they will not come near them, and look upon us as the occasion of the awful misery and moral ruin brought about by what obtains amongst us, and which would not be allowed for an instant under Chinese jurisdiction. The grand display we are able to make by our roads and houses, gas and electric lights, water works and carriages, telegraphs and steamers are all as nothing, and worse than nothing, in the estimation of the best and worthiest of the Chinese, in view of exhibition that is made, and the encouragement that is here under the general head of 'opium and vice."

On our following visit to the Hangchow hospital we find that Dr. Main has built extensive additions to the place. There is a lepers' hospital, the funds for this being provided by the Mission to Lepers, in Dublin, and there is a new women's ward which has been built with money collected by the genial and warm-hearted doctor while at home, outside his mission. He says that leprosy is not curable, though its progress can be arrested and he has one patient who has been with him at the time of our visit, thirteen months. All the lepers are very fond of him as are all the patients. We should think everybody would be fond of Dr. Main; he seems such a light-hearted specimen of humanity, though he says he gets depressed when he goes through the lepers' wards.

In one of the shops, we see nothing else but fans, many of them with ivory and imitation ivory handles and ribs. A Chinaman is nowhere in hot weather without his fan; it is more necessary to him than his clothing then, and the rich man and the coolie provide themselves with these breeze-makers. Soldiers are usually seen in summer with a common folding fan stuck down the back of the neck of their jackets while they are on the march. There is a fashion in fans as well as in other things, and the élite recognize four different kinds which they flutter during four different stages of the hot weather. The poor classes have only two kinds and the poorer still only one, which is made out of rushes or straw. No fixed date is giving for the opening of the season, but the fan employed for this purpose is the ordinary folding fan, usually of white paper, though various colours are adopted. On one side there generally is shan shui or 'mountains and water' (scenery), and on the reverse a collection of proverbs, moral sayings and such like writings. This species is supposed to be used only by the literati, but all who can afford it indulge in them. On the 5th day of the 5th moon or thereabouts, the fashion changes, and round or square silk fans come into vogue. During the time of the greatest summer heat, fashionable society may be seen with spade-shaped paper fans, and when the heat begins to moderate, feather fans or palm leaf ones take their place, but some of the fans made of seven eagle's feathers, are very expensive. The commonest fans are made out of palm leaves and are imported from the south in millions.

Chapter XXVI.

Hangchow has a Tartar city which is separated from the rest of the place by walls. Of the four canals in Hangchow, only one has clean water in it, and this one runs through the Tartar city. During our rambles we come across a native foundling hospital and a refuge for aged people. In the walls of the hospital is a recess for waifs of children, and on opening a wicket, the infant is taken in. At one of the missionary schools we visit, we

find some forty girls who live in the establishment, and among other things they are taught to sing. The Chinese matron asks us if we would like to hear them and upon our replying in the affirmative, the girls sing 'Jesus loves me' very prettily, a young Chinese lady playing the tune on the harmonium. In front of the Roman Catholic mission is an imperial tablet which, though not favourable to Christianity, acknowledges that the ground belongs to the Jesuits and accords permission to the missionaries to rebuild the place which was destroyed years ago, during one of the persecutions. The present structure is a fine one. The Roman Catholic church at Hangchow was confiscated by the emperor Yung Ching, the persecutor of the Christians, and in the year 1730, this tyrant banished the missionaries and converted their church into a temple to Tien How or the Queen of Heaven 'for the purpose of extirpating a religion of false gossip and obduracy, and of making an offering to a spirit who really has a beneficent influence over the destinies of man.'

Among other places of worship is a Mahometan mosque, but, when we visit it there is not a single person belonging to it to be seen. The mosque is much cleaner than any of the Chinese temples and has a lofty roof and dome and at the entrance over the door is an Arabic inscription stating that the mosque is for the benefit of Mahometans travelling to consult the Coran, while inside the building there is another inscription.

It appears that people from various classes of the community apply to the missionaries to be baptized. Among them was a fortune-teller who went to some Protestant missionaries with this object, and was told he must give up fortune-telling. He turned away, but having picked up a knowledge of the Bible, was in the habit of retailing it to his customers as a means of improving his trade, and finding that he could not become a member of a Protestant church, he went over to the Church of Rome, showing his animus to the Protestants afterwards by confining himself to fortune-telling and abusing them.

There was formerly in another part of the city the private residence of a man named Wu Sing An, since dead, who was known to foreigners in Shanghai as the Hangchow banker. He plunged in silk and other things and came to grief, notwithstanding his immense wealth. His Hangchow residence cost upwards of a million taels to build and it was furnished with all kinds of valuable screens, Chinese and foreign furniture. The floors were of polished marble and there were ponds, aviaries, rockeries, bridges, caverns and grottoes, or in other words the perfection of Chinese elegance.

We next go over the hills which run on three sides of Hangchow, for on the range facing the city between the north and west gates, there are many places of interest. On its summit which is about two hundred feet high, is the Pow Shuh tah or pagoda of Pow Shuh, who lived nearly thirteen hundred years ago and was a minister of state. The pagoda is a solid seven-storied, eight-sided structure and tapers both ways from about half way up. Below it is the Chow Ching Sz or 'Monastery of Reflected Prosperity.' It contains some splendid gilt idols, one of them being the Great Buddha to whom the place is dedicated. At the back of this temple there is another with an image enthroned and all round the platform against the sides are sixty other gods, apparently the cycle gods, while the monastery itself is a handsome building. Just beyond the pagoda there is the Tiger's Cave, but we do not see any evidences of tigers about, though the formation of the rocks and boulders from the distance gives the appearance in the imagination of the natives of a crouching tiger. Several large boulders rest on pivots, as it were, so that it would not take an extraordinary amount of

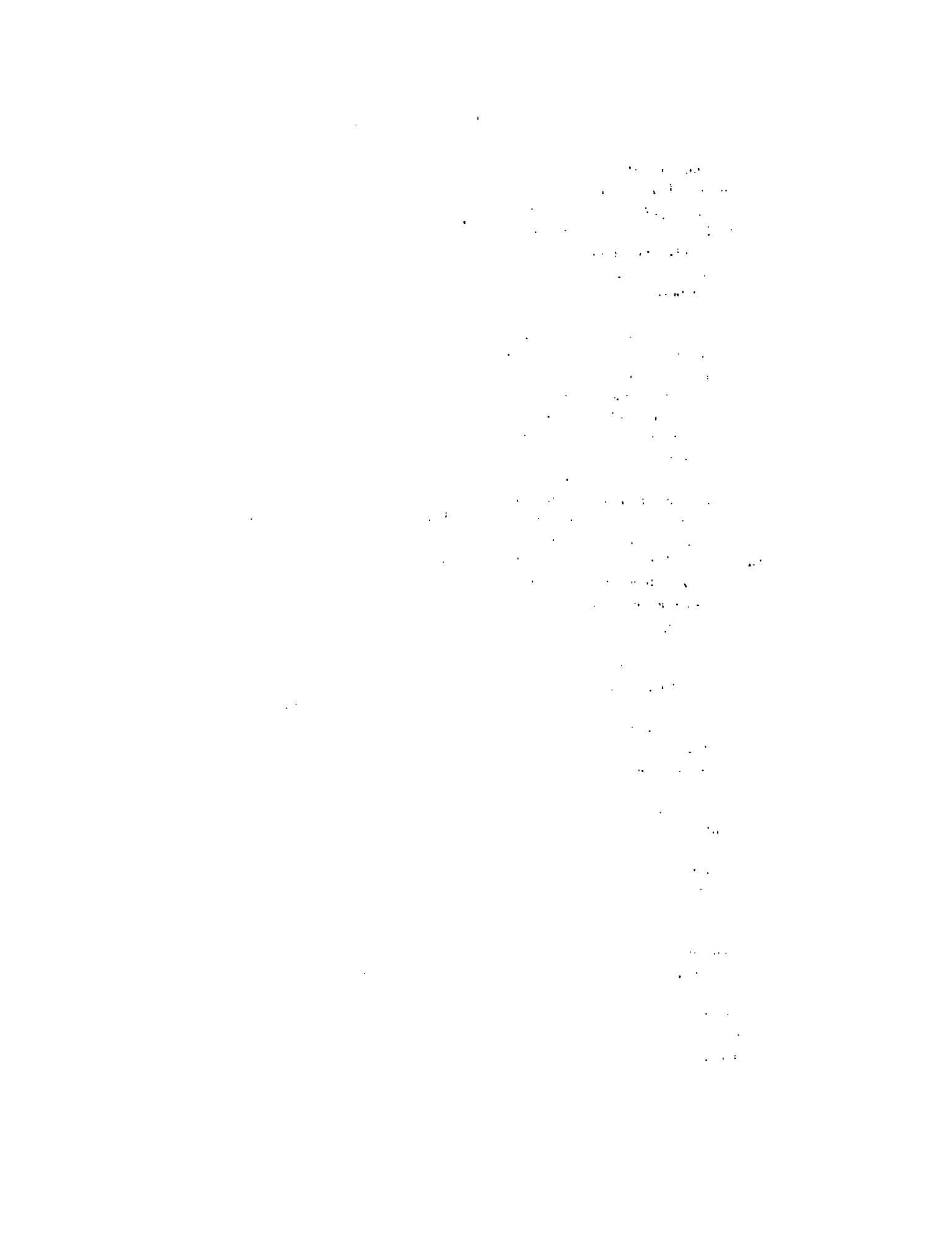
energy to rock them. The roof of the Tiger's Cave is formed of one immense boulder the under side being quite smooth and flat, and the front of the gully has been bricked up leaving a small doorway, this to our idea spoiling the effect of the natural formation, but the utilitarian instincts of the natives have come into play and the closed-in cave is now used as a kitchen and sleeping place.

On the lake side of the hill and running east and west is a road through the hill side. It is said to have been made by Buddha, who, sitting down on the upper side, pushed with his feet and forced the lower part away, leaving the passage, and as evidence of this, two impressions of his bare feet appear on the rock on the lower side of the roadway. They are nearly four spans long and proportionately broad, but the Buddha must have been right-footed in both feet, for the big toe marks of both feet are towards the left. Close by are some images in relief in niches in the rock, and near to the water at the foot of the hill is the renovated palace of the emperor Chen Loong, the original having been destroyed by the Taipings, and attached to it is a new library, the original having also been destroyed by the same rebels, but the palace is nothing like what it was at first Near it is a temple which contains, cut in stone slabs, the sixteen lohans or personal disciples of Buddha who after death were made into saints, and rubbings are taken off these slabs, which are always black, Chinese ink being used for the purpose.

These lohans were the chief of the five hundred of Buddha's disciples and on a Buddhist rosary, among the one hundred and eight beads are different coloured beads at regular intervals, to remind the wearers of these lohans. Chen Loong re-arranged the order of these lohans and wrote his remarks on their pictures, and when gazing on that of Loo Koo Loo, formerly the eleventh saint, but elevated by him to the position of tenth, wrote: —'Your brow is knit and your eyes flash as if you were in anger. May I ask, from whence comes anger in a follower of Budh? Joy is the antithesis of anger, while anger and joy have the same origin in the mind. It is apparent that the subject is at the mercy of the portrait painter.'

Against the picture of Sakisisa he wrote:— 'With flashing eyes and bulged out forehead you look like a devil! But be not afraid, you who may look abruptly at him, for he is the 'Great Merciful One,' and with folded hands in attitude of prayer, he seems neither divine nor human; he seems to be and yet seems not to be.'

A road runs all along the foot of the hill, and after passing the palace we come to rows of brick and tile buildings about eight feet high. These are divided into compartments, with wooden fronts and doors, and each contains two coffins, which are awaiting a favourable opportunity of transport elsewhere similar buildings being seen elsewhere. We now come to a place celebrated very prominently in Chinese history, namely a temple to and the grave of, Yah Foy. This individual lived over seven hundred years ago, at which time he was in command of Hangchow city, then the newly made capital. He was a bold and skilful leader and succeeded in keeping back the Tartars who had invaded the country. He would have expelled them, too, if he had been allowed to do so, but he had an enemy at the court of Sung Tow, and his name was Tsin. This Tsin was a traitor. He got into the hands of the Tartars by some means or other, and then suddenly made his appearance before the emperor while the latter was running away from Hangchow. He stated that he had escaped from the Tartars and advised his master to make peace with them, but Yah refused to be a partner in such a disgraceful arrangement, and Tsin then



The Three Pagodas, p. 53.

determined to effect his downfall. To do this, he first obtained possession of Yah's wife, and having corrupted her, prevailed upon her to accuse her husband of treachery. Yah was tried, and on the evidence of his wife and some of his servants, was put to death and the widow then became the wife of Tsin. Some time afterwards, one of her accomplices, on his dying bed, felt remorse, and confessed that Yah's wife, himself, and others had been guilty of conspiracy, and had caused Yah, an innocent man, to be put to death.

This was about A.D. 1136. He was canonized in A.D. 1179 and in 1204 the title of Gno Wong or Prince of Gno was conferred upon him and numerous temples in his honour were built. We have seen quite a number of these and they all have four large characters on the front wall, meaning 'Utmost devotion pay the emperor,' and the legend is that these characters were found tattooed on his breast after his death. All the members of Yah's family, except his youngest child, were put to death, and his grave and that of his son are together alongside the temple at the foot of the hill on the north side of the Se Hu. The graves are dome-shaped and in front of Yah's is a tablet containing his name as Prince of Gno, and in the front yard are three figures in stone representing attendants, while lying about are the remains of four images and two stone cages. The images were cast in iron to represent his unfaithful wife, Tsin and the two servants implicated in the conspiracy against him. They appear bound, with their hands tied behind them and were originally placed in the cages in a kneeling position, the woman in one cage and the men in the other, but they have been so much knocked about that they are now all in pieces, for people used to go there and spit upon these images, offer them nameless indignities, and throw stones at them. The woman got most of the abuse; fires were lighted under her, and her face was all knocked to pieces. On one occasion, a number of students visited the place and with their long nails, tried to scratch out the woman's eyes. The Taipings beheaded all the images which, however, were afterwards restored.

There are three causeways through the Se Hu, one of which leads to a ruined pagoda on the west of the lake. It is called the Liu Fong tah, which may mean either the 'Thunder Peak' or 'Liu's pagoda,' and we leave the reader to take his choice, for opinions differ as to the meaning, and as it is said to be 1,500 years old—and it looks it—one may well be excused for not knowing the signification of the name. It is also difficult to decide whether it has seven or eight stories, for time has played great havoc with it, so have relic hunters, and the authorities have recently built a wall round it to preserve it from further damage. All the woodwork and the staircases have disappeared. There are really two pagodas, one inside the other, and the outer one is built of red brick, while the inner pagoda appears to be square, but we cannot get close enough to see for ourselves. From a distance the structure looks as if it were built of gigantic barrels, the deception being caused, we find, on closer examination, by the immense perpendicular holes in the sides. Out of the top grow trees of considerable proportions and kites and other birds are perched in the branches as we survey the ruins, while a startled hare at the foot of the pagoda makes tracks for a safer hiding place.

Of course, this pagoda, like all other relics of antiquity, has a history, mythical though it be, and the following is the condensation of a long-winded story:—

A great white serpent had lived for eighteen years in the Green Mountains of Szechuen, but getting tired of its lonely condition, ventured forth to see the world. This snake took the form of a beautiful woman, but to

reach Hangchow it changed itself into a cloud, which was stopped and questioned by the Spirit of the North. It replied that it was going to pay reverence to Kwan Ying and swore that if such were not the case, the Thunder Peak pagoda should be on top of its body. Arrived at Hangchow, an encounter took place between the white serpent and a black one, and the latter being conquered, changed itself into a woman and became the other's slave. The white serpent had also changed to a woman and the two went about pleasure seeking, and while on the Western Lake, were seen by a chemist who, being a young man of an impressionable disposition, was soon in love with the handsome lady and they were married after the bride had supplied the bridegroom with money which she had stolen from a mandarin. The stolen money was traced to Han, that was the name of the bridegroom, and he was sentenced to be banished. His wife got him into more trouble, and he was again banished, this time to a distance of 3,000 le, for stealing jewellery from a prince's palace, but which had been given him by his fine wife as she said they were jewels that had belonged to her family. After Han had become involved in greater trouble, a priest went to his rescue, and changed the wife into a small white snake which he took to the Thunder Peak pagoda. The pagoda moved back from its original position, a terrific storm came on, the ground opened and the snake was thrown in. Then the pagoda returned to its original position and has, except on one occasion, remained in that position ever since. On this occasion, the snake came out of the ground in the form of a woman so that her husband could see her again. Both then rose from the ground in the form of clouds and disappeared, as most clouds do, and the pagoda eventually returned to its place.

Near the Liu Fong tah, attached to a monastery, is a well. It is not much to look at, but it is said to have its source in Yangchow, at least two hundred and fifty miles away, the two places being connected by a subterranean passage. When the monastery was being built, the gods sent the timber from Yangchow by this passage, and as an evidence of this, is there not a log still in the well? This log came along and 'bobbed up serenely' just as sufficient timber had been received to complete the building, so it was allowed to remain there. There is another legend connected with this well and it is as follows:—One of the priests in days gone by saw a lady visiting the monastery on the grounds of which this well is. He knew at once that she was one of the fire demons and presaged the destruction of the place and, sure enough, the whole pile was burnt down soon afterwards though the priest told his brethren not to mind this, as he would send sufficient timber to build another monastery and it would come through the well, but they were to take all that came and not complain. The monks and others worked hard hauling out the beams as they appeared at the surface, till one of the men, getting tired of the task, very petulantly 'wished to Buddha' that the wood would stop coming, which it did, the result being that the monastery will never be finished, to judge from its appearance on our visit. There is still a log in the well we are told, though we cannot see it, as it is at the bottom. We notice, however, a piece of wood floating in the water, but the monastery attendant has the candour to tell us that that is *not* the last log, and he goes away before we can give him a cumshaw for showing us the well, as it is in a rather out-of-the-way place with a roof over it.

There are graves of celebrities in the vicinity and for some distance among the hills, but time will not permit of our visiting them. In the hills to the west of the lake there are ninety immense caves with gigantic images carved in the hill sides. One of these images

is, we have been told, fifty feet broad and correspondingly high. In the Se Hu, there is an island apparently of artificial construction and on it stand a number of pavilions which were built by General Wu, whose picture, in a yellow riding jacket, as evidence of imperial favour, hangs in one of the rooms, but Wu himself is dead and his son owns the place. It is off this island, to the west, that the mythical phenomenon of nine moons appear on the 15th day of the 6th month. In the water there are three hollow globes on stands which are placed at the three angles of an equilateral triangle, and each globe has five holes in it, so that a person standing on the island can see through the holes nine reflections of the moon. This is the myth; now for the story. There was a prefect of Hangchow named Su, and the Se Hu or 'Western Lake' was then much shallower than it is now, and people used to cultivate water chestnuts on it, but Su thought the yought to pay taxes on the parts of the lake they used for this purpose, so he erected three pagodas as boundary marks, the land between then being taxable. In after years, there being three 'tan' or pools in the lake, the natives removed the boundary marks to them as danger warnings, and people looking down from the opposite hills could see the moon reflected in the pools which were then called 'Three pools reflecting moons.' In course of time, the beacons were again shifted, this time to their present position and in imitation of the 'Three Black Crows' fiction, the legend of the nine moons was associated with these globes.

There are other celebrated places on the lake; among then the 'Retreat' of the late Pung Yu Lin of whom more anon. There is also a place dedicated to the great warrior Tso Tsung Tang, also dead.

Returning to the mainland, one of our party puts down three hundred cash in the boat for the hire of it, but the boatman without looking at it, calls out 'not enough,' though he does not say how much he wants. He follows us some distance and then concludes he has been sufficiently well paid. On the following day we want to cross the lake again as our chair coolies say there is no road to the pagoda on the opposite side. We take it that they are telling the truth, and attempt to hire a boat, but the man in charge says 'two dollars.' As we do not want to buy the boat, we walk away, when another boatman sidles up to us, and says he will take us for two hundred cash, about twenty cents. We accept his offer, and afterwards find that the chair coolies are relatives of Ananias, their object being to save themselves a journey.

Chapter XXVII.

To continue the story of our second visit to Hangchow. This time we arrive during the night of the New Year, and hear crackers fired on all sides, and in the morning find ourselves in a creek to the north-east of the city. Our lowdah in the morning thinks it necessary to join in the general rejoicing, and having lighted some joss sticks which he stands in a tin of raw rice in the bow of the boat, methodically fires off some crackers, two or three of them being double ones, that is with two detonations, one being very loud, and the other not so, these being followed by a fusilade of smaller crackers and genuflections by the lowdah. He explains the rationale of the proceedings, and says that he is 'chin chinning' the god of the boat—not a devil this time—and the loud detonating crackers are to call his attention, as he may be a long way off. There is no need for a useless expenditure of powder after the god's attention is drawn to the worshipper, hence the smaller crackers afterwards, as he will be able to hear them.

As we do not know our locality we ask one of our crew, who says he has been to Hangchow before, where the north gate is. He does not know, though he says he can find the military

gate, but we ascertain later on that they are one and the same. We now go on shore, and learn that the dialects of Shanghai and Hangchow are so different that our lowdah is unable to comprehend what a lad is telling him, so knowing some mandarin, we act as interpreter, speaking that language to the boy and 'pidgin' (corrupted from 'business') English to the lowdah. The boy takes us to the nearest preaching station, which is outside the city, and then we readily find the residence of the Missionaries inside the city, though till we accost some of them we do not know their names. The first we come to is the American Presbyterian Mission, South, and are told that this being New Year's Day, all the Missions have combined to hold united services for four days with their converts as a set-off against the heathen custom of visiting the temples. We accompany a party, and on the way to the chapel, pass through the examination hall enclosure, which has recently been enlarged. It appears that the ground on which the hall is built represents a tortoise, the bridges in the vicinity corresponding with the animal's feet and tail. In front of the building, there was not much room, so the tortoise could not move its head comfortably, and so the pupils could not pass their examinations properly, hence some houses were pulled down in front, and now that the tortoise has room to move its head, the pupils are successful in their efforts!

Arrived at the chapel, we find it is fast filling with native Christians, while there is a goodly number of foreigners. A lady plays the organ, and the Chinese sing hymns, in Chinese to foreign tunes, and they *do* sing, there is no half-heartedness amongst them, and the hymn 'Onward Christian soldiers' is rendered in fine style; Bishop Moule, of the Church Missionary Society, conducts the meeting and reads the statistics of the various Missions for the past year.

The service over, we proceed to the residence of the Rev. and Mrs. Judson in Shang Be Sz or 'Upper Leather Market.' We see no leather and the only hides we notice are human and they are not tanned. After a rest we go out to see some of the places not visited on our first trip, and mounting the city moat hill find crowds of people enjoying themselves, as it is a lovely day. They are all in holiday attire and in good humour, looking at the sights and otherwise generally amusing themselves. There are booths of all kinds and peepshows, some of the latter shaped like steamers with figures of men dressed as foreigners on deck. One dummy has a spy-glass and presents a comical appearance from our point of view, but we entertain a very strong suspicion that the peepshow pictures are not exactly fit for exhibition in a drawing room. On top of the city moat hill, we find bald-headed nuns complacently sitting down all along the road with baskets in front of them, the baskets being intended to receive the cash the holiday makers are willing to give, and they do not wait in vain, for they have quite a lot of cash in front of them. Going through the city again, a little girl comes up to our chair while we are waiting and asks us where we are going to. We tell her and ask her her name and age and what she is eating. She answers all our questions and does not appear to be in the least afraid of us and on our going away she says 'Good bye' very nicely. It is evident, however, that some of the denizens in the streets do not recognize 'that all within the four seas are brethren,' for they profusely apply the term 'foreign devils' to us. As darkness sets in, our chair coolies stop and put us down, and one of them says 'Yao mi hu perh.' We do not understand what 'hu perh' is. We know what 'hu chows' are, and visions of passports, registration tickets and so forth flash through our minds. We come to the conclusion that perhaps it is a lamp that is wanted, but, the leading coolie says no, and

he solves the problem for us by going into a shop and bringing out a couple of bamboo torches. Then we go on, and reaching our boat, order the lowdah to proceed, though only get as far as the bridge to find the barrier is up, so the lowdah asks the customs' official to unlock it, and let us out, offering him something for his trouble, but he says it is not a case of trouble; he cannot open the barrier after it has been closed for the night for even one hundred dollars. Seeing that we only tempt him to the extent of ten cents, he can afford to show his fidelity to his duty, and we remain on the wrong side of the bridge till eight o'clock next morning, when punctually at that hour a gun is fired off and the immaculate guardian of the barrier unlocks the chain, and we go out.

Outside the city 'somewhere,' a star fell years ago, at least the natives say it was a star because they do not know any better. No such 'star' was ever seen on the earth before —and perhaps never since. Its colour was red, and if it did exist, it was probably an aerolite. The native ideas with regard to shooting stars and comets or 'broom stars' are rather wild and vague. Here is a story of the great comet of 1882:—According to teashop talk, an ancient couple lived somewhere in the Kwangtung province, and when they died, they left behind them an only son, a tender youth of thirteen years. Added to the misfortune of losing his parents at this early period of his existence, he was exceedingly ugly and ill-favoured, and found it difficult to get an honest living. However, he managed to obtain employment at a water shop where, in return for his services, he earned sufficient cash to satisfy his daily wants. The empress dowager at Peking, then regent of China, possessed a wonderful mirror into which she looked every morning, a practice the fair sex indulge in as a rule, so that the empress was no exception to the rest of her sisters. This mirror not only reflected the personal charms of the empress, but it reflected all parts of the empire at the same time, so that her majesty had only to consult the glass and she knew what was going on everywhere within the borders of China. It is a pity that there are not more of these mirrors to be had; they would be very useful, though this has nothing to do with the story. One morning a short time before the 1882 comet appeared, the empress was scanning the horizon by means of her glass, when she saw an ugly boy in the Kwangtung province, and she was interested in him. She forthwith despatched somebody to enquire who he was, so in due course the messenger reached the water shop, found the boy, and asked the youngster his name and parentage and was informed that he was a poor lonely orphan. The messenger wanted to know where the parents were buried, so the boy took him and a lot of soldiers to a shady grove of bamboos which sheltered a deep hole in the ground, whereupon the messenger, who was also a mandarin, ordered him to go down the hole and see what was there. He went, but at the bottom met a venerable old man who enquired his business. At this stage the plot begins to thicken, as it appears the mandarin had some sinister motive, having received instructions to improve the ugly youth off the face of the earth. This, the old man was aware of, and he told the boy—who now begin to be afraid—but advised him to pluck up his courage, as he would help him. He then put a long white robe on the youngster and gave him a double-edged sword and a book, the pages of which were blank, instructing him to go to the surface again, and as he reached the brink he was to half draw his sword out of the sheath. The boy did as directed. At the top of the hole he saw all the soldiers with drawn swords ready to cut off his head, but he simply followed his instructions, when presto! nearly all the soldiers had their

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fifty people and their luggage on board, grounds on the south west end of a bank two thirds of the distance across, but by trimming the cargo and with the help of poles, yulohs and sails, we get off, though by the time we reach the landing we have been forty five minutes in the boat. We find the river shallow and the water very clear, but brackish.

This river is celebrated for its bore or eagre, which comes in every day, but the ordinary one is only a couple of feet high, the effect being that the tide rises in a few minutes from low to high water mark, instead of taking the usual six hours. Somewhere about the 18th day of the 8th moon the greatest bore occurs and it can be heard rushing along a great way off. On an occasion like this, the tide comes in, in a solid wall of water some twenty feet high, higher in the centre than at the sides. At the time of full moon the bore is always a large one and foreigners go from Shanghai and the natives from all parts to witness the phenomenon. Unfortunately, we do not have an opportunity of seeing it as we are several days too late, though we are not like the Cockney who was disappointed because the astronomers at Greenwich would not put an eclipse back five minutes when he was that length of time too late to see it.

The following account of the Hangchow bore is from the pen of Captain W. U. Moore, H. M.'s navy. He was engaged surveying the coast of China and took great interest in the bore, in fact, he interested himself so much in it that he was called the 'Hangchow Bore,' himself. He says 'the best place to see the phenomenon is from the sea wall at Haining about two miles east of the Bhota pagoda, where there is a violent rebound of the flood stream and consequent upraising of the water behind the front of the bore. The bore can be seen approaching, from the upper gallery of the pagoda, about ten to twelve miles distant, and heard on a still night one hour before it arrives, when it is twelve to thirteen miles distant. It is highest as a whole, and most regular in form, opposite the pagoda, which it passes at full and chance of the moon, at a speed of twelve to thirteen knots an hour, precisely as the moon crosses the meridian of that spot. It has its origin off Che San, a cape about eighteen miles E. by S. of Haining, and travels to six miles above the city of Hangchow, a total distance of forty two miles. Under certain combinations of wind, spring tide, and rains up country, it commences as far east as Chapoo, and retains its distinctive character to about thirty miles above the city, a total distance of over ninety miles. The general height of the bore, that is the crown of the cascade, varies at spring tide from seven to eleven feet. It has been seen much higher on the approach of a typhoon and consequent banking up of the water in Chapoo bay. The water raised by the rebounds from the sea wall, especially that mentioned in the foregoing remarks, mounts to a height of twenty feet or more above the level of the river in the same spot five minutes before. At neap tides the bore sometimes does not attain a height of over three feet, but the speed of its progress still renders it too formidable to be encountered by the largest boats.'

It is a well-known fact that the Chinese are a superstitious race and deal largely in the marvellous and in the most absurd fancies imaginable. Take for instance their ideas of eclipses. The astronomers at Peking are almost as well able to calculate eclipses as are foreigners, and well know how the phenomena occur; but in the face of this, the silliest ideas obtain among the people and are fostered by the Government. The great 'unwashed' and their betters too, believe that a fabulous monster called a tan, the embodiment of covetousness, in the heavens, endeavours to swallow the sun, while the teen kow or 'heavenly

dog' tries to act a similar part towards the moon. With reference to the tan, they say this fabulous creature in times gone by, tried to devour everything, including the sun, and was punished by being drowned in the sea, and at the present day there is painted on the ying pi or 'shadow wall' facing the principal entrance to all yamens, a representation of the tan, and a hideous picture it is. It is placed there in order that the officials may see it as they leave their yamens, to serve as a warning to them not to be avaricious and squeeze the people. At Soongkong, in front of one of the yamens, there is a most elaborately carved ying pi on which the tan appears. To tempt the mandarins who frequent this yamen to be honest, there are also sculptured on it bees, a hive, a monkey, a fir tree and other things, meaning in effect 'may you be promoted and enjoy long life,' this being a play upon the words. At an eclipse, as the obscuration proceeds, the natives are under the impression that the darkened portion of the luminary is in the rapacious jaws of the monster, and as they are afraid the sun or the moon will succumb in the encounter, they use their best efforts to drive the tan or teen kow away. For this purpose they make a great noise by firing off crackers, discharging guns and beating gongs and similar instruments and when the eclipse is over they think that their efforts have been successful. The Malays have a somewhat similar idea, only they say it is the dragon or rhou eating the luminary. The occurrence of an eclipse is, with the Chinese, an omen of war or some dire calamity, and its duration is supposed to signify a shorter or longer period of trial according to the time occupied by the obscuration. A story is told of am emperor who was spared the pain of witnessing an eclipse, by Heaven causing the clouds to hide the sun while the eclipse was going on. Another yarn is told of an individual who tried to overtake the sun's shadow, got thirsty and drank up a river, and still wanted more. He proceeded towards another river, but before he could reach it, died of thirst, and in his expiring moments he threw his staff away, whereupon a heavy rain fell and covered the stick with mud out of which grew a large bamboo forest.

Chapter XXIX.

Having landed on the opposite side of the Hangchow river, we proceed along a fine but very dusty causeway with the telegraph running a part of the way on one side, and what appears to be a dry canal on the other, though this latter may not have been a water-course after all, but simply the excavation made while the causeway was being built.

We shortly afterwards arrive at Se Shing or 'Western Prosperity' and stop at the boat hong. This place of business is right alongside the canal, so that we have only to go in at the front door and out at the back to get to our boat. The boat to take us forward is engaged by this hong, the proprietors of which get their commission from the boat people, but this does not prevent our being squeezed by the hong people, and we have to pay them two hundred cash, because our baggage passes through the building. In addition to this, our coolies who carried us in the chairs want a squeeze too, so that besides paying them six hundred and eighty cash for bringing us from Hangchow, we have to give them forty cash as a 'cumshaw' or a present, nominally called 'wine money,' but we take good care the boatmen shall not make any demands upon us beyond the 1,670 cash, we are to pay them to take us one hundred le or thirty three miles to Shao Shing. We had to give our Shanghai boatman five hundred cash in addition to the regular charge, but did not mind that, for he and his crew earned the money, because we spent a good deal of the time wandering about, whereas if the boatmen had had their

own way, the journey from Shanghai to Hangchow would have been shorter by at least a day, though one gets into the hands of the Philistines sometimes when dealing with the natives.

The boat we have to carry us forward is a long one, with pictures painted on the outside, of fishes, impossible animals, men, women, birds, and san-shui, that is 'mountains and water,' or scenery. The bow of the boat—one of the square-toed kind—has for ornament the picture of a man's head, with the eyebrows, eyes, nose and mouth in relief and gilt; the roof is arched and movable and is composed of waterproof bamboo mats with windows of laminated oystershells planed down to an eighth of an inch in thickness, which allows of sufficient light being admitted, and we can see to read very well. Soon after starting from Se Shing, we come to a bridge, only to find our way blocked by some other boats, and all the strong language and Chinese Billingsgate of our boatmen have no effect in overcoming the inertness of the obstructionists ahead of us. But the world moves, and so do the Chinese, though so slowly that their progression is hardly perceptible, and this is the case with the boats that were blocking the way.

We pass numerous memorial tablets or grave stones under square, or six-sided stone sheds or pavilions, the roofs of which are supported on stone pillars. These memorials were erected to the memory of great people, one of them being to an empress, and there are graves on both sides of it. Before dark we reach a walled city called the Shao San or 'Indigent Mountain' the foundations and lower portions of the walls of the houses being built of stone. Soon after this it gets dusk. There are a number of boats in company with us and the boatmen keep up a running fire of conversation till near midnight; what they have to talk about is a puzzle, but they manage to keep their tongues going something like nineteen to the dozen. We retire to rest as soon as the talking ceases and on waking next morning at six o'clock find we have arrived at Shao Shing or the city of 'Eternal Prosperity,' having passed Cheen Ching Chun or the 'Wealthy and Pure City' during the night, and after making out toilet, we stroll ashore.

Shao Shing is the home of branches of the American Baptist, and the Church Missionary Societies and the China Inland Mission, the latter being in charge of the Rev. Mr. Meadows, who, after the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, the director, is the oldest member of the mission. He lives in 'Lucky Chance Lane' close to the canal in which our boat is. The mission was established in 1866, and the building was once the head quarters of the Taipings, but it was unoccupied for a long time because the natives supposed the place to be haunted by the ghosts of the Taipings. On the grounds is a small hill which is mentioned in the legends of the province and is called the 'White Horse hill,' the 'White Horse temple' being close by. We do not succeed in ascertaining the history of this temple, but there is one at Kinkiang and we propose to say something about it later on.

Shao Shing is forty le round the walls and in it there are a great many bridges and shallow canals, our boat grounding several times, but the water in these canals is not very pleasant; in some it is simply filthy, though in others it is cleaner, and is sold at the rate of five cash a picul or two bucketsful. The parapets of the walls are in a very dilapidated condition, no care, apparently, having been taken in their preservation. The natives say there is enough land inside the city suitable for cultivation to supply the wants of the people during a two years' siege. The place is a very busy one, among the manufactures being brass and copper ware and samshu, Shao Shing being celebrated for these commodities. In the city of Shao Shing there is a

place called the 'Hall of the Five Hundred Worthies,' but we believe that there are not many Chinese cities which can boast of one of these temples; the five hundred represent Buddha and his disciples.

Here is a tale of rival gods at Shao Shing as told by the late Mrs. Meadows:—There lived at Shao Shing a man named Ah Kong who was an opium smoker. This individual was in the habit of going to Fong Gan, some hundred and fifty miles distant, the object of his pilgrimage being to supplicate Wu Koong or Duke Wu, and being of a practical turn of mind, he asked the idol if it were willing to take up its quarters at Shao Shing, because it was a long way for him, the devotee, to go every year. Through the divination sticks the idol gave Ah Kong to understand that it was willing to agree to the transfer, so two images were ordered, one of Wu and the other of his attendant. After this, things seemed to go wrong with Ah Kong; his son fell sick and died, and he could not find the money to pay for the images when they were finished, while the idol-maker was constantly going to him for payment.

One day Ah Kong went into an opium den and found a gentleman named Yun and a few friends smoking and he told them his troubles. Mr. Yun, having an eye to business, saw that there was a chance of making money; he therefore determined to redeem the images, but first he and his friends went to Fong Gan and again asked if Wu were willing to go to Shao Shing and the reply was in the affirmative. So they were satisfied, but having no place of their own in which to put the images, they consulted the priest of the White Horse temple and the images were placed there for the time being. In the beginning of the fourth month the worship of Duke Wu began; Mr. Yun and his friends stirred up the people and had a procession and then worshippers came in large numbers to the temple, which, however belonged to a Mr. Tong who superintended the worship and instead of giving the profits to Mr. Yun, the owner of the images, he put them in his own pocket. Then they began to spread abroad the fame of Duke Wu, saying 'This god is powerful; he can give you sons, and riches and can heal the sick; if you present your supplications to him you are sure of an answer.' In this way they deceived the people who were willing to have it so, for they came from all the villages and hamlets around, boatloads arriving as early as five o'clock in the morning. Very often the first sound we heard was that of the noisy crowds as they passed our house on their way to and from the temple. On and on, the groups came and went, speaking in loud and excited tones the praises of the idol which was so powerful. There were richly dressed ladies leaning on their attendants, good looking active women in their plainer dress; here and there a mother, who, not being able to leave her little one at home, was hurrying along with it in her arms, then an old woman bending beneath the weight of years; now a whole family might be seen, the youngest carried in front and the elder children walking two and two. Among the votaries, gentlemen in long robes came to enquire whether or not their speculations in the Manila Lottery would be successful.

In the fifth moon, the managers thought of a plan to increase the number of worshippers. They spread a report that our native pastor and some of the Christians had been struck down and then that one of our children had been killed by the idol; also that it had struck Mr. Meadows three times in the face causing him to foam at the mouth and that when I heard what had happened, I went to the temple beseeching the idol to pity me, promising if it did so that I would give a theatrical performance for a day and a night. This, however, was not enough, the Duke would not accept less than three days' performances and

that I had to submit. These reports spread rapidly through town and country and we became very notorious.

When Mr. Yun saw that Mr. Tong and his family were making such large profits, he and his friends tried to get back the images, but Mr. Tong would not give them up. The Tong family, however, knew Mr. Yun to be a man of influence, so they bribed the superintendent of police to visit the temple and worship the idols, for the purpose of inspiring Mr. Yun and his party with fear, that they might not take the gods away. Mr. Yun enlisted the help of some of the gentry, and in the commencement of the sixth moon, having hired some men of the lower class, they carried off the images by force and placed them in the temple of the Queen of Heaven. The Tong family could do nothing but stand by and watch the proceedings. The Yuns then had a notice put up saying 'The god is here,' and inviting the people to go there and worship. They spread his fame abroad and appointed men to collect money to build a new temple, and no sooner were the idols carried off than the Tong family had two more made and placed them in the temple of the White Horse; both parties put up flagstaffs and each was envious of the other; they cursed and swore and railed at each other, and contended for the worshippers as they disembarked from their chairs, so the poor worshippers were sadly perplexed by the hot contest between the parties, each claiming the idols as their rightful property. The worship went on at both temples for some time, but the Duke was disgusted at the conduct of the people in this quarter, and at the despicable place they gave him to live in. A new temple was therefore erected for him near Fu San which is in a more respectable part of the city; he is much pleased with his new abode and surroundings and intends to remain there. The worshippers at the old temple are gradually becoming fewer though on some days there is still a good number.

Chapter XXX.

Having heard a good deal about the emperor Yu, we arrange to visit his grave in the vicinity of Shao Shing, and engage two foot-boats, one for ourselves and the other for our boy and a guide. These foot-boats are mere cockleshells, and consequently easily upset. We are an hour in our boat and the experience we gain of this mode of travelling is sufficient to last us a lifetime. Yu Whong Te's grave, at least the one we visit, for there are several other places claiming the distinction of Yu's final resting place, is some seven miles distant from Shao Shing and to the south east of the city, at the foot of a hill and it takes us an hour to reach it. We pass under a bridge having seventeen span and see the ruins of a fort, also people fishing with cormorants. We find the tablet to Yu and also the temple to his honour, in the temple being an image twenty feet high, in a gorgeous robe, which is intended to represent Yu, on each side of whom are five attendants. These are reached by thirty nine steps, facetiously called by Churchmen the 'Thirty Nine Articles.'

Yu who was called 'The Great,' lived somewhere about B.C. 2,300 at which time there was still a great flood upon the earth, Kwun, Prince of Tsung, having in vain, endeavoured to free the earth of its superincumbent waters. Later on, during the reign of Shun, Yu was called to try his hand at the work and he worked so hard that in the course of nine years, after cutting a defile through the Wu San in Szechuen, his efforts in B.C. 2,279 were crowned with success and he had the satisfaction of seeing dry land again. So earnest was he in his labours that he had no time to think either of his meals or his dress, though we do not suppose that he starved himself, and he passed his own house daily without having time to go in and see his

family. Truly a most exemplary official; it is a pity there are not more like him in these modern days; what a renovation there would be in the Middle Kingdom. It is said that Yu engraved a record of his exploits on a stone tablet and deposited it upon the top of Mount Hung in the province of Hupeh. Yu afterwards became emperor and when he died, his relatives had seven graves made, in one of which he was buried, the object of so many graves being to mystify robbers who might wish to rifle the last resting place of the deceased, for immense quantities of valuables are said to have been buried with him. Wherever he may be buried, the fact remains that his descendents live in the vicinity of this grave and the present representatives trace their descent back for one hundred and forty four generations, rather putting into the shade the lineal trees of some of our so-called western 'old families.' On one side of the temple is a large stone some seven feet high and about two feet in diameter; it is somewhat pointed at the top and there is a hole in it like the eye of a needle. This is said to be the identical needle with which Yu sewed up the earth after he had drained the waters off. It is considered a lucky stone, and the Chinese try to throw things through the hole; if they succeed, they will have male progeny. It is also said that this monolith was placed where it is to keep the coffin of Yu from rising. At the top of the hill at the back of the temple is the 'Peak of the Incense Pot,' so called from its shape. It is reached by a flight of two thousand four hundred steps, but we do not care to make the experiment of trying to visit this place. There is also on the summit a temple to Kwan Ying. We only go a short way up the side of the hill; still we obtain a splendid view of the country which is thickly populated in patches and is at the time under cultivation. The fields are yellow and green, with waterways meandering through them and forming a pretty sight, while here and there are hills covered with dwarf fir trees.

Our stay at Shao Shing is limited, for we arrive in the morning and leave in the evening en route to Ningpo, our boatmen agreeing to take us on to the next town, so that Shah Yu is reached next morning at five o'clock viâ a canal, the water of which is perfectly green with stagnation, a state of affairs which does not, however, deter the natives from washing their vegetables in it. Seeing that the people are so unconcerned and careless of their health as to use such filthy water, it is not to be wondered at that there are so many women wearing mourning, for the fell destroyer had been busy in this and the districts as far as Ningpo prior to our visit. Next to Shah Yu is Shang Yu or the Lower and Upper Yu—a fabulous tiger—where, at the time of our visit, passengers have to leave their boats and walk across country for a short distance, owing to the water courses being nearly empty, there having been no rain for a long time. We soon come to the river again and are taken across to the other side, the ferry being a free one, and find men dragging loaded boats over the land for a hundred yards or so and then launching them in a canal, the object being to save going a long way round. As for ourselves, we continue our walk and pass lots of wheelbarrows, the creaking of whose wheels is enough to set one's teeth on edge for a week, but which, owing to the Chinese having no nerves to speak of, has no effect on the borrowmen. This locality is celebrated for what is known as 'Ningpo matting' though the place is a long way from Ningpo, a detail of which foreigners who purchase the matting are oblivious. After walking some distance a ting comes in sight where a halt is made for a short time and a man is sent forward to find out where a boat can be found. He soon returns with a passenger broker who leads the way to his hong where we become the centre of

attraction of a crowd of dirty children, who, apparently, have not known the purifying properties of water since their birth. Here the broker illustrates the story of the spider and the fly by enticing us into his place and then fleecing us, for when asked if a boat can be obtained, he says there is only one, the rest being all away. For this boat, he says, we must pay four dollars and a half, a charge, we know, on general principles, to be a good deal higher than it ought to be; in fact it is a squeeze on a very liberal scale, and we consequently demur at having to pay so much, but as we cannot help ourselves, submit with as good grace as possible. On proceeding to the jetty a long distance from the boat hong, we find that there are lots of boats, the crews of which are only too willing to get return fares to Ningpo, but in some way are in the power of the rapacious passenger broker. They are not allowed to make bargains for themselves so that when the boatman receives the money from us, the broker takes no less than two dollars from him and in our presence, too, which make our English blood boil up to think that the native can be such a poltroon as to allow himself to be cheated with impunity by such a harpy as the broker, though the boatman afterwards makes up for this by, in turn, squeezing two others, friends of our boy, who joined him at the jetty, and whom we allow to travel with us. We think that as we have hired the boat at such a high figure, we may as well have the benefit of it, so tell the servant he can take his friends who occupy the fore part of the boat. The boatman takes a different view of the situation and, we learn afterwards, demands a reduced rate of fare from them which they readily pay. Truly the Chinese are past masters in the art of squeezing, and will continue so till the submissive character of the nation is changed.

We notice lots of vegetable tallow trees, the seeds from which are boiled down and used for candles; it is this kind of tallow which is used in the candles burnt in the temples, for it is against the tenets of Buddhism to take animal life and therefore animal fat cannot be made use of for any purpose in connection with the religious services of the Buddhists.

Chapter XXXI.

At two o'clock the first lock on the canal is reached, and it proves to be a solid affair, built of stone over which the boats are drawn by men who pull them up by the aid of a couple of very primitive capstans. The water on the upper side of the lock is some fifteen feet higher than on the lower side and the lock slopes at an angle of forty five degrees. Some twenty or more men are employed to get the boats over and they yell and shout like demons are supposed to do when they are excited. A rope made of bamboo about two inches thick is passed round the stern of the boat and the ends are made fast to the capstans, one on each side of the lock. Each capstan consists of a log some twelve inches in diamater, one end supported in a stone socket at the bottom and the other fitting into framework on top. About three feet from the ground, holes are cut through the log and rough branches of trees inserted in this spindle and used as levers. In our case, there is very little exertion required to haul the boat over as it is not a very large one, but we take the precaution of getting out before the performance commences as we do not know what may happen. The motion down the slide is very rapid, but our boatmen are ready and as the craft touches the water, one of them springs to the bow with a long pole, while the man in the stern gets out his scull and so they steer the boat clear of the rest, and then stop some hundred feet below the lock. Boats have to pay eighty cash to be hauled over and our boatmen ask us to pay the amount for them, but we do not. They say it is the

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Confucian Temple Frontage, Kading.

prodigies ; either they are too stupid to remember such things or too civilized to place any faith in them. We soon approach some stone quarries in the side of a hill which, from a distance, present a most weird appearance, for in places where the stone has been cut the rain has run down and blackened it. One quarry has the appearance of a burnt-out village with the fire suddenly extinguished, leaving the charred trees and timbers of the houses standing. It is now near seven o'clock, and as there is very little daylight left we cannot see any distance, so retire to our cabin, besides the dew is falling like small rain and would soon wet us through to the skin.

Next morning we reach Ningpo, the distance from Shao Shing being one hundred and ten miles by boat. Ningpo, or 'The Tranquil Waves,' is situated a few miles from the coast and in the vicinity are the health resorts of Pootoo, Teendong and Snowy Valley. Ningpo has the reputation of being a veritable 'Sleepy Hollow,' but the residents exist somehow and thrive on it, for some of them have spent the greater portion of their lives in it and enjoy good health ; they are away from the moil and turmoil of such places as Shanghai and the other commercial centres. So far as the trade of the place is concerned, Ningpo has gone back considerably, and is now only the shadow of its former self. In former days the river on which the town stands, was crowded with shipping and was then something like what Shanghai is now. At present the foreign trade is represented by one steamer a day from Shanghai with an occasional visit by a sailing vessel or outside steamer. The main street of the Canpo or foreign settlement is rather narrow in some parts, in fact, it is uncomfortably narrow, but we get used to it as we proceed. We notice that there are more barbers' shops than there are any others confined to one business. All over China barbers are debarred from holding official rank and going up to the examinations, and it is only after three generations that their descendants may hold office.

The 'Hupao' tells the following story of a quick-witted barber who got out of a scrape through his inventive genius. He lived at Woosung and while shaving an old gentleman, accidentally removed one of his customer's eyebrows. Of course, the barber was in a terrible fright, but collecting his wits, thus accosted the old gentleman 'Ah, Sir, I was thinking of the trouble and loss I had to endure yesterday through an accident I met with in shaving a hot-tempered military officer, for I had the bad luck to sweep away one of his eyebrows which curved down each side as symmetrically as the character for eight. Being proud of his personal appearance, he flew into a furious passion at the disfigurement, and would have beaten me to death, I believe, had not the people in the shop interceded for me. Before I got out of the tiger's jaws, it cost me a pretty penny, for besides the humiliation of a public 'kowtow' and an abject pleading for pardon, I had the expense of a band of music and no end of fire crackers.' 'Dear me, what a fuss to make about such a trifle, an accident that might happen to anybody' said the old gentleman. 'Indeed, Sir' said the barber, 'what would you have done in his place?' 'Why, I should have told the barber to be more careful and there the matter would end.' The barber then fetched a mirror and holding it before the good-natured old gentleman, informed him of the mishap which had befallen him.

'Four horses cannot draw back a word once uttered,' says the proverb, and the gentleman had committed himself too far to be angry, and had to join in the roar of laughter that went round the shop.

We notice a shopkeeper who is evidently an enemy to 'cold water principles;' he is not a publican, but he sells liquor without a licence and appears to be doing a very thriving business as there is a continual stream of peo-

ple, men, women and children, young and old, making purchases, not of liquor alone, but of various commodities, such as vinegar, sauce, pickles, etc. Some of the stuff looks like linseed meal poultices, and another condiment has the complexion of tar, though it does not smell so good. Rumour has it that the sauce is made from cockroaches, but this is a mistake, and as we are in the secret of its composition we can vouch for the truth of the statement that it is made from beans. The prices of the articles vary from three cash upwards, no payment that we witness amounting to over thirty cash or nearly three cents, the shopman appearing to go on the principle of small profits, quick returns. We observe, however, that some of the customers are so far advanced in civilization as to get their goods on credit. The Chinese are supposed to be abstemious in drinking; we are of the same opinion, but while we are looking around us, an old lady visits the shop no less than three times and each time with a bottle in her hand. True, she may only be a servant, so we take a charitable view and come to the conclusion that she is obtaining liquor for a party and not for herself. We leave, and on turning round find a blacksmith has been at 'chin chin joss' by burning paper sycee in a foreign frying pan! A fruit shop and a fish shop next appear in view; at the former the fruit is arranged on terraces or shelves, while at the latter, fish are swimming about in tubs the water in which is kept aerated by water continually dropping upon it from a slight elevation. Proceeding, we pass the police station which is in charge of Major Watson, who fought for the Imperialists against the Taipings. We are shown the superintendent's office and the charge room, also the cells, and then we are taken to see the fire engine, which, we learn, is not often used, there being happily few fires in Ningpo.

We wend our way through street vendors of bamboo shoots, which the Chinese cook very tastily, itinerant fishmongers, travelling coopers and others plying their various callings, for all are busy. A church called Christ Church arrests our attention and we go in; the building is small, but quite large enough for the requirements of the Protestant community and will seat about sixty people. Further on the road, there is another place or worship, namely the Roman Catholic church, with the residence of the vicar apostolic of Chekiang. We next see some guns which might have been manufactured in the year one, for they are so rusty and do not appear to have been mounted for a long time. Near by is a doctor's shop where is exposed for sale a pair of baboon's paws, and grazing close at hand are two donkeys, the property of the doctor. We are barked at by a number of mangy dogs and finding some stones handy have a fling at them, but a Chinese 'wonk' makes good use of its eyes and directly it sees a person stoop down it makes good use of its legs also. At the bridge of boats, a short distance ahead, we observe boatloads of women who are going to worship the God of Thunder whose birthday is on the 24th day of the 6th moon. This bridge of boats is over the river which separates the foreign settlement from the city, although one has to walk some distance after crossing the bridge to get into the city. As is usual on the outskirts of native towns, we find earthenware water jars piled up for sale. Next we descry fish and look into a shop where delicacies in the way of fish —fresh, salted, pickled, cuttlefish, crabs and slimy eels, all alive, oh! are exposed for sale. There are various other shops, but the surroundings are not of a nature to tempt one to linger in this locality, besides one gets hustled about for there is an immense amount of traffic and the streets are very narrow, so we move on and this brings us to the city itself and we pass through one of the gates and find the wall about thirty feet thick at the base, tapering to about twenty at the top. There is

another gate to go through before one gets into the city proper. A woman comes hobbling along; she has a bundle in one hand and a long handled umbrella in the other; she is a 'go-between' and we learn that there are many more like her in the city, that they all form a distinct clan from the rest of the Chinese; further that they are descended from a certain emperor,—how are the mighty fallen—live in a part of the city by themselves and are not allowed to inter-marry with those outside their clan. On proceeding, we find that a number of shops sell foreign goods, such as knives, matches, photographs, tumblers, looking-glasses, pictures, clocks and lamps. Skirting the bank of one of the canals a temple is reached, and as the gates are open, we enter and find numbers of images before us and horrid looking images most of them are, too. To our left are many small figures, representing people in Heaven and in the other place, with an intermediate lot who are going through a purifying process. The lowest place is not Heaven, neither is it the intermediate place, and we see in it representations of the most awful and sickening punishments which ought to make the materialist Chinaman good for ever, after once seeing them. There are illustrations of wicked people being sawn asunder, split in two, squeezed between beams, devoured by wild beasts, some flayed, others roasted alive, pounded in a mortar, decapitated, made a pin cushion of, thrown into a lake of blood, thrown upon a mountain of sharp knives, having the tongue cut out, the fingers cut off, the limbs dislocated and hung on trees, and other terrible tortures.

Chapter XXXII.

In another temple men are busily engaged spinning silk, silkworms being called 'heavenly darlings,' while others are working at various trades, making bedsteads, for instance, and the old women of the locality are gossiping in a corner. We cannot but admire the rapidly with which the silk is twisted, but at the same time think a temple ought not to be used for such secular purposes, but workers, players, sightseers and those who have nothing to do all congregate in the yards of temples, which consequently usually present a busy appearance. At the next temple a theatrical performance is being given and were it not that we have been many years in China, we should be surprised at what would, to a newcomer, be a desecration, but the courtyard of a temple is usually the only place where theatricals can be held in a Chinese town, and the various plays are frequently given as a reward to the gods inside the temple, the platform being erected at the end of the yard and facing the front entrance of the temple so that the gods can see the acting. At Shanghai and some other places, there are regular theatres, and the people flock from all parts to see them.

Turning a corner we suddenly come upon a crowd of people standing on the bank of a creek, and find that half an hour previously a man had been drowned, he having walked into the water with all his clothes on, for the purpose of committing suicide. In the water we see a tub in which are lighted candles and some joss paper which are intended for the use of the dead man's spirit in its wanderings in the world below.

Hearing firing we proceed to the parade ground where a review is being held. In this review, spearmen, bannerman, the 'tiger' brigade, the matchlock and gingal corps, a long Enfield company and a few cavalry take part. The commanding officer occupies a building at one end of the ground, and on each side of him stand inferior officers, the background being taken up by soldiers bearing weapons which look very much like pitch forks and choppers stuck on poles. The subordinates never move the whole time; they might be taken for images, they seem so wholly

lifeless. At the other end of the parade ground and to the left of the taotai's position are two towers, one representing a fortified city, the other being the point from which all the manœuvres are directed. On the opposite side is a structure of bamboo and cloth painted to represent the city the troops live in, and from out of the gates of this impromptu city stream forth about eight hundred horsemen, spear, billhook, matchlock, and bannermen, besides a number of 'tiger' men. The commands are given by beat of drum and the sweet melodious gong, accompanied by a musical instrument of torture, which when blown, sounds very much like the enchanting strains of the dulcet bagpipes. There is marching and countermarching, when the gong, etc. give the signal 'matchlocks to the front.' In front of them are a number of men with flags and when the gong sounds, they waive their flags and the others fire, which they do very well, and there is no straggling. There are about fifty or sixty tiger men who are next called upon to exercise their agility, and they obtain their name from the fact of their being dressed to imitate tigers, tails and all. Their weapons include short swords and shields, the latter painted to represent the denizen of the jungle. No doubt it was originally intended that this arm of the service should strike terror into the minds of the uninitiated, but on this occasion the reverse is the result. They go through a good deal of posturing and yelling and brandishing of swords and shields, under cover of which the hook, bill, knife and fork men assemble, and then advance to charge an invisible enemy which they are supposed to scatter to the wind. Of course, they, too, do a lot of screeching and flying about, the sound they make being 'yah-ah-ah-ah.'

Then they retire and their places are taken by the matchlock men, who again open fire, and under cover of the smoke, the cavalry make a sortie and then scamper off to the rear. They have very shaggy looking ponies, with long tails and manes, for the Chinaman does not groom his pony. The animal's hair is given it by Nature, and when Nature requires it, the hair will change; it is therefore presumption on man's part to interfere. The saddle used weighs, with the trappings, something like twenty pounds and is a very clumsy piece of furniture. Several of the manœuvres having been repeated, the camp is formed and the tents pitched in an incredibly short time. Next the order is given to advance in companies, each firing or supporting the other till the whole are close up in front of the tetai or commander-in-chief; then they retire, advance and hold a tournament. Now comes the tug of, not exactly war, but agility, and various combats are engaged in between spear and spear, knife and fork, chopper and club, sword and spear, the victor in each case being theoretically killed by his succeeding opponent. After many such deadly passages of arms they all retire within the city of cloth.

The next part of the programme consists of the performances of about two hundred and fifty men who are armed with Enfield smoothbores and they go through their evolutions to words of command in English. They certainly do their instructors credit, for all that is required of them is done with remarkable precision. True, the words of command are not always distinct; for instance, 'che-arge,' 'leady,' 'feyravollay' 'light.' The ramrods are wanting to these guns, and we are beginning to wonder how the charge is to be rammed home when the order to load is given, then we see how it is done; the soldier after dropping the powder down the barrel, taps the gun on the ground which causes the powder to settle down.

After the foreign portion of the review, come the siege and capture of the tower which represents the fortified city. A number of soldiers with guns and a big ladder are drawn up in

front of it, and while some fire their weapons, the rest scale the wall. The scaling party are furnished with some kind of combustible stuff which emits a great deal of smoke, it being supposed that by this ruse the defenders will not be able to see them while climbing up. Of course, the defenders are defeated and what purports to be their heads and queues are seen flying gracefully through the air, but a shower coming on at the time, the vanquished and victors suddenly retire. When the weather has cleared up, the gingal men are ordered out to the number of about five hundred, including their banner bearers. Their gingals are about eight feet long, the ordinary charge of powder four ounces, and it takes two men to manipulate the weapon, for one holds it on his shoulder while the other applies the match. There is very little recoil from these guns, for the charge is not rammed down, neither is the report loud. A few evolutions, such as marching in single file, forming circles, firing and retreating are shown, and afterwards there is another tournament when deeds of valour are mimiced.

These reviews cost money which somebody has to pay, for presents are made to the military to the tune of about five thousand taels, part of the gifts being in sycee and copper cash, the remainder in satin pieces, medals, buttons, fans, beads, and ornaments for officers' uniforms. Fancy a scarred British veteran being presented with a fan on the parade ground as a token of the good-will of his sovereign!

The most prominent object in Ningpo is the pagoda; it is called 'the Heaven Conferred,' and is said to have been built in the seventh century. It is one hundred and sixty feet high and has seven stories, but it looks as if it were not standing straight upright, and has a very dilapidated appearance. It is said that there was once a gallery round it, but that this was burnt; and the story runs that a dragon lived in the pagoda, satisfying its daily wants by feeding on two men a day. Of course, the supply of human flesh in time became scarce, and one day the dragon had to go without its meal which so enraged it that it flew away, but before doing so spat upon the pagoda which was instantly in flames. Inside are steps up to the top to the number of a hundred and forty eight and we are followed to the upper floor by some Chinese who wish to look through our binoculars, but as the glasses are not focussed for their sight and they do not know how to use them, for they look through the wrong end, they utter exclamations of surprise at the apparent distance of actually close objects.

The ascent and descent of the steps of the Ningpo pagoda is rather a tiring operation and our limbs appear as if they do not wish to go any further, but there is no help for it, and we walk away as if we enjoyed it.

At Nanking, on the Yangtze, there is a porcelain pagoda and it met a fate somewhat similar to that which befel the Ningpo pagoda. It seems the Thunder God was out on the war path and in quest of a monster which took refuge in the pagoda, so to get it out, he knocked down three of the nine stories of the building. Perhaps the true story is that the pagoda was struck by lightning.

Chapter XXXIII.

As we have several times referred to the God of Thunder we may as well say something more about him.

We have before us a couple of Chinese pictures which are supposed to represent two of the attendants of the Thunder God. We say 'supposed,' for we feel certain that no such personages ever existed; if they did, they must have been very different from what the pictures represent them. The Thunder God presides over a court of the gods, and his suite consists of twenty four personages who carry out his judgments. One of the pictures in question represents an individual of the

Yah Foy's Grave, p. 84.

Yah Foy's Grave, p. 84.

habitations, however, were 'like angels' visits, few and far between,' so far, in fact, that Wong had only seen one since early morning. He accordingly mended his pace, and had the good fortune, as he thought, to see a house right in front of him. True, it was not much of a place; it was a mere hovel with mud walls and a thatch roof, but on the principle of 'any port in a storm,' the old man's heart rejoiced, and stopping in front of what appeared to be the door, he knocked for admittance. At first there was no reply, but after a time, a voice in frightened tones asked him what he wanted. He replied that he was belated, and wanted shelter for the night. Then the door was opened and a woman admitted him and with the usual curiosity of her sex which caused Eve to eat the apple in the Garden of Eden—to find out how it tasted—asked the man all about himself. Now, it is usual when a Chinaman tells a story, we mean a tale—to commence again from the beginning, as the reader will know for himself, if he has ever listened to a Chinese story-teller, so that at every stage where a fresh interlocutor comes on, the whole story is repeated. For the sake of shortness, we will just say that Wong told the woman what we have already repeated to the reader.

Having finished his narrative, and stated that he was hungry, the woman gave him something to eat, and while Wong was 'satisfying the keen demands of appetite,' two men came in. Anyone possessed with an ordinary pair of eyes could see at a glance that the new comers were villains, and heavy villains at that. The old man was rather frightened but dissembled his fears and entered into conversation with the ruffians, who appeared to be unconcerned at his presence and paid but little attention to him. The old man gave them some money to purchase wine with, and they left with the ostensible purpose of buying it. Before leaving, however, they called the woman aside and whispering in her ear, told her to keep the old man in talk and said they would return at midnight and kill him for his money. The woman did not lose her presence of mind, but said she would do as they wished, and after they had gone, she told Wong that the two men who had just left were robbers and would return and take his life. She said the only way he could escape would be for him to break a hole in the back wall of the hut and then hasten away as fast as his limbs would carry him to a place of safety. He immediately did so, and by midnight was a long distance off, but was unable to find any habitation of the living, so he contented himself with that of the dead, for he found a grave, and crept into it, hoping to remain there 'till daylight did appear.' In the meanwhile, the robbers returned to the hut, and not finding Wong, they asked the woman what had become of him. She replied that he had retired to rest some time previously, and if they would go in there (pointing to the kitchen) they would find him. As the reader knows, Wong had flown, and the ruffians were very angry, but they consoled themselves with the thought that he was not altogether out of their clutches, for, as it had been snowing heavily, they 'could trace his little footsteps in the snow.' Accordingly they started in pursuit and traced the old man to his hiding place. Then they halted and held a consultation. Wong heard them planning his murder and he trembled, when all of a sudden their voices were hushed. He remained in hiding still, and dared not 'go home till morning,' when he heard other voices, so he mustered up sufficient courage to show himself, and then he saw two bodies close by, which he recognized as those of his late pursuers. They were side by side and quite dead. On making an examination of the corpses it was found that the God of Thunder's attendant had struck them with his nail and killed them for their wickedness. Of

course, the verdict of an enlightened British jury would be given in different phraseology, though the meaning would be to some extent the same. A strange circumstance in connection with the case was the fact that Wong heard no loud noise at the time the robbers' voices were hushed, but people living at a distance, said they heard a most terrific peal of thunder and it must have been then that the robbers died. Wong was grateful to the woman who had warned him, took her home and provided for her for the rest of her life.

Chapter XXXIV.

Proceeding on our rambles a peculiar kind of noise is soon heard; and it comes from a house in which a man is busily engaged making satin, and the clanking is caused by the various movements of the primitive hand loom. It is slow work and having watched the weaver for about five minutes, we are agreeably, or otherwise, surprised to find ourselves the centre of attraction of a crowd of the great unwashed; so we make tracks, especially as we see a number of loathsome looking beggars making for us. Whir-r, whir-r, whir-r goes the worker in jadestone with his turning and cutting lathe. The jadestone used is of the commonest kind, so that it is possible to purchase an ornament, for instance a pair of earrings, for a few cash, whereas the best jadestone is very valuable, a thumb ring costing something like three hundred taels. Passing on, Grace Church is reached; it belongs to the Church Missionary Society and seats between two and three hundred people. It has a high roof and is intended for the use of the Chinese converts. There is also a chapel belonging to the Presbyterian Mission, but as it is getting late, we do not enter it. We go up one street and down another and pass a bird fancier's, bow and arrow shops, an umbrella maker's, coffin shops with a number of 'longevity boards,' or coffins, exposed for sale, metal workers, basket shops and chopstick manufactories and many others, till we come to the taotai's yamen, outside of which a few reprobates are paying the penalty of allowing themselves to fall into the clutches of the law. Some soldiers, who are standing about, are armed with foreign guns, while their ponies have bells round their necks and awkward looking saddles on their backs. Still we go on and pass the small parade ground, a few canals, some cultivated land, till the city wall and gate are reached, outside of which is the ferry, so paying four cash each we are 'rowed'—not exactly though, as the boatman has only one oar, and that is a scull—'o'er the ferry' which brings us into the foreign settlement again. To our left is the chapel which belongs to the Presbyterian Mission and the next place is a Roman Catholic foundling home. There is a niche in the wall where mothers put their children when they cannot support them. The inmates of the home then open a door and take in the waif.

Ningpo is the centre of the cuttlefish industry and during spring, thousands of boats go out to the Chusan Archipelago to catch cuttlefish, so that upwards of forty thousand people belonging to Ningpo find employment at that time of the year. Before they proceed to sea their boats are painted and made bright and clean and the fishermen 'chin chin' the gods. Each boat is provided with a red and white flag, and every man helps his neighbour in launching his boat, receiving at the same time small round cakes by way of refreshments.

Having thus taken a rapid glance of Ningpo, we go on board the *Kiangteen* which runs between Ningpo and Shanghai, and proceed down the river in her, passing a number of ice houses and lime kilns on the banks. At the mouth of the river stands Chinhae where there is a city and a hill. On this hill is a fine monastery which is much resorted to by the natives of Ningpo when on pleasure bent, for the

place is very suitable for picnics though somewhat difficult to reach, for there are supposed to be three hundred and sixty steps on the hill side, that is one for each day of the Chinese year, which have to be mounted before the retreat is reached. From the top of the hill one gets a fine view seaward where the Tiger Island and Square Island lighthouses can be seen. Chinhae was the scene of some of the operations of the French during the troubles between China and France in 1885. The French fleet had come up with the Chinese ships, upon which the Chinese admiral, thinking discretion the better part of valour, signalled to his captains to proceed to Chinhae which they did, the last captain being so anxious to show a clean pair of heels to the Frenchmen, that he ran his vessel on top of the barrier which had been erected to keep out the French. When the French admiral came in sight of Chinhae, he found his birds had flown, but an interchange of courtesies in the shape of shot and shell followed at long range which did no harm to either party.

Of course we have a yarn with Captain Pratt, the well-known commander of the steamer; he informs us that we may expect bad weather and he is right, for the vessel rolls about a good deal during the night, at least so we are told in the morning, for our sleep was of the soundest, our motto being when you do a thing do it well. We pass the Tungsha light-vessel in the distance and the Kiutoan light-vessel. Arriving at Woosung we see the forts, the harbour master's station, with its flagstaff and semaphore signals denoting the state of the tide and depth of water on the bar, and the telegraph station next door. We cross the Woosung bar, the 'Heaven sent Barrier' as some of the Chinese officials used to call it, then we see Gough island in the middle of the river, which is gradually growing in size, the dynamite godowns, Farnham's lower dock, 'the Point,' cotton mills, the Yangtse-poo police station, silk and waste silk filatures, cotton ginning mills, the oil tanks, the Eastern Wharves, the New Dock, Associated Wharves, Pootung, the Waterworks, cotton spinning mills, paper mills, Birt's hide curing and pressing establishment, the Old Ningpo Wharf, China Merchant's Lower Wharf, Associated Wharves, the Old Dock, Boyd's Yard, the Seamen's cemetery and church, the China Merchant's Central, Heard's and the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Wharves, the Japanese and German Consulates and the mouth of the Soochow Creek from which we started some days ago.

The steamer is rather late in reaching Shanghai owing to the aforesaid weather, so that she does not get alongside the pontoon at Kin-lee-yuen wharf till ten o'clock, where Mr. Frank Lee, the wharfinger, soon makes the steamer fast. Before stepping ashore we say 'good bye' to the captain, and now say the same to our readers for the present, trusting that the narration of our adventures and what we saw and heard has been interesting to them.

SHANGHAI TO LE YANG

VIA

SOOCHOW AND THE TAH HU.

CHAPTER I.

Our second tour extends over three weeks during which we cover a distance of more than five hundred miles, proceeding inland by boat two hundred miles, having decided, as many people in the United States do, to go west. Our boat is named after that misguided youth who essayed to fly, but came to grief through the wax in his wings melting. The craft is nicely fitted up, there being accommodation, with bunks, drawers and other fixings, for three persons in the cabin, with plenty of room to spare. We have with us a Chinese chef d'cuisine who speaks French like a (Chinese) native and cooks like a Soyer, a 'boy,' and a crew of eight natives, rather a large number of hands, but they are necessary, as we intend travelling night and day, for the journey is partly on business and partly on pleasure, that is our friend does the former, while we are only on the latter intent.

We start at six o'clock on an evening in May and leaving the Garden bridge, proceed up the Soochow Creek passing on the way the Conservatory on the left and the Mercantile Marine Officers' Association on the right its tall flagstaff being typical of its flourishing condition, for it has a large membership. Then there are the British consulate, Union church and in front of it the lower boat house belonging to the Shanghai Rowing Club, the Lyceum theatre, the public garden for the Chinese, the Shanghai General Hospital, and the water tower. We pass under the Honan Road bridge and on the right bank stands the Tien How Koong or 'palace of the Queen of Heaven,' whom we have referred to elsewhere. The palace or temple stands on what was once the terminus of the Woosung railway which was opened in December 1876, but which owing to the emperor having had a dream that a centipede was crawling over his hand, the centipede being according to the imperil astrologers the Woosung railway, the Chinese authorities persuaded Sir Thomas Francis Wade, the then British minister to Peking, to shut up, the plant and rolling stock being purchased by the Chinese. The latter promptly transferred their acquisition to Formosa and dumped it in the water where it remained till Le Hung Chang induced the emperor to have it taken to Tientsin and put down there, the reason given by the viceroy being that it would be useful to facilitate the movements of troops during the then Franco-Chinese trouble. Since that time the emperor has discovered that the centipede did not represent the railway and imperial decrees have been issued from time to time on the subject of a railway system. It is worthy of note that the Chinese call railways the 'iron horse road,' at least, they do at Shanghai.

Beyond the temple of the Queen of Heaven are numerous steam launches for towing pas-

senger boats inland, also stern-wheel manumotive passenger boats, the latter having been introduced prior to the steam launches as the officials had forbidden the employment of the 'puffing billies' on the inland waters. The manu-motive boats are propelled by men stepping on treadles, and they go about four miles an hour. One would think that these boats would not pay to run them for they have a crew of twenty six, but they do. Then come lots of passenger and pleasure boats and official barges. Further up the creek are the Ice Works, silk filatures, a rice cleaning company which employs steam power and American machines, the British gaol which was also originally intended as a place of safety for Shanghai residents in the event of a riot, but is now occupied by the gaoler and his assistant and a few transient prisoners who receive free board and lodging at Her Majesty's hotel in consequence of their refusal to work on board ship, break their leave, or fall into the hands of the police through drink, but there are rarely any prisoners who have committed serious crimes. The most celebrated in recent times was the would-be liberator of China, Mr. Charles Henry Allen Welch Mason, formerly an assistant in the Customs, whom the British government allowed to cool his heels within its precincts, and who was afterwards deported. There are also cotton cleaning works, one of the Hongkew boundary stones, the Gas Works, Acid Works and a match factory.

We have passed under several bridges on our way up and the last one is a drawbridge, and now come to the upper boat house where the spring and autumn regattas are held, and where at this time of the year the rowing men practice for the events, the spring regatta coming off three days hence. The weather is very pleasant, the barometer registering 29.75, and the thermometer 73; there is a rattling breeze and the tide is flood. Up goes the sail and we are soon scudding along with a still freshening breeze, and Shanghai with all its noise and bustle is quickly left behind. What a relief; we have not heard such quietness, as the ill-used and much abused Irishman would say, for a long time. 'Get out of my north east course,' or words to that effect, is bawled out by the look-out man in the bow of the boat, as a lumbering straw laden craft comes leisurely dropping down the stream. There are more of them behind and they are steered by a very ingenious contrivance, for the ordinary means of steering from the deck is impossible as the straw is some six feet high, and the helmsman cannot see over it. The difficulty is got over by a pole being tied to the outer edge of the rudder, and then fastened to the rudder shaft at the top. This tiller reaches to the top of the straw where the steerer is seated so that he can see how to manœuvre his boat. These straw boats take up a great deal of room with the cargo projecting a couple of feet on either side, so that where the creeks are narrow and the water low, it is with the greatest difficulty that they can be passed.

The banks of the creek are mostly verdant with growing crops of wheat, while on other places which are bare, the Chinese labourers are preparing the ground for the planting of indigo. Unwieldy looking buffaloes are lazily feeding on the banks, saucy black crows with their cousins, the 'parson' crows, are busily intent picking up worms which have unfortunately for themselves, strayed from home, and chattering magpies are flying about in great excitement, as is their wont. These birds are looked upon as birds of good omen, so that when they build their nests in the tops of the venetian poles to be found in front of most yamens, the mandarins can point to them as a proof of the benevolent sway of the officials. The sun is now receding behind the golden tinted clouds and nature is sinking to rest; all is still, except for the water rippling against

the sides of our boat. As the shades of evening fall, those emblems or darkness, bats, are seen flying across the creek from north to south. Bats are emblematic of happiness, the sound of the two words being identical. A family boat passes down, and the occupants have a peep at us, so we return the compliment, noticing that the head of the family has a moustache which would rejoice the heart of a dragoon guard. Here we come across one of the signs that China is waking up to the needs of the times and is advancing towards that state of civilization that foreigners would wish her to attain, when all the conservatism, old fogyism and feng-shui shall have been relegated to the lumber rooms of the past, and when useful knowledge shall have replaced the crude platitudes which form the themes for the students at the literary examinations. Here we see the telegraph which runs along the north bank of the creek from Shanghai to Soochow and thence through all its ramifications north and south of China. Four lines skirt the creek to Soochow, and leaving the city, three lines continue along the Grand Canal.

Chapter II.

We reach Jessfield which is twenty-four le from Shanghai and is the property of the American Episcopal Mission, and the site of St. John's College where the Chinese pupils publish a newspaper in English, and we notice a strange sight on the opposite side of the creek, namely a Chinese grave mound surmounted by a stone cross, the grave being in an enclosure which we learn is a cemetery for Christian natives belonging to the Mission. The next place is Tsu Tah Yah Miao, a temple dedicated to a worthy who in ancient times was deputed to keep the creek sufficiently deep to allow of the passage of boats. His brother officials accused him of misappropriating the funds placed at his disposal for this purpose, and he died of grief, rather a difficult disease for a mandarin to die of in these days, but after death his character was vindicated and he was deified. Another version is that he was drowned in the creek through an inrush of water. At the present day, there is a lekin station in the vicinity, and as we approached this place on one of our trips we noticed that there were a great many boats laden with merchandise, so that when we came up to them, we found the creek, then low water, was completely blocked for a long distance, which necessitated our waiting till the tide had risen somewhat, before we could pass. The runners wanted us to stop, but on being told there were foreigners on board, they did not detain us. Our boat got on top the floating barrier which is stretched across at night and fastened by a chain, but sometimes only a piece of old rope is used to tie up the barrier, which consists usually of two or three lengths of Foochow poles with spikes through them. The reason there were so many boats below the barrier was because the lekin offices allow their customers, the owners of the cargoes, to pass their goods free on one or two days at the end or beginning of the year, and where this practice does not exist, the mandarins permit the goods to go through at a reduced tariff. This explains why there were so many boats waiting, for the morrow was exemption day.

We meet a number of men out in boats digging mud from the bottom of the creek to be used as a fertilizer for the adjacent country. The boats now begin to be plentiful, some sailing the same way as ourselves, while others are being laboriously tracked in the opposite direction. Tracking boats reminds us of the story we heard of a lorcha captain on the Yangtze. He told us that he once picked up a Chinaman trudging along the bank, and charged him a dollar for a passage to the next port. The captain sent the crew on shore

to track the lorcha and with the men went the passenger, who being a verdant countryman, did not see the joke thus played upon him for he could have walked the distance himself and thus saved his dollar.

The next place reached is Poh Sing Chin or the 'North Gold Star' village. Here there are temples to Kwan Te and Lew. The latter was a mandarin during the Taiping rebellion and after death was deified in recent years for his services. His image is in native dress with an official hat on its head. There is also a good sized cotton seed oil mill, but at the time of our visit it is inoperative, and the buffaloes are chewing the cud of content in their stalls, to which they are fastened by brass rings in their noses. Next we come to Chang Kah Moh Hong, the 'Wood Yard of the Chang Family,' and beyond it is Yah Che Tun or 'Wild Fowl (pheasant) Mound,' which has a history in the superstitions of the past, and is celebrated all over China. In olden times, according to the legend, this mound was covered with a bamboo grove and became noted because a black hen is said to have laid sixteen eggs which she hatched out, the result being eight chickens and eight wild fowl or pheasants. A temple used to stand in the vicinity, but both it and the bamboo grove have long since disappeared. This is the legend, but as a matter of fact, the mound is simply the grave of a woman named Yu Che, a name afterwards confounded with Yah Che.

The story of Yu Che is as follows. Seang and Lew contended for the empire, two centuries before Christ, the first being a strong man noted for his bravery and he was the idol of the Hunanese, and the natives of Hupeh, Kiangsu and Chekiang, while Lew, who afterwards became the first emperor of the Han dynasty, had many adherents on the north side of the Yangtze. These two at first combined and having overcome all opponents, fell out among themselves, which ended in craft and deceit triumphing over bravery and heroic conduct. Yu Che was the wife of Seang, the unsuccessful candidate. One night, Seang, while encamped near where the mound now is, awoke to find that silence reigned supreme. He had retired to rest with his army, including some eight thousand Hunanese, but surrounded by the enemy, who in the stillness of the night played on flutes the music dear to Seang's men, and this made them homesick, the consequence being that they slunk away, leaving only the Hunanese. At daybreak the battle was renewed, and the Hunanese fell to a man but before this, Seang told Yu Che that he must leave her, though she need not fear for as she was so handsome, (Yu Che means 'handsome') she would fall into Lew's hands and he would make her his wife. She objected to this and asked to be allowed to put on male attire and follow Seang and then she borrowed his two edged sword and cut her throat. Seang, overcome with grief at the loss of his men and his wife and seeing no hope of retrieving his fortunes, also committed suicide to save himself the disgrace of being dragged before Lew who at one time was his subordinate general. The mound is supposed to have been erected over Yu Che's remains, but by whom we have not been able to ascertain.

Branching off to the right we enter the Kong Jao creek, named after a village and bridge on it, which takes us to Nay Ze-ang some twelve le distant from Yah Che Tun. There is not much to be said about this creek beyond that it is very crooked, the banks high in most places and at the time of our visit a mass of verdure. There is a picturesque salt station on the right bank and a red temple on the left with some tall trees here and there. Owing to the tortuous windings of the creek there are numerous stone towing posts which help materially to wear out the towlines, through rubbing against them. We come to a small village and stop to look in at the village

"The Thunder Peak Pagoda," p. 85.

sentence of which intimates that 'Man's moral nature was originally good.'

Over the Nay Zeang creek there are four single arched bridges, and some of the Nay Zeang houses, which abut or overhang it, are supported in the flimsiest manner, and look as if they would come down at a moment's notice.

On the way to Kah Ding, what with the ripening grain, green vegetation, trees and hamlets, the scenery is very picturesque. We see a native fishing in a peculiar style, for he is in a tiny boat, and his fishing outfit consists of a bottomless basket which he drops over a fish directly he sees one in the water. This requires a good deal of skill, for if he is not very careful he is liable to fall into the water, but constant practice has enabled him to so balance himself that no such contretemps happens. We pass under the Te Ung or 'Heavenly Goodness' and the 'Long Excellence' bridges, the latter at the village of Moh Lu, the first being three-arched. Two other bridges are also passed, but they are composed of stone slabs laid across pillars in the water, and we see lots of boats laden with empty kerosene tins and cases, on their way to Shanghai for sale.

Chapter III.

We reach Kah Ding or the 'Settled Excellence' in three hours after leaving Nay Zeang, and find the suburbs occupied by boat builders, the crafts being in all stages of construction, and leaving our boat outside the south water gate, go for a ramble inside the city, following the main street till we come to a square seven storied pagoda in ruins, with a priest in a small building monotonously beating a 'mo yu,' and a nun counting her beads. There is nothing much to be seen here, so we proceed on to the wall on the west side. From this coign of vantage we can look across the town and find that there are very few houses, the remainder of the enclosure being under cultivation. The walls have been newly repaired, but there is a three storied ting on the wall with only a portion of the sides and roof left. A buffalo resents our intrusion, but as we are on the wall, and it is not, we can afford to take no notice of this overgrown horned pig.

Just a word here about the mo yu or 'wooden fish.' This is no more like a fish than it is like a mule, but imagination goes a long way with some people. However, all Buddhist temples have them to remind the worshippers that when Fah Shien brought the Buddhist classic from India he arrived at a river which he could not cross till a fish came to his assistance and took him over the water on its head, the mo yu being intended to represent the fish's head. In some monasteries a wooden fish is suspended horizontally as a similar reminder.

Further on, we come to a temple dedicated to Su, the 'Prince of the Southern Confines,' but he has his wife sitting on his left, instead of on his right, which is accounted for from the fact that the princess has been more highly honoured by the emperor who deified the pair. Close to this temple is the south water gate, for a canal runs right through the city, and it has recently been repaired. A short distance from our boat there is a cotton ginning factory with some forty Japanese machines at work removing the seeds from the cotton, the employes, of course, being Chinese.

Returning to the Soochow Creek we pass Mong Zae Do or Woo Saw, twelve le, Chong Kah Ching, three le, Fong Kah Pang, six le, a creek, like the other places, on over right. At this place the Soochow Creek turns at a right angle to the left and in consequence gusty winds are experienced, and the authorities have erected two large stones on which are warnings to boatmen to 'look out for squalls.' It appears that an official's boat was once upset here and four people were drowned. Next come Che Wong Miao, three le, You Chow, an oil mill on the left, six le, and a little above it on the opposite side there is a

cemetery with the high grave mounds all close together as if there was no room left, then Wong Doo, six le, with its barracks and bridge of three arches called the 'Bridge of a Thousand Autumns.' It was from the neighbourhood of the Acid Works at Shanghai to Wong Doo that the Chinese authorities in 1891-2 dug out the Soochow Creek at a cost of one hundred and sixty thousand taels. Just above the town there is a customs' station where the papers of boats are examined, then close by is Fung Zae Wy, two le, of unsavoury signification, then the Ching Loong Kong, two le, a creek on the left which goes to Fung Whong San; next is Sung Miao or 'Pair of Temples,' four le, there being one on each side of the creek.

We see a peculiar sight after leaving these temples, namely a swarm of butterflies, extending about a mile, which are crossing the creek. They are to be seen on both sides as far as it is possible to observe such small objects, for they are only about an inch and a half between the tips of their wings. The vegetation is alive with them the white of their wings being conspicuous against the green leaves. We soon come to Ser Kong Kow with its mandarin station, having made the run from Yah Che Tun in three hours and ten minutes. Ser Kong Kow, or the 'Four Rivers Mouth,' or 'Four Waters' as it is known to foreigners, is eighty four le from Shanghai. On one occasion we made the run from Shanghai in seven hours and ten minutes and on another in twelve hours.

Here we branch off to the right and make for Erh Ding by a creek almost as broad as the Soochow Creek and pass under four lines of telegraph wires on high poles. Our creek winds considerably and we pass through some pretty country, arriving at Erh Ding or 'Settled Peace,' nine le from the Four Waters, and going on shore make for the nearest temple which is dedicated to Kwan Te, the God of War. Here we are accosted by a countryman who wants to know, among other things, our business, our country, place we have come from and the day we left, also what we carry on our arm, alluding to a hand camera, and where we are going to. Having exhausted our limited vocabulary in answering him, we proceed. Alongside of this temple there is a foundling home, or was some time ago, for it is now shut up. In the wall is a drawer in which are placed the infants that parents have no use for, and close by is a watchman's bamboo which is struck when a child is put into the drawer, to call the attention of the guardians. The women about here appear to do most of the work, and we see three of them poling a boat, there being no male on board, while along the banks the women are hoeing the plants, many of them being fairly well dressed in blue robes with a black cloth over their heads. The people are exceedingly quiet here and follow us round, though they all seem to know that the box we are carrying is a camera or 'touch and reflect the light.' In the temple called the 'Three Officials' Hall' there is a cloth hanging with on it the characters meaning 'The Three Original, Three Ranks, Three Officials, Great Emperor.' A woman appears to be officiating here, for she is attending to lighted candles and joss sticks before all the gods, and there is no priest about; perhaps she is making votive offerings to the gods which include the God of Small Pox, with the marks on his face, and other gods of sickness. In the creek there is a dragon boat which had been used on the previous day, the 8th day of the 5th moon. The boat has the head of a dragon, the hull itself being painted to represent the dragon, while the stern is like that of a Venetian gondola.

We do not make any extended stay at Erh Ding, but return to the Four Waters and crossing over the Soochow Creek enter the creek on the left in order to reach Ching Poo. This waterway is called the Poo Woo Kong after a goodish sized village which is

almost a mile long and has two single arched bridges. Proceeding, we pass Too Chun, and then the suburbs of Ching Poo come in sight. The first thing that takes our attention is a long building with tiled roof and white walls, and we ascertain that this is a granary, but a portion of the roof has fallen in. In front of it, on the bank of the creek is a big monolith, on which is cut the name of the Ser Lay Veh or 'Self Coming Buddha,' referred to elsewhere, the object of this being to prevent certain evil spirits coming out of the water. Further up is Ching Poo, meaning apparently the 'Azure Rushes,' a walled city, but there is not much to be seen in it, though there is a large temple inside the city and another to Confucius. In the former there are many images, including that of the God of Small Pox, with the marks on his face, and four other gods of sickness, and while preparing to take photographs of these, a boy makes signs to us not to do so, seemingly under the impression that they are not fit subjects to be reproduced. We have considerable difficulty in taking some of the josses, for, as they are inside buildings, we require all the light we can get, but the natives are so inquisitive that they crowd round us and for a long time we find it difficult to make them understand that 'mehr licht' is what we want. At the gate are two images of horses with their grooms that the city god is supposed to ride on. Outside the south gate is a square seven storied pagoda, with all the woodwork and landings gone, as usual. In niches are images of Kwan Ying, in iron, while at the top are dragons, also in the same metal. The walls of the city are in excellent order having been recently repaired. We leave Ching Poo and pay a short visit to Fung Whong San, mentioned in the Hangchow trip, and on the Te Mah San, where the leaning pagoda is, visit a small nunnery. We find in it an image of Kwan Ying, the Goddess of Mercy, in the masculine gender, that being the sex of the deity originally. In the temple at the top of the hill, the occupants are two young men who are making clothes in the apartment occupied by the God of War who with folded hands holding a sceptre has been the recipient of a number of small bags of various colours, and they are hanging on the sceptre. We persuade one of the attendants to give us one of these bags; he would not sell it, and on opening it, find inside a card, or what does duty for a card among the Chinese, namely a piece of red paper some inches long, and on it is written the name of a child for whom the mother has asked the god's protection.

On the hill to our right, the Che San, or 'Fowl Hill' there is also a temple, but there is nobody in it, though it is kept in order, and is visited, as we find candles burning. In front of the principal idol is a tablet on which is inscribed an invocation to the emperor wishing him long life as follows:—'Emperor, myriad years, myriad years, myriad myriad years.' A female votary having apparently received some benefit from one of the gods in this temple, has made it a present and his godship is informed of this on a curtain hanger, on which it is stated that 'The believing woman elevates her household. Mo Tz See (her name and position) reverentially presents [this].'

Opposite to the Te Mah San is Whong San, a precipitous hill with bold rocks showing through the soil and it has a Taoist temple on one of its slopes, called the Se Lin San, or 'Fine Forest hill,'—for Taoist temples are usually called 'hills'—the principal building being dedicated to the 'Three Pure Ones,' but the place in neglected, the images are covered with mildew, and the temple itself is used as a lumber room Once upon a time, the grounds were surrounded by a vermilion coloured crenulated wall, but a large portion of it has fallen down, while the priest in charge appears to be part and parcel of the ruin, though he is very polite and obliging.

Having rested a little, we make our way back to our boat and after several hours, again arrive at the Four Waters where we see a large boat with a flag doing double duty, as it is used as a sail and also notifies that the occupant of the boat is on special service, the public being informed in large black letters on a yellow ground that he is being despatched to Shanghai by the Nanking viceroy. The natives with their utilitarian instincts, make sails out of a good many things, and we come across boats with umbrellas, planks, mats and even articles of clothing doing duty as sails. A little beyond the Four Waters are four pailous which are very different in style from others we have seen. They are in splendid condition, so apparently have been built in modern times.

We have mentioned elsewhere that the Chinese in Shanghai petitioned the Municipal Council to hand over to a charitable institution, the stray dogs captured by the Police. This request having been complied with, the animals are now sent to Soochow, and we meet one of the boats with dog cages returning. In a conversation we had with one of the Chinese committee, we referred to the slitting of the dogs' ears, as a means of identification by the Police, and suggested that according to the transmigration theory, when the soul in the dog was born in the world again as a human being the child would have one of its ears slit, and thus it would be known that the soul of the child had once been a dog in the cage at the Hongkew Police Station, so that the committee, instead of earning the thanks of this soul, would be execrated for interfering with the arrangements of the Council, and causing a stigma to attach to it in its new existence. Our friend, however, candidly told us he did not believe in the transmigration doctrine, so we fail to see why he was on the committee.

The next place on our route is Se Kah Vung Tsung, the burial ground of the Se Family, Se himself having been a mandarin of some note as a taotai in Shantung during the Shang dynasty. As evidence of departed greatness and imperial favour, the deceased has been honoured with two tings, a pailou, two minarets surmounted by stone lions, or whatever the natives intend them to represent, stone priests, ponies, tigers and rams, the nearest approach we know of to the lion and the lamb lying down together, unless it is where the lamb is inside the lion.

There are six grave mounds and in front of them, are stone tables with, in one case, turned legs. We see a woman threatening a youngster with a stick, but another woman intercedes and we add a word, with the result that the beating does not come off, though when we refuse to give her some cash, the saucy wench jocularly threatens to recommence operations with the stick. Just above Se Kah Vung Tsung in You Chow Kong, or 'Oil Factory Creek,' so called because there is a rape seed oil factory close by and it can be distinguished by its two white chimneys. In the factory there is an albino buffalo, an uncommon freak of nature in buffaloes, which are black or a dark slate colour. The seed is first roasted in pans placed over a furnace which is fed with rape seed stalks, and a spatula ingeniously contrived and the size of the pan, is used to stir the seeds and prevent their being burnt.

Chapter IV.

While walking through one of the hamlets, an old gentleman politely offers us a mouthful of food out of his own basin, lifting the savoury morsel with his chopsticks, but it is needless to say we decline with thanks. Pah Do San Le Ting is the next place we come to and there is a mandarin tax station and a ting with a slate roof which is in excellent condition. We go for a long walk on the bank with our dogs, but the weather begins to show signs of rain, though we keep on walking as

long as possible, admiring the scenery which is very pretty. Of course, the want of hills is a drawback, but as far as the eye can reach over a remarkably flat country can be seen patches of bright yellow and green of ripening corn, with darker green here and there, denoting beans. The emblem of Scotland is growing luxuriantly, as is also that of Ireland, or its Chinese substitute, while the numerous homesteads scattered about here and there peep out from among clumps of leafy trees. We meet some soldiers towing a mandarin gunboat and they civilly enquire our destination.

The people about these parts do not appear to be early risers, and we see very few boats on the move before seven o'clock when we pass a native tax station at the Sow Tung village. Here numerous small creeks have been constructed for irrigation purposes and water is raised from them by means of those primative, but useful contrivances known as endless chain pumps, which are worked by buffaloes. Women and children also help in working these chain pumps, which are placed in the water at an angle of about twenty five degrees, though of course, the angle is much greater when the bank is high. The lower end of the pump is raised or lowered by means of a very simple contrivance, namely a rope which is attached to the lower end and wound round a bamboo which extends from the bank to an upright in the water. Cross pieces are inserted in the shore end of the bamboo which thus acts as a windlass and being twisted round as required, raises or lowers the pump. The pumping houses are thached with straw, and if we did not know any better, we should say it is to keep the buffaloes from getting sunburnt, while people who work at some of the chain pumps frequently have no covering at all over their heads, so it appears from this that buffaloes are more cared for than human beings are. The animals have blinkers, made of tortoise shell, sometimes, over their eyes to keep them from getting giddy, it is said, while they perform their monotonous tramp round and round from early morning till late at night.

As we proceed, many small bridges are passed, most of them having a single span and built of stone, three slabs being places abreast, the uprights being also of stone, and all looking very dilapidated and shaky, though this is nothing new in China. Numbers of bridges are entirely broken down and nobody seems to care whether they will ever be repaired again. It does not appear to be anybody's particular business, though it is, all the same, but the responsible parties do not want to expend money on them. Sometimes benevolent people take the matter in hand and raise subscriptions for the purpose of repairing bridges and highways. Over the Grand Canal there are also many bridges, most of them with a single arch, but the foundations have in some instances collapsed; in others, the arches are defective, and have fallen in.

All along the banks of the creek and as far back as the eye can see, patient buffaloes or cows are ploughing, and the drivers, both men and women, are over their knees in mud and water, for the women tuck up their nether garments the same way that the men do. In other places men are guiding harrows over the fields, and we see boys standing on the harrows holding on to the cows' tails to steady themselves. These harrows consist of two scantlings some foot or so, apart and kept separate by means of wooden tie pieces. The scantlings have each some fifteen iron blades about two inches broad fastened in them.

Loh Kah Pan, one hundred and twenty le from Shanghai, is next reached, and then at Muh Kah Jao, three le further on, is a high stone bridge over a creek which runs at right angles to the Soochow Creek, a long way to the left being Che Tun or 'Thousand Mounds' and a pagoda. Six le from Muh Kah Jao is Loong Wong Miao, a three storied pagoda, with

the lowest section solid. It is coloured bright brick-red and is at the junction of the Soochow and a smaller creek and at this place incense is offered. Formerly the pagoda stood alone, but quite recently a temple has been built in front of it, so that it cannot be seen from the Soochow Creek. A little further on are two deserted lime kilns on the left, while on the right is a creek by which one makes a short cut to Quinsan, the route by it being nine le less than by the big creek. It is distinguished by a pailou on its left bank and winds considerably, being known as the Ching Yang Kong, Tso Dong Kong and Whangpo Tso Dong in different sections. The country through which this creek passes is not uninteresting being relieved here and there by temples, bridges and hamlets. The San Kway Dong, or 'Hall of Three Spirits,' stands in a clump of seven tall and ancient trees, and the Guo Wong Miao, a temple to Yah Foy, is next seen, and after it are the Kway Wong Miao and village. At this place there is a bridge and we find a number of lumbering straw laden boats, one of which is stuck fast under the bridge, the crew being unable to extricate it, while the villagers and the men in the other boats make no attempt to offer assistance. It is not their business; hence they do not proffer their aid, although they are themselves delayed. We set to work and with the aid of our own crew and that of the straw boat, get out ropes which being fastened to the boat, we call upon the spectators to help us haul on, the result being that we soon get all the help we want and the straw boat is successfully withdrawn from the awkward plight under the bridge. Had we not taken charge of the operations, the impinged boat would not have got clear, probably for hours, or until the crew had discharged the bulky cargo.

Arrived at Kwun San, or Quinsan as it is called by the natives, one hundred and sixty two le from Shanghai, our boat makes fast to the bank, outside one of the gates. We are beguiled by the lowdah into the belief that the hill, which gives its name to the city and inside which it is, is only one le distant, but the haziness of the native idea of time and distance is well known, so we ought not to have made the mistake in taking his statement literally. We have to pass over bridges and bridges; indeed the place is quite a second Venice, or to speak more accurately, Venice is quite a second Quinsan, for it is quite possible that the latter is the more ancient town of the two. Some of the bridges have as many as thirty seven steps to the summit, and there are lots of people on them idling about, for the good folks in this town do not appear to have much to occupy their time. We may mention in passing that there is a superstition among boatmen that it is unlucky for a boat to pass under a bridge while a woman is going over it, so that on several occasions our boatmen have rather roughly called out to some women to get off the bridges as we passed under. It is infra dig. for a woman to be 'over' or above a man.

A man will not pass under a woman's clothing hanging out to dry from the upper story of a house, for a similar reason, and we have seen a mandarin stop his chair while a woman removed her belongings which had been hanging out across the street from a window of her house.

A hen, also, on the roof of a house, violates the amour propre of the Chinaman, and if the requisite remedies are not applied to counteract this impropriety on the part of the hen, the house will be burnt down, so the biped has to be caught and summarily put to death. In the event of pigeons flying about in the vicinity of a fire, they are no longer pigeons, but 'fire crows' and are the emissaries of the fire demons. The birds are supposed to be looking for some other place to burn, instead of, as is actually the case, searching for their burnt out homes.

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We reach the hill, in the side of which near the top, there is a hole, the entrance to a passage leading to Tong Sah, a hundred and twenty le distant. According to the remainder of the story, which is as true as the legend can make it, two men once entered the passage from opposite ends and are still there, as they met in the middle and neither could turn back and get out. How people found this out is another of these puzzles which we do not care to bother our heads about. The ascent to the hill is rather difficult in some places, notwithstanding that there are steps most of the way up, but many of these steps are broken and others are missing. At the summit we meet a full blown priest and a couple of acolytes and ask the priest how high the hill is, but we open our eyes when he says three le, or one mile; of course, we ought to have known that the height of a hill is designated by the time—and a le originally meant a period of time, but now signifies a distance—that it would take a person to reach the top. Our aneroid gives us the height as three hundred feet. 'Suppose,' we say to the priest, 'we dig a hole right down to the bottom, how far would that be?' He replies that the depth will be forty two chang which puts his calculations out by about one hundred and twenty feet. He asks to be allowed to look through our binoculars, but as he does not know how to use them he squints through the wrong end. He is very affable and knows the Chinese names of a good many foreigners in Shanghai who have visited his temple, and he plays the host to perfection, so we are regaled with vermacelli and what looks like fish skin, a toothsome dish, although one of our party does not fancy it. The priest has a four post bell stand in his temple fitted up in winter with bedding and curtains under the bell. He sits in here in the cold weather and remains awake till 3 a.m. striking the bell by an ingenious contrivance of strings and bamboo, but with all due deference to his veracity, the snug bed and cosy curtains are more suggestive of slumber than of wakefulness.

The panorama from the hill is a very pleasing one and the air being clear the hills near Soochow can be distinctly seen. On top of the hill there is a pagoda, which like the priest's house is in a very dilapidated condition, but both are undergoing repairs.

The pagoda is called Ling Seah; it was built some 1,400 years ago, more or less, and destroyed by the Taipings. The story of this pagoda is that it was erected at the request of an emperor in fulfilment of a vow he had made while he was ill and he also built two other pagodas at Soochow. At the foot of the pagoda is a temple called the Whah Zung tsz, and on the hill, about the middle of it, there is a dummy pagoda of seven stories and it, too, was built in fulfilment of a vow made by a sick mandarin. At the other end of the hill there is a temple which is said to be some three hundred years old, and it was built to shelter the God of Thunder, by a teacher who felt grieved that there was no place for this worthy in the vicinity. The teacher called upon his friends and they subscribed so liberally that he was enabled to fulfil the desire of his heart and, one good turn deserving another, as the cook said to the pancake, the worthy teacher was afterwards deified. The God of Thunder, according to the image of him in this temple, has the wings and beak of a bird. Another occupant of the temple is the attendant goddess who parts the clouds for him.

When Buddhist priests die they are cremated; they desire during life to disassociate themselves with the world, and after death crave annihilation. To effect this their bodies are burnt and on this hill are two pagoda shaped mounds which cover the ashes of two priests.

At one of the temples on this hill our boy buys some joss sticks and burns them before the idol, the priest calling the god's attention

by striking a large bell. Having finished his devotions, the boy rises from his knees and throws a few cash into a box for the benefit of the god who is informed of the gift by the noisy manner in which the cash are dashed against the bars across the top of the box, which are so placed that the coin may make a noise when thrown against them. The Chinese believe that their gods sometimes go to sleep or are engaged in other business, so, like the mandarins who have a drum placed in the front court of their yamens for the benefit of petitioners who require their aid, the gods have to be called or awakened. If the god is asleep an empty travelling chair is sometimes procured and, taken in hand by vigorous natives, is shaken up and down, causing the bamboo poles to creak loudly, the noise made being sufficiently loud to awaken the slumberer who is fond of a ride. While proceeding through some lakes on one occasion we saw a crowd of people on shore, and ascertained that the gathering was in honour of Lew Wong, the god of cotton and rice. The villagers had the god in a chair and were running backwards and forwards with it, because the idol was supposed to enjoy exercise and would reward its devotees by giving them plentiful grain and cotton crops. If they reward their idols, they also punish them occasionally and cases are on record of idols being taken out of temples and dragged through the mud when there has been too much rain, or placed in the blazing sun when there has been too much heat and no rain. On one occasion when a junk had been in collision with a steamer, the old woman in the junk administered a sound spanking to her idol as if it had been a naughty child.

At the foot of Qninsan hill there are some memorial halls and one of these is in charge of a family of four—father, mother, son and daughter—and for their services they receive two piculs and a half (three cwt.) of rice a year, payment being made in kind; this with the produce of a small vegetable garden, constituting the entire income of the family. With a people who can live so frugally as this, there ought not to be much want in China.

Chapter VI.

We return to our boat and are soon booming along, meeting boats laden with bullocks to supply the Shanghai market and in two hours we enter a creek remarkably straight after our recent experiences. Here a boatman calls out 'Foreign gentleman, what is your honorable destination?' but such politeness we do not experience at the busy village of Tah E Ding, where the boys call out 'Foreign devil, cut off your heads;' together with a perfect storm of abuse. Sometimes when on our journeys we have been called 'Foreign Devil' we have retaliated by applying to our revilers a word, which though harmless in itself is mighty insulting to the person to whom it is addressed. A foreigner, while proceeding along an embankment, heard a young man say 'Here comes a foreign devil.' He did not reply till he was passing the youth when he paused and said 'The foreign devil has come,' and in evidence of this gave the youth a ringing box on the ear, which, together with the fright, rolled him off the embankment to the great amusement of his own countrymen who can enjoy a joke as well as anyone. Of course, the youth would not have called out in the first instance, had he known the foreigner understood Chinese, unless he had been in a crowd and could not have been recognized. If the foreigner gives a cutting answer, the natives say loud enough to be heard, 'You are very clever,' the object being to soften his resentment if he has any.

Just after passing E Ding, there is a lake, on the left hand side of the creek, called the Shah Hu, or 'Sand Lake.' The creek in which we are was formerly a part of it, but many

years ago there was a rich man who had a son, so the story goes, who had to go to Soochow to pass his literary examination, but the lake was rough at times, and fearing his young hopeful might be drowned in rough weather, he built a dyke along the northern end of the lake, leaving a channel between it and E Ding, so that the water in this channel is comparatively smooth at all times. Since then the government have kept the dyke, or more properly speaking causeway, in repair.

We come to a number of people who seem to be very busy going backwards and forwards and soon find that they are engaged in making cotton cloth. A number of slight supports rest on the ground and a woman, with a carrying pole on her shoulder from which is suspended a frame in front of her and balanced behind by means of a stone weight, is walking along spreading over the supports the warp from some dozen spools of cotton attached to the frame and she puts one on mind of a spider spinning its web. The warp is some two hundred and thirty four feet long and there are nine hundred threads. As soon as these have all been spread on the supports, size is put on with brushes, two persons being employed in this operation, one of the brushes being underneath and the other above the threads and the two men hold the brushes between them. Occasionally a thread breaks and many women and girls, each with smaller spools of thread, are busy repairing the damage. The first operation begins early in the morning, so that before noon, the size is dry and the threads are wound around a small windlass, the sockets for which are ropes tied round the waists of two people. When this has been tightly rolled it is placed in the loom and a woman commences to make the cloth. She works the loom with her feet and the shuttle with her hands and can make three pieces of cloth a day, each piece being thirteen feet long. All the work from cotton picking to ginning, spinning, spooling and cloth making is done on the communist principle, the machinery being of the most primitive description, but where there are so many people employed, the work is done with considerable expedition.

Five hours and a half after leaving Quinsan, we reach Way Kow Tong and in half an hour later anchor some distance below Soochow, as the night is dark and the navigation consequently dangerous. At 7 o'clock next morning we get underway, rain having fallen during the greater part of the night, and we soon reach the outskirts of the famous city of Soochow. Along the suburbs, which extend a long way from the city, we see large bamboo rafts, and poles and bamboos piled up on shore for building purposes, and pyramids of Soochow jars and baths. We stop at the N. E. gate, but afterwards send the boat round to the S.E. gate and into the city.

Soochow is the capital of the Kiangsu province and the residence of the futai or governor, the grain commissioner, the provincial treasurer, the provincial judge and several other high officials. Soochow is also a prefectural city and in it the students in the province assemble for the annual examinations by the showtai or literary chancellor. The examination hall which we visit looks at first sight like a large stable. We enter the building by the only gate there is to the place, and looking towards the opposite end, on both sides of us are stalls with a paved passage up the centre. This passage is roofed over with matting, while the stalls have a more substantial covering of tiles. The stalls are separated from each other by walls about four feet high. Each stall contains three tables running parallel to the partition walls, and each table consists of a wooden platform about twelve feet long and two feet wide, mounted on two upright slabs of stone and the seats or settles are similarly constructed. On the tables are pasted strips of yellow paper, each containing a num-

ber; there are six of these to each table, to correspond with the number of students whose names are supposed to be unknown to the literary chancellor, but whose essays are marked with the numbers on their tables. There are seventy stalls with three tables in each, so that there would be accommodation for 1,260 students; but in addition to the ordinary stalls, there are a few superior ones with brick floors—the others having only a flooring of mud—nearer the chancellor's desk, so that there is room for about 200 more. The examiner has his seat at the upper end of the building, that is furthest from the gate, which is closed directly all the students have entered and not opened again till their work is done. At night the chancellor gives out the theme from the 'Four Books,' and it is written on a board which an attendant carries round for the students to copy off. Then they all set to work to write a dissertation on the subject. They are not supposed to receive assistance in any shape or form, but a Chinaman's sleeves are capacious and so is his ingenuity in a case like this; thus the students are able to smuggle into the hall a miniature or 'sleeve' edition, as it is called by the Chinese, of the 'Four Books,' copies of which are openly sold in Shanghai. As the students are not allowed to go outside the building during each examination, which lasts only one day, they take their day's food in with them. At night, the essays are collected and the students are dismissed. Then the chancellor has a hard task before him in examining the treatises. Many are thrown out, while the writers of those that are accepted have to undergo a second examination. The same process is adopted here as in the first case, the writers of the best essays passing a final examination, and from this last batch are selected those who are honoured with the B.A. degree. Then during the 8th moon every third year, the successful students undergo examinations at the capital of the viceroyalty, for the second degree in the same way that they competed for the third. Finally those who succeed go to Peking where the first or highest honours are conferred, the same process of weeding prevailing there as at the other examinations. Sometimes a competitor dies while locked up in the examination hall; in this case a coffin is provided and the corpse is taken out through a hole made in the wall, or it is lifted over the wall, but on no account must it be taken out through the front and only gateway. All Chinese cannot compete at the examinations, and when a candidate comes forward he must be able to prove that for three generations back his ancestors have not been barbers, play actors, yamen runners or the offspring of mesalliances.

Soochow contains five pagodas. Two are close together and not very high, but are surmounted by what appear to be inverted iron pans. Two others are of the regulation kind, while the fifth is a most unorthodox structure and is square instead of round, in fact it can hardly be called a pagoda at all. It is of recent construction comparatively and has the following history. It appears that the district where this pagoda is, was troubled by its feng-shui being out of kilter, and in consequence the unfortunate students belonging to the district who went up to the annual literary examinations were incontinently plucked. This was a disgrace which the people could not stand, so having implicit faith in their youthful prodigies, and feeling that they were not to blame, the elders came to the conclusion that something was wrong, and consulted a fortune-teller. This worthy was equal to the occasion. He knew all about it, and had he been consulted before, he could have put things to rights. It was a very simple matter too, at that, the fact being that the twin pagodas mentioned above represented pen-pencils, and the numerous creeks contained water, so they had pens and water, but no ink! How

then could it be possible to write without this necessary article? They must have something to represent a slab of ink! Well, they soon had, for they went to work and built a pagoda somewhat after the shape of a slab of ink, and to heighten the resemblance, they painted it black. In consequence of this the equilibrium of the feng-shui has been restored and the students have since been able to obtain their degrees, so that it is not true, at least in China, that there is no royal road to learning. This pagoda was burnt out several years ago.

When H. E. Chang Chih-tung, viceroy of the Hu Kwang provinces, built his iron works, he naturally had some tall chimneys. These were not looked upon with favour, and a man living near to one of them, falling ill and all remedies failing to cure him, a fortune-teller gravely stated that the high chimneys of the factory were to blame. One of the magistrates, hearing of this, sent for the fortune-teller, and informed him with the aid of a little judicious application of the bamboo that he was mistaken in his prognostications. Since then high chimneys have been in favour in this locality, especially as since their erection, a dull-headed scholar, who had repeatedly failed before, has been able to pass with flying colours.

The pagoda which is situated in the N.E. of the city, is the largest in China, is a very fine one, and is called the Po Su Tah. It has nine stories and is one hundred and fifty feet high to the top floor which is reached by two hundred and twenty eight steps. There are niches in the walls for one hundred and sixty images, though not more than one hundred are occupied, the place of honour being filled by Kwan Ying, and we find the people in charge of the pagoda have just as much inclination to 'squeeze' the wayfarer as the rest of their countrymen have. A native lets us into the building and locks the door when we leave. Our servant is carrying a thousand cash on his shoulder and when he takes a hundred cash from this string and gives them to the doorkeeper, the greedy native wants a hundred more, which, however, he does not get.

In our travels we come across the scene of a recent fire and as the streets are narrow and the workmen have no other place to put the debris, the road is piled up some ten feet high with the remains of the old walls and the foundations of the burnt houses. In a temple where there are a lot of gods we see the Queen of Heaven riding on a phœnix and a god with two arms and hands sticking out of his eyes. Of course, there are numerous temples in Soochow, and we visit what may be considered a double one. It is called the Yuen Miao and each part of it contains idols in plenty. We are struck with the scene presented here as elsewhere in China, as being so much like that depicted in the Bible story at the Temple at Jerusalem, nearly nineteen hundred years ago. Here, in this Chinese temple, are stalls where all kinds of commodities are being sold, while, in the inmost courts, in company with idols, are thousands of water colour pictures exposed for sale. Some represent san shui, that is 'mountains and water' or scenery; happy family relations—fathers, sons and grandsons in groups, young wives in flowing garments nursing two infant sons; other pictures representing some of the gods and mythological subjects, while painters are busy finishing other pictures. In the front building there are three large idols of the 'Three Precious Ones,' of the Buddhist trinity, each over twenty feet high and made of clay and mud gorgeously painted. This temple was repaired by the late Wu Sing An, the well-known Hangchow banker, at a cost of eighteen thousand taels, and foreign science was brought into requisition, for the roof and wooden pillars, the latter over two feet in diameter, were bodily raised some feet by the aid of foreign screw jacks. In the courts at the sides of the big idols are sixty small idols, each being five feet high and

very ugly, representing the Chinese cycle. According to a person's age he worships one of the images, though some of the idols do duty for two years, for after the devotee has reached the end of the cycle, he has to commence again to worship the first images in it. In the rear of this building are the residences of the priests from which proceed the monotonous knocking on a wooden 'fish head' bell, if such a term can be applied to the implement. One of the Soochow temples is said to contain five thousand idols; if anybody undertook to count them, it is not improbable that the number would be found to be considerably less, as we do not see anything like this number in the building.

Chapter VII.

Stone appears to be more plentiful than wood at Soochow for the fences along the creeks are built of the former material, as are nearly all of the bridges, and of course the pailous. One of the streets in Soochow is called the 'Dragon Protecting' street, and at each end of it there is a pagoda; one represents the head and the other the tail of this peculiarly Chinese reptile which is buried or lies asleep under it. It is for this reason that the inhabitants will not pave this street with stone slabs, as they do in other parts of the city, because if they did they might hurt the creature's back, though they compromise matters by hardening the surface with stone chips and broken pottery. Outside the south west gate there is an eddy; this, we are told is where the dragon is coiled up, so that it has been reserved for Soochowites to demonstrate that the same thing can occupy two different places at one time. Near the south west gate inside the city is the Tsang Lang Garden with a large building which has gradually grown to its present extensive proportions. In this building is a place called the 'Hall of Five Hundred Worthies,' containing the portraits of that number of Soochowites who have become celebrated, while slabs of slate with inscriptions cut in them are let into the walls and give some account of the aforesaid worthies. On one of our visits to Soochow in 1885, there was one portrait wanting, namely that of Mr. Stevens, the then United States consul at Ningpo, who was at the time of this visit on official business and was staying in the building. It is worthy of note that he was the first consul who had ever visited Soochow officially. In addition to the other ornaments of the place, we saw the Stars and Stripes displayed in the building to denote the consul's residence there. We had seen this identical flag before in Shanghai, but never expected to find it hoisted over the door of a Chinese building in Soochow.

We will explain how it came about that an American consul had business in Soochow. According to treaty as generally understood missionaries are allowed to buy the lease of land in the interior and the two Presbyterian missions purchased land in Soochow and commenced to build thereon. One piece of land was situated near the Confucian temple and the other close to the yamen of the imperial tailor, as he is called by foreigners. This official is the imperial commissioner whose duty it is to forward to the palace, annually, the provincial contributions of silk, satin, handkerchiefs, silk thread, etc. for which this place is celebrated. He ranks with a futai, and has all the honours attaching to such rank, but without the emoluments and authority. Some of his underlings objected to a foreign mission being so close to them, though they did not object to a colony of beggars; but foreigners—the very thought was contamination. Consequently they prevailed on their master, under the plea that the mission buildings would overlook his back yard and interfere with the privacy of his establishment, to order the work at the mission to cease at once. The authorities also stopped the operations at the other

mission. The missionaries after vainly endeavouring to induce the authorities to allow them to proceed with their buildings, applied to Mr. Stahel, the United States consul-general at Shanghai, and he deputed Mr. Stevens, United States consul at Ningpo, to arrange matters. The Soochow authorities said the missionaries could have other pieces of land if they could find anyone willing to sell. Well, the missionaries did find people willing to sell, but the mandarins made many excuses and so delayed matters so that after fourteen days, the consul's patience was almost exhausted as the land was not transferred, though in the end the affair was settled.

The missionary hospital authorities sometimes have to deal with patients suffering from gunshot wounds inflicted by soldiers while at target practice. The soldiers are very careless; in one case at Soochow, a lad was badly wounded on the left foot, and in another a man was killed instantly by a bullet passing through his head, while in a third, a man had his shoulder shattered by a small cannon ball. It is not to be wondered at, however, that boys sometimes get wounded, as anybody can see for himself if he happens to watch native soldiers at target practice. The boys rush in to the mound or target to find the bullets that have just been fired, and the soldiers have the greatest difficulty in driving them away. The Chinese have a fable which pokes fun at the soldiers for their want of skill in hitting the target. A general was in danger of losing a battle when a spiritual army came to his assistance and gave him the day; and on the victorious general asking the leader of the host why he had so honoured a mortal, he was informed that his ally was the God of the Target and had given his assistance out of gratitude to the soldier who, during all the years of his practice, had never hit the target. This, however, does not agree with the statements of inspecting officers, who usually inform the emperor that, having obeyed the imperial command to inspect certain troops, they have found some seventy per cent. or thereabouts of the soldiers hit the target, which is usually placed about a hundred yards distant. According to the paper strength of the army there are five hundred men in each battalion, and one hundred men in each company. There are ten tents in each company, and each tent contains ten men.

In connection with the temples, we must not forget to mention one which was some time ago in a very dilapidated condition. A fortune-teller informed the then futai that if he did not have the repairs effected, some misfortune or family affliction would happen to him, so the official gave orders to have the necessary work done; but he was too late, and his mother dying soon afterwards, that is before the work was completed, he had to retire into mourning for three years, which period according to a convenient fiction is frequently reduced to twenty-seven months during which the mourner is not allowed to shave his head; he is, however, allowed to cut his hair close with a pair of scissors.

While passing along one of the streets, we come to a temple where some kind of ceremony is going on. We enter and find that the place is dedicated to one of the Gods of Riches, and the services are being conducted by a Taoist priest who is dressed in a most gorgeous robe of scarlet and gold. In his hand he holds a piece of wood about six inches long, three broad and one inch thick with which he is making passes after the style of professors of legerdemain, and at the same time repeating some cabalistic formula, first slowly, and then rapidly, as if he has a hot potato in his mouth and not another moment to live. Occasionally he knocks the piece of wood or his wand on the table in front of him, and this is the signal for a drum and two other instruments of torture to be beaten. This gives the priest time to drink a little tea, which he does frequently.

Pigs on Wheelbarrow, p. 112.

In the midst of the din we are able to ascertain that the performance is paid for by a man who wants his last year's sins forgiven. This is rather an anomaly, for at the temples of the Gods of Riches the devotees are only supposed to pray for wealth.

We must not forget to mention that there are a great many feng-shui or ying pe or 'shadow walls' in front of the principal doors of the houses of people in Soochow who pretend to any importance. These walls are intended to ward off the evil influences from the houses, and at the same time show the common people that the owners consider themselves the elite of the place. Among the charitable institutions are two refuges, one being for old and destitute men, and the other for widows. These are very large establishments, and are outside the city as are the stables of the horses used in the government courier service.

Just before leaving the city we see a large number of glazed earthenware urns, some round and others eight-sided, for holding the remains of dead people. Some of these urns have images of bald headed Buddhas and dogs on them.

Having heard that there is a celebrated bridge some seven le beyond the city, we decide to pay it a visit and after an hour's sail see in the distance what we soon find is the object of our quest. It is nearly dusk when we reach it, but it is possible to obtain a good view of this celebrated bridge which is called the Pow Tah Jao or 'Precious Girdle Bridge,' and it is situated at a place called Wu Kiang, locally Ung Kong or the 'Five Rivers,' for five large creeks meet here. At one end of the bridge there is a stone slab under a roof and on it, it is stated that the bridge is the highway to Peking from various parts of the empire. It also contains a caution to travellers to beware of robbers, the locality having a bad reputation in this respect. There are stone lions at each end of the bridge, one is nursing a cub and the other holding a tortoise. There are also two dummy pagodas, one eight sided and five stories high, with forty figures in relief, at one end of the bridge, while the other is in the water alongside the bridge about half way across. The bridge itself is noted for this peculiarity that in counting the arches there is a difference in the number, for if you count one way you will find fifty two, if from the other end, fifty three, the latter number being correct. The popular superstition about this is that when a joss was asked how many arches there were, he said fifty two, fifty three, evidently not knowing which was correct himself. Fifty two of the arches are of the same size, the other one being much larger and higher so that large junks can go through from the Tan Te Hu or 'Tranquil Terrace Lake,' across the entrance of which the bridge is built, the bridge running paralled to the creek.

Having read the notice on the slab with reference to robbers, our boatmen and servant do not want to proceed and we are so informed by a deputation of three while waiting on the far end of the bridge, for them to come on. They ask to be allowed to stop and have taken the boat to the inner side of the bridge close to a mandarin gunboat, the sailors of which had at first refused to allow them to remain there, but offered no objection when the priest in charge of the Pow Tah Jao Ung Miao, the 'Precious Girdle Bridge Military Temple' said they could remain.

We had on arrival visited this priest whose card shows that he is called Ven Shing or 'Literary Star,' and had left the usual douceur in his hands, but while returning with our men to the boat, he meets us again and asks us to go with him to his temple as he has some nice things to show us and we promise to do so after having dined. By this time it is dark, but we keep our promise and proceeding to the temple find the abbot and two others indulging

i[illegible]as a suspicious resemblance to pork. [illegible]e him some bread a[illegible]d tell him to finish [illegible]meal, while we look round. He soon joins us, as do a number of uncouth spoken soldiers belonging to the gunboat whose rough way of speaking grates on our ears, not that they mean to be rude, but one cannot expect politeness from such people, though one sometimes gets it. The abbot, we find to be a most jolly and affable old fellow. He answers all our questions to the best of his knowledge and belief, like a willing witness and he runs on with his story as if he is delighted to have somebody to listen to him, and this reminds us he is minus the upper lobe of his right ear. He says there is not much 'old time talk' about the place; all he knows is that the bridge was built some three hundred years ago by order of an emperor, and that it is a third of a le long. We find that the bridge itself is four hundred paces long, but there is a causeway at each end extending some distance. The abbot tells us the bridge is kept in repair by the local authorities, and has only recently been done up. As it is the highway to Peking from so many places in the south, there is no wonder that the temple itself should also become a celebrated place of resort and the priest shows us, with evident delight, some antithetical sentences and scrolls that have been presented by great men, such as Le Hung Chang, and others. The old fellow is a bit of a painter and shows us some of his scenery pictures.

The temple is dedicated to Kwan Te, the God of War, but there are other idols in it. Our loquacious friend shows us some smaller images, one of them being a bronze image of Indra, of foreign manufacture, and he says it is very old, we are afraid to say how old. We naturally admire such a relic, whereupon he unconditionally makes us a present of it, notwithstanding our protest, but he not only renews his request that we shall take it, but gives us an image of one of the Gods of Wealth with its wealth-finding tiger. Such kindness as this is overpowering, and we tell him we cannot take them, but he says he has thirteen others of the God of Wealth 'inside,' so we accept his gift and at parting make him a present. He also gives us four joss sticks tied together on which were the characters meaning 'Year by year, peace and tranquility.' When asked how he obtained his appointment to the temple he said that he was a countryman of a Shanghai taotai, who when in office gave him the place some twenty odd years ago. He used to receive a monthly allowance of ten thousand five hundred cash from the futai at Soochow, but that was stopped a long time ago, and he now depends for support on the benefactions of visitors and the proceeds of begging expeditions to the city of Soochow.

With regard to the mandarin gunboat in front of his door, its crew of thirteen men live in the temple in the daytime, but sleep on board at night, a new boat being send each month to relieve the one on guard. We find that the captain of the gunboat is an opium smoker, and is engaged with his pipe when we call upon him. Our friend the abbot is also a votary to the drug, and has his pipe in his bedroom.

On returning to our boat one of our men tells us there is a story connected with the bridge, as follows:—It appears than an emperor desired a certain mandarin to send his son to him as he wished to see him. The mandarin replied that the boy was too ill to travel, but the emperor would accept no excuses and the son was sent, but got no further than where the bridge is now, for he died there. In commemoration of the unhappy event, the emperor caused the bridge to be built.

We return to Soochow which we leave again by the south east water gate and having entered the Grand Canal, pass Fung Jao with a peculiar grove of straight stemmed trees and a tombstone resting on the back of a stone tortoise under a shed of the same material. Next we come to Shih Tu and a great crowd

are collected on the bridge to see us go under it. We pass a large tea shop with a babel of voices and soon afterwards there is an exchange of unparliamentary language between our boatmen and the lowdah of an obstructionist boat and some boys call out 'Foreign devil, give us some cash,' but it is needless to remark that we don't. As we get clear of the place the country becomes more wooded and mulberry trees about five feet high are numerous. Stone laden boats go by bearing small yellow flags denoting that they are engaged repairing the embankments of the Canal and we soon arrive at the suburbs of Woo Se where there are a lot of brick kilns in operation. Chinese bricks which consist entirely of mud without any straw are not baked very hard and consequently are porous to a considerable extent. The kilns are circular, about twenty feet high and fired with straw, each batch of bricks requiring three days and three nights continuous firing. Idiotic beggars and mosquitoes abound about here but do not trouble us.

Chapter VIII.

We leave the Grand Canal in the evening and passing under the walls of Woo Se, notice that they have been repaired. Prior to one of our visits in 1885, we learnt that they had been in the hands of a contractor who for the sum of fourteen thousand dollars had agreed to put them in order, but as he had, as is usual with Chinese, sublet the contract to a host of other builders, the walls, the lower portions of which are of stone and the upper of brick, present a very patchworky appearance. Woo Se is only twenty-five miles from the Kiang Yin forts on the Yangtze, and the native authorities, fearing that the French—they were then in trouble with France—might destroy Kiang Yin and then march on Woo Se, determined to repair the fortifications of their town. But to resume.

There are many boats lining the banks, being in some places three abreast, some of them cargo and others pleasure boats, profusely ornamented with gilt carved work. We meet the telegraph line again here, and learn that one of the wires goes on to Kiang Yin, and see near the west gate, stables containing upwards of a hundred ponies belonging to the government courier service, and shortly afterwards pass under the 'Myriad Peace' bridge, and continuing our course come to a halt close to the smallest of the Woo Se pagodas which the rebels destroyed, so far as they were able. The pagoda stands on the Copper mountain, at the foot of which is Way Je San village, a summer resort much frequented, and celebrated for its spring, the water being remarkably clear. Taking out as much water as you like from this spring, the natives state, makes no difference in its volume, while if it is not touched, the level of the water still remains unchanged. There are two wells side by side; one is some four feet square and six feet deep, having about two feet of water in it. The other well is eight-sided, about five feet from one side to the other and about eight feet deep, with four feet of water in it. At a few yards distance from these, which are at the foot of the Chu Loong San or 'Nine Dragon hill,' is an oblong tank, into which the water runs through a dolphin's head, and there are many tame carp in it, some about four feet long. Three that we see are perfectly yellow; and they are all darting about catching food that people are throwing to them. The water in the two wells is noted for its density, and is eagerly sought after by Chinese for its health-giving qualities, and it is said that two buckets of this weigh from thirty to fifty catties more than the same quantity of Shanghai water. Such being the case it would probably have rejoiced the heart of honest old Chen, for many years magistrate of the Shanghai Mixed Court, who stated that he liked to have 'some substance in the water he drank.' This was after his worship had received a sample of the Shanghai Waterworks

Co.'s water to pass his personal, not magisterial, judgment upon. He didn't like it, preferring the water taken out of the river without filtration, but only settled with alum.

There is a superstition connected with the 'Weak Water,' which in fabulous times, was said to issue from the foot of Kwun Lun mountains in Central Asia. This water was so weak that it was incapable of supporting the lightest substance on its surface. The heavy water of the Way Je wells is said to be of such consistency that if a basin be filled to the brim with it and thirty two cash dropped in, the water will not overflow, but will stand up in a wall, as the waters of the Red Sea are said to have done when the Israelites passed through. We have not heard what would happen if thirty three cash were put into the basin, but it is quite possible the natives have not had the hardihood to try the experiment.

We are shown a highly polished stone outside one of the memorial halls, and are told as a great wonder, that if we rub a cash against the perpendicular side, the coin will adhere to it. We do as directed and find such is the case. On making enquires we ascertain that the stone is called 'Yunnan Tah Le Foo stone,' we opine, from the fact of it having come from Tah Le Foo, and the 'bamboo leaf stone' from its peculiar formation. The stone is expensive and rare. It may be worth mentioning that a cash or any other coin with asperities in its surface, will adhere to anything smooth if rubbed against it, as this is simply the result of a natural law which does not appear to be familiar to the Chinese.

A short distance up the side of the Chu Loong San, we are shown another stone, which fell from somewhere, the peculiarity of this meteorolite being that if a tall man stretches himself on it, he immediately becomes no longer than the stone, while if a short man tries his luck, he finds himself lengthened out to the exact size of it. We do not like to tell our informant that this is a story he may conveniently communicate to the credulous marines, because we do not wish to hurt his feelings. At present, the stone is enclosed by a railing; formerly it was not, and we notice that a foreign acquaintance has scratched his name on the tablet which gives the history of this remarkable meteorolite, if such it be. It is also said that rheumatic patients will be cured by lying on it, a statement which may bear two constructions.

At this place there are a large number of memorial halls, dedicated, for the most part, to Woo Se-ites, but some outsiders are here allowed to have their memories kept green and once a year at certain seasons these halls are opened, and the officials and relatives worship the manes of the departed celebrities. One of these places is dedicated to the memory of Le Hung Chang's third brother. It is a gorgeous building, and has sixty, or a cycle, of apartments, while in the main hall are sixty-five 'tiger head' and other boards in yellow, white and vermilion, with gilt, black and blue letters setting forth the titles, etc., of the deceased. These are ranged in two rows on both sides of the memorial tablet, which is placed in the middle of the back wall, and is about three feet long and six inches wide, black, with gilt characters, and surmounted by what serves the purpose of a catafalque. Besides the boards just referred to, there are six large tablets in gilt, burnished brass, black lacquer, green, and yellow—the contributions of viceroys and other high officials—fixed up a few feet below the roof, which is composed of lavender-coloured bricks picked out with white, while at intervals along the walls in the different apartments hang boards of various colours, about twelve feet long and eighteen inches broad, on which are written quotations from the Classics. Some of the apartments are furnished; in one of them is a suite of ebony furniture from Canton and at the back of the permises are rockeries and ponds. Many of

and that there is a school of forty pupils connected with the mission. This mission station was burnt down during the anti-Christian riots of 1891. In the library we see a copy of the Rev. Father Palâtre's work on 'Infanticide' which is illustrated with pictures copied from native works on the subject, showing the future punishments of those who are guilty of the crime. The work was lithographed and issued by the fathers at Sicawei, Shanghai. Close by is a temple and a devotee having, according to his idea, experienced some favour, is treating the presiding deity to a theatrical performance, consequently the temple is crowded with people, a constant stream of human beings coming and going all day long. Opposite this temple in the middle of the stream is a joss house and a summer resort. Here in olden times there used to be a gigantic yellow eel,—that is, the head was there; the tail was in the city of Woo Se.

We are invited at Woo Se to a dinner party on board a pleasure boat, out host being a native banker. These boats cost over a thousand dollars each, the one we are in is valued at twelve hundred and is in charge of the small-footed Miss Golden Lily, who is said to be the handsomest young woman in Woo Se and this is probably the truth, for during the whole of our extended residence in China, we have never before seen such a beautiful Chinese women. Her father wants five thousand taels for her. She does not associate with the guests, but remains in a room at the back of the saloon into which she can look, through a window. A Chinese dinner consists of a good many things, the delicacies consisting of pigeons' eggs, sharks' fins, birds' nests, sea slugs and other things a foreigner would not think of eating, but which are done up so tastely, that after one or two trials, he begins to relish them. There are also steamed rice, different kinds of fish, pork, without which no meal would be complete, cakes, melon seeds and, cut up into small pieces, a long line of sundries too numerous to mention, as an auctioneer would say. The viands are served up in small basins and saucers, and only chopsticks and crockeryware spoons are used. Our host shows his hospitality by putting choice titbits on our saucers with his own chopsticks after they have been in his own mouth. Chopsticks and 'nimble lads' have the same sound in Chinese, and if the characters for the latter were used for the former they would not be misapplied, as anybody can see for himself when a Chinaman is taking his food.

As is the fashion at dinner parties, singing girls are introduced, and they do sing, reminding us of a concert of cats on the tiles on a moonlight night. Naturally we applaud—when the music is finished—though we thought one of them would never cease exhibiting her vocal powers.

Chapter IX.

After leaving Woo Se we anchor for the night and start again at four o'clock next morning and are soon in a small lake. We want to go to Sah Hong and experience considerable difficulty in finding it, though our lowdah enquires the way of passing boat people who appear to be very wooden headed. One says Sah Hong is a long way off, another that it is close by, while a third has never heard of it. However, we come to it in time, but do not make much of a stay. Sah Hong is one of the cocoon collecting centres and as such does a good business during the season.

Leaving this place we start for Le Yang, crossing the Tah Hu or 'Great Lake' in about five hours, as there is little wind. The lake, at the upper end is only some five to six feet deep, and at the mouth of a creek which we go up is Soo Tong. The water is running down in a strong current and the village bridge is a wooden structure, too low for our

A Village Smithy, p. 112.

boat to pass under, but our men raise the middle part and haul the boat through, the villagers looking on, though not making the least attempt to help us. It is with them, as with everybody else in China, a case of rigidly minding their own business and not interfering with that of other people, usually a very good principle to act upon, but not one that should on all occasions be adhered to.

In the vicinity of Soo Tong, we are told there is a phenomenon, which, if the poor man could resemble, he would rejoice, while the rich man would be deprived of much pleasure. It is neither more nor less than an eel without the desire, or the usual receptacle, for food. This creature lives in a pond, according to common report.

We afterwards come to a stone three-arched bridge and later on a wooden bridge of six spans, forming in reality two bridges of three spans each, resting on solid masonry in the middle of the creek. Three quarters of an hour afterwards, we lose our way and expect to make a journey of several miles to get right again, but it fortunately happens that we get on the right track after going not more than two le, so we arrive at Ye Shing at 10 p.m., anchoring for the night just outside one of the city gates, near a guard boat which keeps up a clatter all night beating the watches on a drum, with an occasional diversion on a gong. There are five watches during the night, commencing at seven o'clock and finishing at five o'clock next morning, and each watch is denoted by beats on the drum except at cities which have the word 'king' attached to their name. In this case only four beats of the drum are used to denote the last two watches, and the reason of this is ascribed to the following legend. Chu Yuan Chang, the founder of the Ming dynasty, having conquered Nanking, built or rebuilt the walls of that city and wanted a solid foundation for them. So he went to a notable who possessed a 'chu pao pun' or talismanic urn and asked him to lend it to him as he wanted to use it in building the wall. The owner was willing to assist the emperor, but wanted to know when the talisman would be returned. 'Oh,' said the emperor 'when the drums beat the fifth watch,' but he secretly gave orders that the fifth watch should never again be beaten in the ordinary way, and that instead of five beats of the drum, only four should be given as in the fourth watch; so the emperor saved his word and retained the talisman which he buried under the wall, and thus added to its stability. Another version of the story is that this practice is restricted to Nanking.

On many of the iron pans in which the Cantonese burn joss paper the characters for chu pao pun or 'collecting precious basin' are cast. The people profess to believe that anything put into the chu pao pun immediately is increased a hundred fold.

At half past four o'clock, the gunboat crew awakens the slumbering city by firing a gun, having previously brayed a trumpet, the sound of which is like that made by a person shaking his sides with laughter, only much louder, of course. At five o'clock the gates are opened and our boat goes through one of the water gates, the barricading of which consists of three pieces of wood tied together end on and stretching across the surface of the water from one side to the other and fastened to a staple with a piece of rope. In addition to this there are a couple of pole gates which would not take much energy to burst open. The houses on the banks of the canal are mostly built of brick with stone foundations, and they look as if they had been recently white-washed. Many people are about at this early hour and boats are on the move; one of the gunboats has a gun with the date 1861 on it. We are clear of the town at 5.15 and into a lake, arriving at a small village on the left hand side at 6.30, where we halt for a short time to witness the natives making a coarse kind of paper. The people are most

obliging and show us the whole process, which is a very primitive one.

The paper made at this village of between two and three hundred inhabitants is used for building purposes, that is for mixing with lime to make it more binding. It is made from straw, which is spread out in heaps and then mixed with lime and water, which causes the straw to rot. After one month, it is cut up fine and placed in a circular heap on a stone flooring, where it is still further macerated, first with a rake, and then by being trampled on by a bullock. When this process has been continued some time, the pulp is placed in a bag, which is made of Chinese cotton cloth, the quantity being about seventy catties each time. The bag is next tied up and soaked in the creek. In the mouth of the bag is inserted a long bamboo which has a flat piece of wood about four inches in diameter nailed across the end of it. This is used as a plunger, and is pushed backwards and forwards while the bag is floating in the water, as the pulp is very light, the object being to wash the lime out. After about ten minutes, the pulp is clean and the bag is taken out and squeezed to get the water out of the pulp, which is then removed and piled up on other lots to allow more water to drain off. Afterwards it is taken to a shed where women and boys are at work. The pulp is now placed in a trough, the bed of which slopes; water is poured in and the pulp is stirred up to a certain consistency. At the deep side of the trough is the operator, a boy. He has an oblong sieve, which he rapidly plunges into the liquified pulp and quickly raises it again. He then rests the sieve on a bamboo and presses a board, which corresponds with the size and shape of the sieve, on the top to squeeze the water out, and finally he places the compressed pulp, now in a layer, on the top of other layers, which are next placed in the sun to dry. According to the quantity of pulp taken up, so is the thickness of the paper. The women appear to be employed in placing the pulp in layers, the boys doing the work at the troughs.

At 0.15 p.m. we arrive at Le Yang, which is one hundred and fifty-five miles from Shanghai. We pass under the 'East Peace' bridge outside the city, and, after proceeding a short distance, find we should have gone to the left, for by going to the right we went wrong. We notice that the tops of the walls sadly want repairing. There are quite a number of hovels at the foot of the wall, and the occupants come out, asking the foreign gentlemen to give them bottles. As our stock of this commodity is somewhat limited, we cannot satisfy the demand in full, but when a bottle is thrown to them and it sinks there is great excitement. Youngsters strip and go in to get it out, women, old and young, hobble along with sticks and rakes, totally oblivious to the fact that the coveted article is a long way beyond their reach, while boatmen hasten to the spot in the vain hope that the spoil will be theirs.

We visit the temple of the city moat god whose better half occupies apartments at the back of the building. In this temple there is a very good representation of the various courts or tribunals of the Buddhistic hells, and human ingenuity has been brought into play to depict the realistic, or more properly speaking idealistic torments undergone by the wicked, and a greater refinement of torture and ugliness of the demons, it would be impossible to picture.

According to Buddhistic belief there are ten courts or tribunals under the city of Fung To in Szechuan and mortals when they die are taken by black and white demons before the judges there. They can escape some of these courts by doing or abstaining from certain things during their lifetime, and we have in a previous chapter referred to the Pool of Blood society, the members of which, women, escape the pool by abstaining from fish, flesh and

fowl. Among other punishments are grinding the wicked in a mill, pulling out the tongues of priests who have broken their vows, sawing asunder, pounding in a mortar, chopping in pieces, fastening round red hot cylinders, hanging by hooks while the culprit is being weighed and his good and bad deeds balanced, dog bites, throwing on sharp instruments and pushing off a bridge into a cavern below full of snakes, forcing boiling liquids down the throat, imprisoning in utter darkness, immersing in a pool of blood, changing into animals, intense heat and extreme cold, and every kind of torture that inhuman ingenuity and cruelty can invent. And yet the Chinese will complacently inform one that they have a respect for life, even that of a dog, and compassionately ask the Shanghai Municipal Council to hand over the stray dogs to them to be taken care of instead of being killed.

The chief judge of Tartarus keeps a record in which are inscribed the names of all mortals and the dates on which they have to appear before him. In one case it happened that a certain man's wives, one after the other, appeared before this judge, but the husband was still alive. One of the defunct wives could not keep the matter to herself, but must needs mention it to the judge. He opened his book and there was the man's name ticked off as having been 'called,' some six hundred years previously, but he had not appeared. An investigation followed, but nothing further was elucidated as to the reason of his not having obeyed the summons. Nothing could be done under the circumstances as there was no precedent for a man being 'called' twice, and he might have lived on till the present day had not his death warrant been discovered by accident, for the judge in an idle moment unrolled the twisted piece of paper—for Chinese paper is soft and strong and is sometimes made into string—with which his register was tied up, and then he found the missing document! It appears that whenever the judge ticks off a name on the register, he makes out the warrant for the man who is wanted, and hands it to a runner to execute. In the case referred to, the judge made out the warrant as usual, and in a moment of abstractedness, twisted it up into string and when the attendants went to put the book away, they tied it up with the twisted warrant, mistaking it for the ordinary piece of string which had done duty so often. The discovery having been made, the man who had enjoyed such a long span of life was sent for and appeared in the presence of the judge to be tried like so many others had been before him.

The Le Yang city moat god's temple appears to be in charge of a Taoist priest and he takes much pleasure in showing us the sleeping apartments of the city moat god's wife. The room is fitted up for her ladyship's accommodation with boxes, tables, chairs and a bed, and there are two figures to represent her hand maidens holding trays and standing by to attend upon her, should she ever require their services. After showing us round, the priest delicately insinuates that as an outlay is incurred to supply the lamps with oil, a few cash will not be refused; if he had waited a minute longer he would have got what he wanted without asking.

And now we come to a native restaurant, where in full view of everybody cooks are seen compounding delectable morsels to tempt the palates of the patrons of the establishment. There are numerous dishes and plates in terraces containing dumplings filled with pork and sugar, or pounded beans and sauce, sections of fowls, ducks and other birds, salted eggs, piles of boiled, salted or raw vegetables, pieces of pork, and roasted duck hanging on hooks, all these things being exposed without any attempt to keep them from the dust that is flying about. The customers are upstairs sitting round small tables and there is a perfect babel of voices,

Some of the people are engaged in the game of 'guess fingers' wherein each man tries to keep sober himself and make his neighbour drunk, and the further they advance in the game the louder the guessing and the redder their faces become for samshoo flushes the faces of the natives. To add to the din, a man is sitting at a table on the lower floor calling out in no uncertain voice the different orders that are transmitted from the upper story.

A few doors from this restaurant another man is calling out. He stands behind a counter facing the street, for Chinese shops, the reader must remember, are all open to the street; there are no glass windows, and winter and summer, the occupants are exposed to the weather. It is only in the foreign settlements that the natives have glass fronts to their shops. Well, our man, as we said, is standing behind a counter and he has a pile of second hand clothing neatly folded up on the counter. He is crying his wares and as he does so unfolds the articles, and after one has been exhibited, he folds it up again and places it on his left, and when the whole heap has been transferred to his left, he repeats the process till the things are all on his right again, for he does not seem to sell many of them.

Going along one of the narrow streets, we get between two mandarins and their retinues, and notice that one of them turns down an alleyway where he stops with his back to the street till the other has passed. He then resumes his journey. The reason of this is that when two mandarins meet, the inferior has to salute the other, which would necessitate getting out of their chairs, but this is avoided by the one turning down a lane, for theoretically he does not see the other. Mandarins have the right of way except in one case, once a year, when the people are supreme. In this case namely, at the spring festival, should a mandarin meet the procession, he has to dismount, but to avoid such a contretemps, the mandarins remain at home on the day of the procession. In Ningpo the officials have to make room for a bridal chair should one be met in the street.

Chapter X.

Le Yang is another of the cocoon collecting centres, and at one of the hongs or business houses there is a mandarin with a guard of soldiers to prevent disturbances among the county people selling cocoons.

We come across some houses standing at an angle of at least ten degrees out of the perpendicular; still they are occupied, the people having such faith in the good luck of the tenements that they will not leave till buildings with equally good fung-shui can be found. Before leaving Le Yang a well dressed lady accompanied by two maid servants comes off to our boat and asks if we can sell her some ten cent pieces, as she wants them to make buttons of, but we cannot supply her, though we offer to send what she wants from Shanghai, an offer she does not accept.

We leave Le Yang in the afternoon, and having anchored all night reach Ye Shing at noon next day and at 7 p.m. get back to Soo Tong, crossing the Tah Hu in a stiff breeze in three hours, to Sah Hong. This time we make an extended stay and go on excursions to the surrounding country. Sah Hong has a population of some seventy five families and the girls and women here, as at Ye Shing, part their hair in the middle after the foreign style and wear roses in the knot at the back of their heads.

The Tah Hu district is very hilly, though none of the hills we visit are more than six hundred and twenty five feet high, the lowest being some three hundred feet less. One of the places at the foot of the Loong Wong San is called Lu Kow and the scenery is very picturesque as is the case all round the Tah Hu. The Loong Wong San is about six hundred feet high and on the summit there is a

temple called the Pah Ter An, 'Eight Virtues temple.' This is rather a liberal allowance of virtues, for the precepts of the Chinese only recognize five. This temple or monastery which is in charge of an abbot who tells us he is sixty four years of age, is both Buddhistic and Taoist, the abbot belonging to the latter as we see by the blue colour of his clothes and the way he does his hair, Buddhist priests dressing in yellow robes and having bald heads. The next peak is twenty five feet higher, and the path to the top is most difficult to follow, for the stones forming the steps are loose, making the foothold anything but sure. As is usual on the tops of hills, there is a temple here, the presiding deity being Kwan Ying, though there are thirty six other idols within the dingy precincts. In the walls are some slate tablets into which are cut the names of the patrons of and donors to the establishment, while overhead across the beams are stretched long pieces of cloth of various colours which have been presented by devotees in a similar manner that tablets are. In the yard of this temple there is an iron sacrificial urn some fifty years old; there is also a well, the crystal water in which is always the same height and on asking the abbot the cause of this, he says he supposes the supply is regulated by the joss. We enquire of a young priest how high his hill is; he has not the least idea, never having bothered his head about it, and he hardly knows the name of his temple, for when we ask him to write it down he has some difficulty in complying, and has to go outside and copy the characters off the lintel of the main door way. He is much surprised when we tell him the height of his hill and show him our altitudinal barometer. It may be remarked that at many of the places we have visited the priests could not write, or if they could they did not care about writing down for us the names of their temples. We have heard it stated that monkeys can talk, but will not, because they think man will make them work if they speak, and it is said of the priests that they can write, but will not, because if they put down on paper the names of their temples, the prosperity of the place will be given away.

As is only natural, many of the people living on the banks of the Tah Hu are expert fishermen and utilize the land and the water for obtaining food. We see a number of nets stretched across a creek and when they are hauled up, we notice that they are weighted with unburnt bricks which are strung together in a very ingenious manner. They have many ways of snaring the denizens of the deep and it has been our good fortune to witness the different methods in operation. On the lake, men go out at night in narrow boats, which are about twelve feet long and less than two feet wide. At one side of the boat is attached a net fixed upright to the gunwale, and about two feet high, while on the other side, through its whole length is a board painted white about three feet broad and resting on the gunwale with the outer edge slightly under the water. The man sits aft, and his paddle, also painted white, makes a noise in the water which frightens the fish, which being attracted by the white board, dart at it as a means of safety, only to find themselves flop into the bottom of the boat, the net on the opposite side preventing their going over into the water again. The darker the night, the better the fisherman's luck. Sometimes the fisherman anchors his boat and then goes to sleep, the fish jumping on board just the same. In fishing for prawns and shrimps, baskets are used, but though they vary in shape in different places, they are all constructed on the same principle. The traps are single baskets, cylindrical in shape, about a foot long and three inches in diameter, with a lid or cap. Some consist of two baskets placed at right angles, but with only one lid and both the lid and the opposite

end of the basket are shaped like the bottom of an ordinary bottle with a hole in it. The baskets are baited with a piece of flour paste stuck on a spike inside of the lid. The prawns, smelling this out, crawl into the basket, but owing to the shape of the ends, cannot get out again. As many as five hundred double baskets are sometimes attached to a single line, and sunk in the water. As they are hauled up by a man in the bow of the boat, a woman examines them, takes out the prawns, re-baits the baskets and then piles them up in the after part of the boat ready for the next throw.

'Paddy's canaries' or frogs, of the edible kind, are fished for at night, the locality being ground that has been previously flooded for planting rice. We watch a number of men at work, and come to the conclusion that frog fishing is not a very profitable business. Each man is accompanied by a boy who carries a lighted torch made of dried reeds, while the fisher himself is provided with two baskets, one without either top or bottom to surround the frog with, and the other to keep it safe when captured. In some parts, frogs are caught, according to Dr. Williams, with a hook and line with a young frog for a bait, but we have never seen any of this kind of fishing. Frogs are called "field chickens" by the Chinese.

Another mode of fishing is by means of 'water crows' or cormorants. These birds are trained to dive for fish, and are taken out in boats and perched on rails at each side. Each boat contains a man and a boy, the former propelling the craft and the latter attending to the cormorants; the boy has a long light flexible bamboo with a hook at the thin end with which he lifts the birds off their perch and throws them into the water. To make them dive, he shakes the bamboo over them, or if this is not sufficient, he lightly taps the lazy birds on the back. The birds thereupon dive, and if they are successful, on rising to the surface, they swim towards the extended bamboo and are taken on board, the hook catching the string that is tied to their legs.

It is comical to witness these birds bobbing up and down; they nearly all disappear together and come up at the same time, and are so domesticated, that although two or three lots from different boats may be all out diving together, still each bird eventually returns to its proper owner. We count as many as twenty two birds in one boat, each costing when purchased from one thousand to six thousand cash and some of them live upwards of ten years. They are fed on bean curd, and when the feeding hour comes, they get into a high state of excitement, rushing at the boat, and trying to get on board. They are fed one at a time; each is pulled out of the water by its neck, its mouth opened and the bean curd, a handful at a time, thrown down its throat. 'As greedy as a cormorant,' is about as expressive a saying as could well be coined to illustrate a ravenous and voracious disposition. If these birds were taken to Cologne they would add one more to the 'two and seventy stenches, all well defined, and several stinks' of that ill-favoured town. To prevent the cormorants swallowing their catches, rings are put round their necks.

Fish are also caught in large nets which are used in canals, creeks or rivers. One of those that we see is one hundred and ten feet long and sixty feet wide, costing from sixty to seventy or eighty dollars. It is not made all in one piece, but is composed of a number of pieces sewn together, the different parts being purchased here and there. A net, we are told, will last seven or eight months, but we take that statement for what it is worth, for a native has very little idea of time. In addition to the net, there are two windlasses which require several people to work them, and several stout bamboo poles. At one side of the creek on the bank, a substantial bamboo is erected, and kept in position by stays. To this is attached a long

rope, one end of which is fastened to the top of the bamboo, and the other to one corner of the net. On the same side of the creek, though in the water, is another long bamboo which is attached to another corner of the net. This bamboo has only one stay to it, so that, as the net sinks into the water, the head of the bamboo sinks too. On the opposite side of the creek are the two windlasses, to which are attached ropes fastened to the remaining corners of the net, and it is by working on these windlasses, which are affixed to scaffolding, that the net is raised out of the water. As soon as it comes partially above the surface, a boat is pushed into the net and the fish are transferred to the boat. The position of the net is changed from time to time. There are in some places fish weirs right across the creeks, and so cunningly arranged with a perfect labyrinth, that the poor fish have little chance of escape when they once get inside.

There is another kind of fishing by the aid of a string, bamboo and a bag or stocking, and is indulged in by priests, their object being to raise money either to repair the temple close by or the bridge from which the priest angles. These gentry take up a position on the bridges, and as boats pass under, they lower the apparatus over the parapet to catch a few cash from the occupants and this kind of angling appears to be a profitable business. Who says the Chinese are not an ingenious race after this? Any one who has noticed the fishing boats will have observed that there are always numbers of children in then, and the Chinese have a reason, other than the right one, for this. According to popular belief, in olden times, there was an old couple who earned their living by fishing, and it had been a profitable occupation to them, so much so, that they had managed to save a nice little sum of money. They were, however, childless, so concluded to spend all their earnings in scented wood to burn to the head joss. The smoke ascended to heaven, so that the joss sniffed it. He enquired what it was and where it came from and was informed that a fisherman and his wife, who were childless, had spent all their money in the purchase of scented wood to burn in his honour. The joss was so pleased with their conduct, that he decreed that in future fishermen should always have plenty of children!

Chapter XI.

Besides fish, the natives obtain other food from the water, which they utilize for the production of aquatic nuts, which grow in sheltered places. One kind is the water caltrop, which is known to foreigners as 'buffalo horns,' as they have somewhat the shape of the head and horns of this animal, though in miniature. Mud turtles are also obtained from the water. We bought one of these creatures, and found that its mouth had been sewn up with blue thread to prevent it biting. Truly the tender mercies of the Chinese are cruel. Mud turtles have long snakelike necks. If you purchase one of these mud turtles, you must not cook it at once, for may-be it is turtle, may-be it is snake. You must hang it up for three nights; if it does not come down of its own accord, it's turtles; if it does, it's snake! It is well to know these things. On the Poyang Lake there is a temple where the turtle is worshipped by boatmen, for according to their idea this creature is capable of raising a storm when it gets 'its back up.' Instances are recorded, and firmly believed, in which many boats have been upset and the occupants drowned, owing to the latter having been guilty of levity in respect to their ideas of the power and temper of the turtle. The world is supposed to rest on the back of a turtle, and when the creature moves there are earthquakes.

The weeds and grasses which grow in the lakes are used in fertilizing the ground, and various methods are employed in their collection, one being with a long five pronged rake, while the mud at the bottom is dredged up

with baskets shaped and working like the bi-valves of a clam.

Numerous ancient grave mounds are seen on the hills, some being on the very top of the peaks and ridges; one we see had been opened. It is composed of large stones with the top stones about two feet thick and one of these having been partially removed we can see inside the grave, which is empty. It is about twelve feet long, three feet wide, and eight feet deep at one end and less at the other. In other places there are graves shaped like horse shoes, a form of sepulchre still in vogue in some parts of China, and among the Chinese in the Straits Settlements. On one of the hills is a temple to the Queen of Heaven, in charge of a Taoist priest who, with his wife, is chaunting vespers at the time of our visit, while their only son forms the congregation. The priest has his hair plaited like the ordinary Chinese queue, and he is wearing a skull cap. We ask him how it is that he has his hair done up in this style, so he tells us he can dress it as Taoist priests do, and produces his officiating coiffure. The temple overlooks the Tah Hu and is consequently visited by fishermen and others who have to cross the lake, in order to propitiate the goddess and so obtain fine weather. There are two handsome tablets above her image, which were presented by the futai of the province, as he had occasion to cross the Tah Hu, which is very stormy sometimes. Another official of high rank also sent two long wall-boards for the same reason. The priest and his family are the only occupants of this island mountain, on which grow mulberry trees, and the sale of the leaves, and of trees which are cut down to make charcoal, with the donations of devotees, constitutes the revenue of the priest. On this hill we see a peculiar kind of plant, with a leaf covering the unopened flower and looking like the head of a cobra with the tongue projecting. We are told by our boatmen that the plant is used for medicinal purposes, but this is nothing new, for the Chinese make medicine out of a great many things, and sell it by the picul.

We see or hear a good many kinds of birds, but only two that sportsmen fancy, namely wild pigeons and pheasants. There is one species that we hear day and night and its cry is something like 'Whip, whip, whah-hoo.' The belief of the natives with reference to this bird is peculiar. They say it is calling out "shame" to some 'ne'er-do-well,' but there is another story which will not bear repeating. They also say that one dies every day; that is quite probable, though we do not believe it is necessarily the one that calls out first daily. There is another bird—the cuckoo —'whose cry is so mournful and from whose throat blood drops,' according to the Chinese, but which foreigners welcome as the sign of spring. We hear a good deal of this songster during our rambles. We see a deer on one of the hills and come across holes in the ground, where hares, we were told, had taken up their residence. We are quite willing to believe that there are pigs on the hills, though we are not obliged to accept the native statement that some of them weigh one hundred piculs.

In our rambles we come across a trap-building insect, the ant lion. This creature digs a hole or pit in fine soil, about two inches deep and two inches in diameter at top, tapering to a point at the bottom, where it lies in hiding, being covered over with the soil. When some unfortunate insect comes along, and gets to the edge of the pit, the ground gives way under its feet and it rolls helplessly to the bottom where it is pounced upon by the concealed insect and devoured. We have seen the ant lion and trap in the tropics.

The all-important industry at Sah Hong and the surrounding country for many miles, Le Yang, and Woosieh, namely the rearing of silkworms, is in full swing when we visit

City Wall and Water Gate, p. 113.

these places. About the 1st of May the butterflies' eggs begin to turn into silkworms, and then the consumption of mulberry leaves commences. Immense quantities of these are grown, and the trees are only about six feet high through being continually trimmed. The worms, after feeding, go to sleep for twenty four hours, and this takes place four times altogether, with an interval of about seven days between each sleep. From the time that the worm is hatched to the time it begins to spin its cocoon is thirty two days, and it takes eight days more to complete its work. The cocoons are then put into an oven, which kills the worm, now become a chrysalis, otherwise it would emerge from the cocoon as a butterfly soon to lay eggs, and the transformation would go on eternally as follows—egg, worm, chrysalis and butterfly.

At the different cocoon collecting centres the scene is made lively by the congregation of boats flying the flags of Shanghai silk firms, with foreign representatives from each house, also a large staff of compradores and shroffs purchasing the cocoons and superintending their killing and drying, the killing operation taking one hour, and the drying eight. As the centres are some distance apart, the firms employ the services of steam launches to run between the different places. Se Ling, the wife of the 'Yellow Emperor,' in the 25th century B.C., is said to have introduced the rearing of silkworms and this lady is now worshipped as the goddess of silk weaving.

After leaving Le Yang the second time we go to Loh Shah and Woo Se, or Woosieh as it is sometimes spelt, turning off at Ye Shing, and going by canal all the way. It appears that the district east of Ye Shing has produced quite a number of people to whose memory paternal emperors have very considerately allowed their relatives to erect and pay for memorial portals, for we count fifty-eight of these name-preserving monuments of ugliness within a distance of some twelve miles. As we proceed on our way, the people run down to the banks to look at the launch, and appear very much surprised at it; some are afraid, for on the whistle being sounded, a group of men, women and children take to their heels, but one of the number having tripped and fallen, some of the others in their hurry to get away, tumble over him amid the laughter of the rest. Before reaching Loh Shah, we pass a stone bridge of five spans, and near Woo Se the 'High Bridge' of a single span and fifty steps to the crown of it. We arrive at Woo Se for the third time at 7.30 p. m. having been towed, with another boat, by a steam launch, all the way from Le Yang, a distance of some seventy miles, a journey which was performed in sixteen hours including a stoppage at Loh Shah for coals.

Returning to Loh Shah on the following day, we have a visit from the district magistrate of Woo Se, who was formerly in the Customs bank at Shanghai. This gentleman, who presents a venerable appearance, is very affable. He has just returned from a visit to Sah Hong, whither he had been, owing to some slight discontent among two or three villagers who attempted to block up one of the waterways. His mode of procedure was characteristic. He sent for the tepao, or village constable, and the villagers, and told them that it was to their interest to deal with foreigners who bought cocoons and paid at once for them, whereas if the villagers sold to their own countrymen, they would have had to wait some days for their money. He further said 'I do not want to have any trouble with you; if there is any trouble, I shall have to take you to my place and lock you up. Mine is a miserable place to go to, and you will not find it very comfortable; besides, I do not want you there. If you come, you will lose your reputation, your liberty, and your money. Where are the men who dropped the stones under the bridge?' In

answer to this, the tepao at first said he did not know, but on being told he was responsible, he gave up the names, upon which the magistrate ordered him to arrest the men. One man was caught the same evening, but the other two made themselves scarce.

On one of our visits to this place during the Franco-Chinese trouble, it was commonly believed that there were no more Frenchmen in the country, so the magistrate, having beforehand ascertained that the nationality of the occupant of a particular boat was French, when he paid his visit he did not as usual ask 'What is your honorable country?' but simply enquired if he was a foreigner.

From Loh Shah, we take a run up to Chang Chow, a town captured in A. D. 1275 by Pien Kow, the general of Kublai Khan. On this occasion the inhabitants offered such stubborn resistance that when he conquered the place, he put the whole of them to the sword. There are two pagodas here, one of them a very large one, the home of a countless number of pigeons. We see a wild deer which has evidently lost its way, for it is in a part of the country where many people are at work and they try to catch it. Soon after this, we notice a native dog and then learn that among the wonks or curs, there are some that have a keen scent for game, for one of these animals, having picked up the scent of the deer, is following it. The deer takes a roundabout route to elude its pursuer and finally jumps a creek, and when the dog gets to the edge of the creek, it stops for a moment and then makes it way over a bridge, and is soon on the scent again, but on a number of village dogs barking at the sporting one, it turns tail and runs away, so that the deer escapes, but only for a time, for one of our party out with a gun comes across it soon afterwards and bags it. We return to Shanghai on 1st June, having make the run down from Woo Se in forty three hours and having traversed during our holiday something over five hundred miles of water.

During the trip, we had no need to complain of the treatment of the natives, and never had occasion to exhibit our passports. The only annoyance was caused by the boys here and there calling us 'foreign devils,' but we are used to that. We picked up a little more knowledge of the natives, but if a foreigner lived all his lifetime among the Chinese he would know no more than what the 'hind leg of a cow is to the whole of the animal's body,' so that what we saw and heard in our three weeks' tour did not amount to much, notwithstanding that we made good use of our eyes and ears. We have, however, come to the conclusion from this and other trips, that the Chinese are a vital race who have existed from an infinity of years in the past and will exist for an infinity of years in the future. Their habits are simple, and their natures quiet, though they are easily prevailed upon to believe all kinds of absurd stories which occasionally gets the better of their discretion, or their cupidity impels them to join it riots as a means of gain. Ordinarily they are cowards, their courage being in proportion to their numbers. They are very superstitious and have a great dread of the spirits of their dead to whom they present offerings and sacrifices, not because they love them, but because they fear them. With regard to the scholars, they are a proud, ignorant, conceited set who look down upon everybody else. The soldiers are bullies and lazy rowdies and not above helping themselves to the property of the non-fighting class.

KIUKIANG TO WUHU

IN A

HOUSEBOAT.

Chapter I.

Our first visit to Kiukiang is made in January though our trip to Wuhu does not take place till July following, so that during the interval a good opportunity is afforded us of seeing something of the place.

Kiukiang is four hundred and fifty six miles from Shanghai and one hundred and thirty four from Hankow, while the Poyang lake is only a few miles distant. It is on the Yangtze and is the third open port that the steamers stop at, after leaving Shanghai, though there are lots of stations on the way up that add their quota to the income of the steamers by the large number of passengers who have so far overcome their natural conservatism as to employ the ho lun chuan or 'fire wheel vessel,' to convey them from place to place. This is an exceedingly lucrative branch of the business, for there are no Board of Trade regulations on the Yangtze which deal with the carrying of passengers, and the Chinaman does not care how close he is packed or how little ventilation he is given, so long as he has room to spread his bedding and there are no questions asked as to the quantity of luggage he is carrying.

There are people who make a living by boarding steamers some hours before they sail and, spreading their mats on the deck, occupy them till some passengers come along. The men in possession bargain with the newcomers for the places, although they have no vested rights on board, but the silly passengers allow themselves to be fleeced in this way; in fact they accept the arrangement as a matter of course, and probably would do the same themselves if opportunity offered.

The time of our visit being near the Chinese New Year, the natives are busy settling their accounts, busy making purchases and busy doing a thousand and one other things in connection with the one great yearly event in the life of a Chinaman. Temporary stalls are erected on both sides of the streets for the sale of a most mixed assortment of commodities, mostly of a cheap description, and fathers of families are bargaining for caps of various colours and get-up, and other things, for their young hopefuls who stand round eagerly admiring the aforesaid caps and taking a lesson in the art of bargaining from their paternal relatives, who in the gravest manner possible are cheapening their prospective purchases. 'Seventy five cash' says the vender of a bauble; 'sixty five' says the prospective purchaser, each party knowing that the selling price will be neither of those amounts. Each party will haggle over the bargain till the buyers and sellers have halved the difference and seventy cash change hands. Some of the stalls have for sale pictures of men and animals represented in impossible positions and painted in all the colours of the rainbow; those of the men

appear to have been painted to express the different passions; some have a benevolent countenance, others of villainy, etc. according to a foreigner's delineation of such characteristics, though as the Chinese are such a left-handed people, it is possible that the opposite of what we imagine is really intended.

We must not forget to say something about the kitchen god who plays a most important part three days before the China New Year. This worthy, having been in the presence of the family all the year, is presumed to know something of the character and conduct of the people and before his picture is burnt, each family places before it an offering of 'stick jaw' sugar, so that when the god appears before his superiors to report, the sticky nature of the cakes will prevent his saying much.

We pass on and hear a howling beggar soliciting cash in front of the counter of a shop. These beggars take snakes, and coiling a few of them round their filthy bodies, enter the different stores and place one of the reptiles on the counter, so the shopkeepers quickly give them what they want in order to get rid of such unwelcome visitors. Many of these beggars belong to societies having recognized chiefs whose authority they acknowledge and who make all the bargains with the shopkeepers with regard to the demands that may be permitted to be made upon them by the begging fraternity during the year. The chief of the tribe wears a yellow robe and a mandarin hat and button. True, the robe looks as if it would be improved by washing, but that is a detail of which the beggar king takes no thought. As a rule the beggars confine their operations within reasonable bounds, but instances to the contrary sometimes occur, and on a certain occasion a viceroy who was passing in his chair was so angry at some beggars pestering the shopkeepers that he distributed to them alms of another kind, for he ordered them to receive two hundred and fifty blows each as a warning. After his excellency reached his yamen, his runners returned and demanded six thousand cash from each of the shopkeepers for having freed them from the importunities of the beggars! We know of an instance of one of the beggar kings refusing fifty cash which he returned with an air of injured innocence, saying he took nothing under a hundred cash; it is hardly necessary to state that his majesty went away empty handed. But enough of beggars.

One of the institutions of Kinkiang which attain special attention at New Year time is a fire cracker manufactory. Without crackers, a Chinaman's rejoicing would be very incomplete—the more the noise, the more the enjoyment representing his idea of merriment. In the factory before us, several men are at work, some cutting square pieces of red paper, others rolling them up, some filling them, while a few are putting the finishing touches and all this is done with remarkable rapidity. We have often noticed that when a Chinese artisan works for himself, he works quickly, though such is not always the case when he is employed by somebody else. And there are crackers and crackers, some for joyful occasions and others for sorrowful times; in the former the crackers are covered with red paper and in the case of funerals, they are not, being more in accordance with the Chinaman's idea of grief, by having the covering paper more nearly the colour of sackcloth. In each case, however, the spirits do not get their proper share of gunpowder and have to be content with very small crackers, this remark applying to parts of China only, for in the south the reverse is the case, and the crackers are made on ample proportions. A little further on is a shop where the inmates are making lamps of various sizes, shapes and descrip-

tions, round, square, oblong and grotesque; some ornamented with letters and others with pictures of genii, persons, animals, fishes, birds and scenery, and composed of various materials, such as common oiled paper, glass, gelatine, and gourd skins, the prices ranging from a few cash up to taels. Some of the lamps are profusely ornamented with many coloured beads, while others are fitted with figures of men and animals which revolve when the lamps are lighted. Lamps play an important part in the festivities of the native, for he uses them on all occasions; on festival days, he lights them inside and outside his house, as at the feast of lanterns on the fifteenth day of the first moon, and at the mid-autumn festival. In the latter case, he hoists a lantern on a pole as near the moon as he can get to it; and on the former he has lamps all about the place and they are usually adorned with red cloth. We next see a cake shop with all kinds of toothsome good things—from a Chinese point of view, of course; pies and puddings are temptingly displayed, having as an integral component, pieces of savoury pork, the Chinaman's delight, and some of them are daubed over with a red pigment, but lest the reader's mouth should water, we take him into the next shop, a butcher's, where a pig has just been killed. The defunct animal is in a tub of scalding hot water, and is being cleaned and scraped while an interested crowd of youngsters and others are intently watching the operation. We take observations too, and notice that after the porker has been scraped, an incision is made in the neck and one of the butchers places his mouth to the aperture and blows into it for all he is worth, the result being that what was a somewhat meagre animal in life is turned into a well rounded plump looking carcase in death. The butcher having done his work, wipes his cleaver on his nether garments and proceeds to serve his customers with the still reeking pig and we notice that pork and coin to the extent of twelve cash at a time continually change hands. At night the tubs in which the pigs are scalded are left outside the shop and are converted into lodgings by the beggars who must find the accommodation rather cramped, but as it is best to make for any port in a storm, the beggars think a nap in a pig tub on a cold night is not to be sneezed at, so they get into one and pull the other over them for a blanket and sleep the sleep of the just. The tubs are not more than four feet long by less then three feet broad and six inches high. Most Chinese pigs are black, though in some places they are white and a story is told of an old farmer who lived in a place where the pigs were black, and when one of his sows had a litter of white ones, the old man, thinking that he would surprise the emperor, sent him two of the piglings, but the emperor had word sent to the farmer that where he lived all the pigs were white.

Chapter II.

Strolling on, we approach the native city in the vicinity of which the mud, beggars, dogs and pigs increase. Over head, the denizens of some of the houses have hung out their washing to dry, so we are obliged to be careful, to avoid drops of water getting down our backs, for the things are hung out right over the street. However, after considerable dodging, we succeed in getting into the city by the gate which is nearest the settlement, and the gateway, being between twenty and thirty feet thick, affords shelter to various classes of people. Here a fortune-teller is all in his glory; he wears spectacles, the glasses of which are about an inch and a half in diameter, while the rims are made of a composition resembling brass, a good deal of which enters into the composition of the fortune-teller himself. He has a tin plate before him, with paper, ink, pen-brushes, and a few books, while a country bumpkin, to all

Tablet to the Emperor, p. 115.

direction of foreign engineers and they are apparently all that can be desired. Before leaving the fort it becomes necessary to satisfy the curiosity of some soldiers who are very much taken with our appearance. One wants to know the texture of our coat. 'What are these,' says another, pointing to our buttons, the next man admires our walkingstick and wants to know what it is for. 'Is it a gun?' he asks, while others, more or less inquisitive, feel our boots, cap, collar, and pockets, but when they endeavour to unbutton our coat to see how the buttons work, we disappoint them by walking away.

Re-entering the city, near the gate there is a small crowd of admiring natives gathered round a woman, who with heaving breast, dishevelled hair and cheeks deadly pale, is feebly hurling invectives at somebody in a shop close by, who had apparently insulted her, or hurt her feelings in some way, while in her hand she frantically clutches a brick ready to hurl at the object of her resentment should he present himself. It may be stated of the Chinese that where abuse is concerned, they have no equal, the expressiveness and foulness of the terms used in vituperation transcending anything that is known in other languages. A little further on some barbers are shaving or shampooing their customers in the open air, with the thermometer just in the vicinity of freezing, which makes us think of our own comfortable barbers' shops and we draw a comparison greatly to the prejudice of the native tonsorial artists. Our appearance in the city excites the curiosity of the gamins of the place and they follow us with a persistency worthy of a better cause. One of these arabs volunteers the information that we are 'foreign devils,' while another says we are 'Jesus men' or Protestants, which probably means about the same thing to them; a third calls us 'foreigners' simply, while the beggars, with an eye to a possible cumshaw dub us 'excellencies,' to all of whom we turn a deaf ear, though we feel inclined to chastise the youngsters who have claimed for us near relationship to the cloven hoof. But 'honi soit qui mal y pense.' Passing along a stone road we come to a hillock on the summit of which there is a Chinese camp surrounded by a wall painted black which gives it a rather gloomy appearance. A view from the gate reveals a large number of banners of the 'braves' many coloured and 'proudly floating o'er the breeze', or drooping listlessly down. The soldiers' huts are made of straw and miserable looking tenements they are, though in some places the camps are clean and pleasant, the roofs being nicely thatched and the buildings in good condition. As a rule anything appears to be good enough for a soldier in China, and although he is in government service, the chances are that he is no better off than an ordinary labourer in the country. Of course, he puts on a lot of swagger and makes himself a terror to the peace loving natives when he finds that his opium loving officers are too intent upon their own pleasures to look after his conduct. He spends a good deal of his time in places where he ought not to be, for being a gentleman at large, usually for a considerable portion of his time, it is only natural that at least in his case, 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.'

After some more rambling about inside the city, the pagoda is reached. It is near the south gate and from a distance looks in good order and repair, but on close inspection we find the door shut and on peeping through the bars discover that there is no staircase leading to the first floor. It seems that the priests in the neighbouring monastery take advantage of this defect to earn a little money, for they supply the necessary ladder to enable tourists to reach the first floor, but as we do not know this at the time, we miss the opportunity of conferring pecuniary benefaction on the shaven headed fraternity, so leave to others

the feat of counting the number of steps to the top and engraving their names in bold letters high o'er the heads of other adventurous individuals.

The pagoda is of very recent construction dating after the erection of the church in the settlement, and it was built for a similar reason that prompted the Soochowites to build their ink slab one, namely to assist the students. It seems that when the church of St. Paul was finished on the Kiukiang settlement its tall bell tower being the highest erection in the place, overshadowed, as it were, the fortunes of Kiukiang and interfered with the feng-shui, so that the poor students could not pass their examinations with honour to their country and credit to themselves till a fortune-teller advised the people to erect a building higher than the church steeple. They did so, built a seven storied pagoda, the one we are looking at, and the students had much cause for rejoicing, for they obtained their degrees at the next examination as had been the case before the church was erected, at least that is what the common report says.

In the vicinity there is a monastery from which proceeds the sound of the harmonious gong which is heard day and night. But we must devote a special chapter to this monastery.

Chapter III.

All native cities and localities in China are rich in legends, some more so than others. Of course, this legendary lore contains a few grains of truth as a foundation, but for the most part it is a compilation of myths of an outrageously absurd nature. Temples, ponds, creeks, mountains, etc, are all noted for the fabulous stories which are told about them; the so-called facts being minutely related in order to give an appearance of veracity to the absurd additions which garnish the tale and make it interesting. A few more of these yarns will be given as we proceed. The first of these refers to the monastery before us; it is called the Nung Run Sz, or 'The Able and Benevolent' and was founded by imperial permission during the Leang dynasty as far back as the year A.D. 915, or thereabouts. Approaching the building, the abbot meets our party, receiving us in the porch where he has been counting his beads, while his monks and acolytes are busy within, chaunting their matins in a low and monotonous strain, and in an unknown tongue. Our principal object in visiting this monastery is to obtain a glimpse of a famous iron Buddha which has formed the chief attraction of the place for upwards of eight hundred years. Not wishing to disturb the monks in their devotions, we accept the abbot's invitation to a seat in his reception room where he kindly gives us the complete history of the idol, to the best of his ability, occasionally throwing in a few of his own ideas on the subject, and explaining some parts of the legend which he and others are dubious about.

From his narrative we learn that during the reign of the emperor Yuan You, from A. D. 1086 to 1064, the abbot in charge of the monastery at that time had a dream, and he saw an iron image of Buddha floating down the Yangtze from the west, in a stone boat. He thought that the idol was endued with life and spoke to him, requesting him to meet him at a certain early hour the next day at the north gate of the city and have his idolship conveyed to the Nung Run Sz. On awakening in the morning, the Abbot pondered over his dream and came to the conclusion that it would be best to consult the city authorities; this he did and was much surprised to learn that every official, civil and military, had also during the night been visited by a similar dream. Scotsmen have a legend that St. Andrew's bones drifted without the aid of sails or oars to the shores of Achaia, so we

must not deny the Chinese their myth that the iron Buddha also drifted ashore. It was accordingly arranged that a procession should be formed to proceed to the north gate of the city and await the arrival of the Buddha and on reaching the appointed spot, the processionists saw the fulfilment of their dream, for sure enough, there was the Buddha in his stone boat dropping down the river, and shortly afterwards he landed at the jetty. The Buddha then deliberately walked up to the top of the wall, and addressing the abbot, requested to be taken to his new residence, at the same time stating that he was She Yin Fu, 'The Leading and Guiding Buddha,' because he is supposed to lead mortals from the miseries of this world to the joys of the 'Western Paradise'—a Buddhist heaven. He stated that he had come to live for the future at the Nung Run Sz. His request was complied with and he remained at the monastery during the various changes it underwent, till the time of the Taiping rebellion. As it was well-known that the rebels neither respected the idols nor their priests, the then abbot at the time of the approach of the temple and idol destroyers, fled to the mountains leaving the iron Buddha and the other idols to take care of themselves. On the Taipings obtaining possession of Kiukiang, they went to work and demolished all the temples and idols they could find, and the Nung Run Sz, with the iron Buddha, was destroyed as far as possible. They held possession from 1853 to 1858 and after their departure, the abbot, whose guests we are, was sent from the Le Shan and assumed charge. He had not much to look after, for he found the Nung Run Sz a mass of ruins and the iron Buddha had disappeared! However, he did what he could, trusting that the monastery would be rebuilt and the idol found. Years rolled on and still the place was unrepaired, but one night the abbot had a dream, during which he was informed that the monastery would not again flourish till the Buddha was found and occupied its former place. There being no trace of the said deity, it was almost a hopeless task to find it. Searching among the ruins was useless, as the abbot had already done so; true, he had found the head and one arm, though these no more constituted the idol than do the fleshy head and arm the human body, but accident or chance accomplished in a few minutes what the abbot had for years failed to achieve, and this is how it happened.

A coolie, while carrying a load across a plot of ground which is now the site of the taotai's charity school, stumbled and fell, which caused him to make use of the customary vituperation which comes so naturally to a Chinaman of the lower orders, and picking himself up, he proceeded on his way and forgot all about his accident. Having finished his job, he returned the same way he had come, when strange to relate, he stubbed his toe again at the very spot where he had hurt himself before. Unlike the rest of his race, it occurred to him to remove the obstruction, so he went to a neighbouring house and borrowed a mattock to dig it up with, and he had not been long at his self-imposed task before he discovered that the cause of his stumbling was something hard, iron in fact, which induced him to redouble his exertions, for he saw the means of earning a trifle by the sale of what he took to be old iron. Having cleared away the rubbish, he found that his prize was an idol, so he begin to be afraid that some of the priests would accuse him of having stolen it, and he threw it into a ditch and departed. Of course, while he was digging up the highway, a crowd of natives collected round him and the Chinese being excellent purveyors of news, it is not to be wondered at that the abbot at the monastery was soon apprised of the finding of an idol which he thought might be the long lost Buddha. He hastened to the spot and was overjoyed to find that his conjecture was right, but in what a dilapidated condition was the

idol. It was covered with mud and rust and minus head, right arm, part of both legs and the feet, but on the principle that beggars should not be choosers he went to the authorities and laid claim to what was left of the once famous Buddha. They looked up the records of the monastery and finding that the idol belonged to it, gave the abbot permission to take possession, which he did, and descending into the mud and filth of the ditch, carried his god to the ruins of the monastery and set it up in the open yard, as he had no shelter for it. The image was hollow, so he placed a piece of firewood in the neck and stuck the head on that, and morning and night he paid his devotions before it. Every morning, he noticed that the head was either knocked off or pushed out of its proper position, for there being no wall round the place, the horses used to come and rub themselves against it, with the above result, and filling the ears and eyes with horsehair. Every morning he replaced the head as it should be, but this rude conduct of the horses troubled him considerably, for, as he was a poor man himself, he had not the means of providing a more suitable habitation for the object of his worship.

One day, the son of the then taotai, who was afterwards taotai of Shanghai, went to the Nung Run Sz to engage in study during the summer months, and noticing the broken image, all exposed to wind and rain and sun, enquired its history. Being of a devotional turn of mind, the young man expressed his regret at seeing the Buddha in such a dilapidated condition and promised to ask his father to do something towards effecting the necessary repairs. The taotai listened to the tale and sent the abbot some money. It appears that this taotai had a dream wherein a man of gold asked for the loan of some money and promised that if the request were granted, the lender's wife should bring forth a son who should rise to great eminence in the empire; so that when his son, the student, asked his assistance on behalf of the abbot, he debated in his mind whether or not the abbot was the man of gold of his dream. His wife being confined of a son a short time afterwards and the dress of the abbot being yellow, the colour of gold, strengthened his belief, so he made the grant towards rebuilding the monastery and repairing the idol.

The abbot at once set to work restoring the monastery and he engaged a blacksmith to rivet the head on the image. He then produced the arm that was wanting and had it properly secured on with wire, but still the idol was not complete, as a portion of the legs and the feet were wanting and could not be found. He was thus in a dilemma, but thought if he could get a couple of bars of iron, they would suit his purpose, so he enquired at the different iron shops for what he required. One ironmonger said he thought he had what was wanted and produced two bars of very hard iron (steel) and asked if they would do. 'Just the thing' said the abbot, but noticing that the metal was harder than the native article, asked where his purchase came from and was informed that it had belonged to the Shanghai Steam Navigation Co.'s steamer *Huquang* which was burnt at Kiukiang in 1866. The abbot hastened home with his purchase and fitted the two bars in the sockets for the legs, and then secured the lower ends to flat stones to prevent the image from falling down. Then he had the feet and toes made of clay and finally had the whole gilt, so that to-day the visitor is not able to tell that the component parts of this image are iron, wood, steel and clay. The news of the restoration spread far and wide, and only a few days before our visit, fifteen hundred dollars had been received from some officials at Newchwang to help pay for the repairs to the monastery.

We may mention that the stone boat is still at the monastery as an evidence of the truth

of the story that the Buddha did come to Kiukiang in it and it stands in front of the building and is about fifteen feet long, two feet deep, and similarly broad. The abbot tells us he does not think the Buddha came down the river as stated in the legend and walked ashore, but that it came from an island in the Yangtze where there had been a temple in the dim and distant past, and that the waters having encroached on the island, the priests had removed the idol to higher ground inside the city of Kiukiang. And so ends the story.

Chapter IV.

A short distance from the Nung Run Sz are the premises of the Methodist Episcopal Church Mission in connection with which there is a girl's school, the pupils numbering about thirty and their education is carried on in Chinese, for at this, as at most of the mission schools, it is not considered advisable to teach the pupils English, neither is it necessary, at least at present, whatever it may be in the future. They are, however, taught music and singing, and one of the girls plays the harmonium while we pay our respects to the teachers.

There is another place in the city that we must not forget to mention; it is called the Ching Fung Koh and the legend connected with it dates back to the first century of the Christain era and relates principally to one Sung Kuo, who was then the taotai or prefect of the Kiukiang district which was then known by some other name. Mr. Sung appears to have been a wonderful man, that is if the account of his performances is true and it is a pity that the Chinese empire at the present day does not possess similar specimens of this perfect official. When he arrived to take charge of his district, he found it infested with tigers, locusts, and robbers, and the country was subject to frequent inundations, fires and famines. Owing to the sufferings of the people the taxes had been remitted by imperial order, and officers had been appointed to exterminate the tigers and locusts and capture the robbers. Still the government was oppressive and the people suffered as much from the exactions of the officials as from the ravages of the wild beasts, locusts, etc.

The law is to the effect that if the country is infested with tigers or locusts, the officials shall be degraded, for it is considered that they—the officials—are to blame through their mismanagement and misrule. Hence it is that when a flood breaks the banks of a river and devastates the surrounding country, the viceroy memorializes the emperor to punish him, as if he could have helped it. Perhaps he could if he had attended to the weak spots in the embankments, but they do not look at it in this light. An exception is recorded to this rule in the case of a chuntai or brigadier general named Le who lived at Nan Chang Fu, the provincial capital. The people were plagued with locusts, a very common complaint on the Yangtze, and Le went out against them and killed vast numbers, but where locusts are concerned, the destruction of a few millions is a matter of small importance. Though his soldiers killed thousands upon thousands, still more came to take their places, and Le getting into a desperate rage swore that he would eat them; so he set to work, was as good as his word, and died of too much locust—at least that is the verdict an intelligent jury might have brought in at the present day. History does not state whether the other officials who went out with him were as patriotic as he was, but his name has been handed down to fame, and having been deified, two temples were erected to his memory.

According to Chinese ethics if a man is properly qualified for his post, his influence will extend even to animals, on the principle probably, that 'like master, like man,' or as Pestalozzi has it 'the teacher makes the pupils what they are.' Reasoning thus, the 'Doctrine

of the Mean ' has it as follows :—'A man who is possessed of complete sincerity is able to perfect his own nature ; having attained the full development of his own nature, he can perfect the nature of others ; being able to accomplish this, he can give full development to the natures of animals and things and assist the transforming and nourishing the powers of heaven and earth.'

Our friend Sung having attained this degree of perfection was able to influence the wild animals, and accordingly, on his arrival they became aware of this interesting fact. The tigers departed in droves, swimming the river to the adjoining province of Hupeh, while the locusts also flew across the river in clouds and never returned to the district during Sung's administration ; the robbers ceased from troubling or went to more congenial climes ; and floods, fires and famines became unknown. It does not say much for the Hupeh authorities that the tigers, etc. should emigrate to the parts under their jurisdiction, though we suppose these pests had to go somewhere, and Hupeh was just as good a place as anywhere else for them to go to. In earlier days, tigers had been known to enter the city of Kiukiang and take people out of it ; but in Sung's time this was changed ; indeed, the locusts from other districts would fly past and not one would enter Sung's jurisdiction.

On taking office, the legend says, Sung abolished the corrupt practices he found prevailing, declaring that while the wild beasts were the natural product of a mountainous country, misgovernment could be prevented by human effort. He warned his subordinates by an incident which occurred in the life of Confucius. Confucius was passing mount Tai when he saw a woman weeping and wailing by the side of a grave, so he bent forward in his carriage and after listening to her for some time sent Tze Loo to ask the cause of her grief. ' You weep as if you had experienced sorrow ' said Tze Loo. The woman exclaimed ' It is so, my husband's father was killed by a tiger and my husband also ; and now my son has met the same fate.' Confucius asked her why she did not remove from the place and she answered ' There is no oppressive government here ' which led the sage to turn to his disciples and say ' My children, remember this, ' oppressive government is fiercer than a tiger.'

After Sung's death he was deified and a pavilion erected in the city of Kiukiang, near to what is now the prefect's yamen, and his tablet was placed therein. The structure was a beautiful one, but this did not save it from the ravages of the Taiping rebels, for they pulled it down. In after years a small building was put up over the ruins and the tablet was renewed, and now the officials go on the 1st and 15th of the month to this place and worship before the tablet.

It is not so many years ago that a tiger visited the vicinity of Kiukiang and carried off a man, so we may opine from this that the officials in authority at the time were not so perfect as they might have been, and we think we are safe in hazarding such an inference. But then it is probable, also, that things have changed since the days of Confucius, so that what applied in his time may be the reverse at the present.

As most Chinese cities are much alike, there is no need to give the reader a description of Kiukiang and so we continue our way back to the settlement which we reach after passing the washermen's quarters, pigs, beggars, dogs and mud and it is quite a relief to get once more into a broad street. We pass by the premises of the Roman Catholic Mission with its church which was built in 1873. Further on, is the Custom House, while near the centre of the settlement is St. Paul's church which was erected in 1865 or thereabouts. Further on, is the creek called the Loong Ki Ho or ' Dragon Opened creek,' the story of which is as follows,

but requires a little introduction. In the settlement there used to be a sheet of water called the Pun Pu Kung or 'Bowl and Reed Anchorage' which was much used by the junks of all sizes, while on its banks an extensive business was carried on, and busy streets led off from it, or ran parallel with the banks. It was at this period of its history that a dragon made its appearance, and a very formidable creature it was, being of a most vindictive disposition, too, if the legend is to be believed. One day, a celestial, so the story runs, went down to the water's edge, as many people had done before, and did afterwards, his object being a simple one, namely to wash out a 'pun' or bowl. He was deeply engaged scouring the utensil when he heard a noise close to him, and on looking up, observed a commotion in the water, while further inspection revealed to his wondering gaze the form of a mighty dragon which was lashing the water furiously with its tail and splashing about in a terrible manner. This rather alarmed the Chinaman; in fact it so startled him that he dropped the bowl he was washing and took to his heels as fast as he could. The dragon, thereupon, darted at the falling vessel and swallowed it at a gulp. Whether it was annoyed at the presumption of the man in washing his dirty utensil in its domain, or whether the bowl caused an uncomfortable feeling in the dragon's inside, the legend sayeth not, but this it does state, namely that the monster having swallowed its indigestible breakfast made off with it at the top of its speed towards the west. Such was its haste and fury that it went through land as well as water and made an outlet for the Pun Pu Kung into the Yangtze. Like most legends, this one is inconsistent, for although this body of water was called the Reed and Bowl Anchorage, there was no outlet to it before the dragon's freak. The question then arises how did the junks get into it? On this point the legend is also silent, but the opening the dragon made was called the Loong Ki Ho. The dragon must have been in a terrible state of excitement and its peace of mind entirely destroyed, to judge from the contortions and windings of the said 'ho' which is about as crooked a creek as can be imagined.

Little by little the Pun Pu Kung filled up, till at the present time, the visitor cannot find any trace of it. In the history of the province, under the heading of 'legends,' published by the native authorities, it is stated that the 'pun' is filling up through the refuse and debris from the streets being thrown into it. The people, however, had a belief, or professed to believe that such an event was impossible, for they said that the dragon which lives at the bottom of it, having returned to its home after the mad freak referred to above, swallowed up all that was thrown into the water. Since the natives have seen for themselves that foreigners have succeeded in filling in the pond, they say that the dragon has no power over people from the west, but that the beast punishes the Chinese living in the vicinity, by burning down their houses and causing them to be attacked by consumption. Coolies were once employed beating down the mud round a drain which ran through the reclaimed land of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, and a sousing sound was heard. 'Oh' said one of the coolies, 'what's that?' 'That's the dragon gasping' replied another, and next day when they smelt something they came to the conclusion that the dragon was dead and that the effluvia came from the decaying body, whereas it was only the stagnant water from the drain. Formerly no Chinese contractor would undertake contracts to fill in parts of the Pun Pu Kung for they said it could not be done. To prove the contrary, the foreigners engaged coolies to carry mud at so many cash a basket from the creek to the pond and very soon showed the people that what might be an impossibility for the Chinese was easily accomplished by Westerners.

During winter the Loong Ki Ho is nearly empty, but in the summer it is very deep with a fierce current running down. It takes its rise at the foot of the Le Shan which are only a few miles distant and the natives have adopted a very ingenious method of crossing it. A boat is fastened by a long line to the shore, the rope holds the craft by the stern, but to prevent it swinging round, another piece of rope is fastened to the long one and attached to the bow. When the men want to cross, the rudder is put over, one side or the other and the force of the current acting upon it sheers the boat over to the opposite side of the creek.

Chapter V.

Having crossed the creek, we find ourselves in 'America,' at least that is the name it goes by, though we have not been able to discover why. There is nothing on this except some ruins of a building of some kind, with fragments of tablets scattered about. These ruins and broken tablets have a history, partly true and partly legendary, and as we cannot separate the one from the other, we give the story as it is told us. The building was called the Pe Pah Ting or 'Guitar Pavilion' and was built by the people to commemorate the romantic history of Pi Chu E.

Pi Chu E was one of the most noted poets of the Tang dynasty and was a descendant of the Pi Chu E referred to by Mencius. He was a native of Ti Yuen Fu in the province of Shanse and was born in the seventh year of the reign of the emperor Tah Le, or about A D. 772. It is stated of him that when only seven months old, he knew the characters for 'che' and 'wu,' so it is not at all to be wondered at that such a very precocious infant should make his mark in the empire when he came to man's estate. Accordingly, we find, that at the age of twenty seven, he took the highest literary degree that the examiners could award, and he was fourth in his class, and the same year he was appointed one of the vice presidents of the Board of Rites. He held various high positions in the six boards and in the Hanlin college and gradually rising in imperial favour, was, in the ninth year of Yuen Ho, given the office of 'tahfu' of chief tutor to the heir apparent. His brilliant talents were fully appreciated by Yuen Ho who frequently consulted him on matters of government, while his poetical genius was often employed to reprove the faults of those in high office. The high esteem in which he was held by the emperor awakened the jealousy of many of his rivals, while his unsparing criticisms made him many enemies at court, and they did not scruple to use dishonourable means to bring Pi Chu E into disgrace with his sovereign, and his downfall was the result.

It appears that in the year following his appointment to the chief tutorship, the prime minister, Wu Yuen Hang, was assassinated by an emissary of a fellow statesman; upon which Pi Chu E memorialized the emperor to order an investigation, and if possible, bring the perpetrators to justice. His enemies seized this opportunity and accused him of usurping the duties of his superiors. They stated that he was an official of the palace and as such had no right to memorialize the emperor before the imperial censors saw fit to represent it to his majesty. The more malicious of the ministers determined to get rid of so dangerous a rival, and concealing his merits, represented him to Yuen Ho as a man of specious words and superficial show without any real ability. They said he could write silver-worded ditties, but that he was neither a safe nor a proper person to be allowed to meddle in the administration of government. Besides he was an unfilial son. It appears his mother had been drowned in a well into which she had fallen while looking at some flowers; and in after years Pi Chu E wrote an ode in praise of flowers by a well. Now, these ministers asked

Stone Image, Quinsan, p. 121.

'how can this man be a filial son when he can sing the praise of flowers, knowing as he did, the cause of his mother's death? Can such an unfilial son be a loyal officer?' So they advised the emperor to get rid of a man with such a reputation, and he did so, for he degraded Pi Chu E and sent him as prefect to some out of the way place. This, however, did not satisfy his enemies and they again memorialized the emperor, declaring that Pi, being guilty of so unnatural a crime, was not worthy of filling even the position of prefect. Accordingly the persecuted official was still further reduced to the grade of sub-prefect and sent to Keang Chow—the ancient name of Kiukiang —(pr. Kewkeang)—then a very small town and considered as on the outskirts of the empire. This was in the tenth year of Yuen Ho.

One evening in the following autumn, Pi Chu E was returning from escorting a guest to the junk anchorage in the Pun Pu Kung; the guest had gone on board his boat and Pi was about to return to his yamen when he heard music. Listening, he found that it proceeded from a boat and that the instrument played upon was a 'pe pah' or guitar. The music was exquisite and he perceived that the performer was skilled and touched the instrument with a masterly hand, for the rich and sonorous notes 'fell on the ear with an enchantment which was irresistible.' He enquired who the singer was and received answer 'a singing woman' from the capital who had been a pupil of the great masters Muh and Tsao; further that she was well advanced in years and was married to a merchant of Keang Chow and that her husband had gone to Fu Leang to buy tea, for it was then as now, a tea producing district, and had left her behind to live on board and take care of an empty junk. The sub-prefect ordered his underlings to procure a boat and take him to see the player; so he went alongside the junk, but the lady at first refused to come out on deck. Having been informed of the position of her visitor, she presented herself, at the same time half concealing her face with her guitar, which she thrummed with careless though bewitching grace. She then invited him on board with all becoming modesty, and in her actions did not overstep the bounds of propriety for her sex. Pi Chu E apologized for his rudeness in intruding his presence upon a lady, but pleaded in excuse the irresistible charm her music had exercised over him. 'We are both wanderers' said he 'in these ends of the earth; why must we be debarred from meeting, because we have not been formally introduced?' After considerable persuasion, she consented, like a drawing room miss, to play for him; 'it seemed as if the instrument had soul, feeling, and intelligence; it spoke the feelings of the player, now wild and confused as the summer storm; now the chords whispered as quietly as a coy maiden, and again they burst forth in violent passion like pent-up floods; it was like listening to the gods.' As she played she sang an impromptu song descriptive of her former life and the story of her song was at follows:—

She was in her younger days a resident of the capital and, belonging to a good family, had been brought up in affluence. At thirteen years of age she had completed her course of music and was the prima donna of the capital and the belle of Chang An (the then capital), a rival in loveliness of Se Che. Dressed in the most gorgeous and becoming robes which wealth could purchase, she was the envy of all her sex who plotted her ruin. This was effected through the wiles of a courtesan employed for the purpose by her jealous rivals, and so she was led from the path of virtue. In the course of her dissolute life she had travelled over a great portion of the empire, and during the second year of Pi Chu E's term of office had arrived at Keang Chow. Her beauty had faded; she had grown prematurely old, and not being sufficiently attractive to ply

her vocation, had married a tea merchant, resolving to reform her evil life. She had just received very sad news from home to the effect that her brother had been killed in battle at the head of his soldiers and that her mother had died broken hearted over the waywardness of her daughter and the death of her son. She now fully recognized the wickedness of her former course of life, and to add to her grief, she nightly dreamed of her home and the innocent pleasures of her youth. All she had to solace herself with was her guitar.

Pi Chu E, having listened to her attentively, told her the story of his disgrace and remarked how thoroughly disgusted he was with the low malarious flats of Keang Chow, 'a place so rustic that the sound of music was never heard. During the year of his residence here, among the reeds and dried bamboos of Keang Chow, what were the only sounds that had enlivened the heavy hours? Nothing but the chattering of monkeys and the mournful cry of the cuckoo, crying until the blood dropped from its throat.' (The Chinese believe that the blood drops from the throat of the cuckoo.) 'He had no congenial companions to while away the hours of loneliness; he drank his wine alone and sang his song with none to take up the chorus.' He told her how refreshed and delighted he was to hear her guitar, and requested her to play one more tune before he went, promising that if she would oblige him, he would write her a poem. She consented, and thrumming the chords as if in hesitation to begin, finally commenced to play. 'So mournful was the song that the quiet of the calm moonlight was broken by the sobs of all who heard her playing.' Pi Chu E was greatly affected, and wrote the ode 'To the Guitar' which is to be found in the three hundred Odes of Tang. This song became a favourite with the people and the good folks of Keang Chow, during the Sung dynasty, determined as a tribute to the memory of Pi Chu E to erect a pavilion. It was accordingly built and called the Pe Pah Ting or the 'Guitar Pavilion,' having the song cut on slabs which lined the walls. It stood through all the ravages of time and the elements, till the arrival of the Taipings, when these vandals of China destroyed it, so all that is now left of this once beautiful structure is a heap of stones and broken tablets.

Chang King, the successor of the emperor Yuen Ho, recognizing the abilities of Pi Chu E, restored him to favour and gradually promoted him, and it was during the fourth year of this emperor that he was appointed to Hangchow, where, among other works, he constructed the embankment which is called by his name to the present day. Pi Chu E continued in favour with four succeeding sovereigns, and died while holding a high office in the Board of Punishments, and enjoying the confidence of the emperor.

Some little distance beyond the Pe Pah Ting and on the bank of the river is the Pah Mah Miao, or 'White Horse Temple' which was built by Chu Yuan Chang, the celebrated founder of the Ming dynasty and the following is the legend in connection with it. Chu was born of humble parents and was for some years a Buddhist priest, but possessing excellent abilities, made use of them and finally surmounting all obstacles, became emperor in 1368. He did not, however, reach this eminence without great effort and through great difficulties, for on more than one occasion he was in danger of falling into the hands of his enemies who were also disputing for the throne. In 1355 he captured Nanking.

His mortal enemy was Chun Liu Leang and they met in battle with results disastrous to the former. Chu appears to have considered the Poyang Lake and its vicinity a strategic point from which to conduct his warlike operations; so he fortified the entrance of the lake on the western side, and at the present day the remains of his fort and trenches are still to be

seen, while at low water, the natives say cannon balls and bullets made of clay are occasionally found after being washed out of the bank by the action of the current during the summer months. It was here that Chu came so signally to grief, for Chun attacked him with great impetuosity and overwhelming numbers, capturing the fort on the night of the fifteenth day of the eighth moon. Chu was completely routed and surrounded, when a trusted partisan named Han, who had been appointed by Chu to hold ministerial office under him when he should attain the empire, came to his master's rescue. Chu was dressed in his robes of state and therefore was very conspicuous among his few remaining followers, so the faithful Han suggested that they should change clothes with each other, and thus draw off the attention of the enemy, and that as he, Han, was a good swimmer, he would jump into the river, for he said he could remain under water seven days without injury, and thus his master would be able to escape during the excitement. Chu at first refused, but afterwards consented, and Han having drawn the attention of the enemy to himself, jumped into the water, where he sank like a stone, for he could not swim at all, and while Chun's men were trying to fish him out under the impression that he was Chu, the latter mounted a swift white horse and galloped off as fast as possible. As for Han, he perished in his attempt to save his master, for he had fabricated the story of his expertness as a swimmer to induce Chu to change clothes with him.

When Chu got to the borders of the province in the district of Tur An, he found the country occupied by his enemies and was consequently unable to proceed. When he discovered this he immediately turned his horse back, and the spot where this occurred is called the Mah Whay Ling, or 'Horse Return Pass.' Chu next went southward and again found Chun's troops. As a last resource he made for the Yangtze river, thinking to be able to find a ferry and so get across to the opposite side and escape. He reached a place called Kwang Pi Chah, five le above Kiukiang, but there were no boats to be had. Chu's enemies were now on three sides of him and if he lingered, he would surely be captured and put to death; so he had either to swim the river with his horse or be taken. A strong south east gale was raging at the time and the water was very rough, in fact 'the winds were wild and the waves were big,' and in consequence of this, the horse's strength began to fail so that by the time the middle of the river was reached, the gallant steed was thoroughly exhausted, and not being able to keep its head above water was drowned. Chu clung to the dead animal which floated and 'Heaven favouring him' he was drifted by the wind towards the opposite shore where he landed. Having again collected an army he returned and fought Chun and this time was the conqueror. He afterwards became the first emperor of the Ming dynasty, and deified his horse which had died in his service, while he erected the White Horse Temple on the spot where he had plunged into the foaming waters of the Yangtze. At this temple at the present day, the military officers of the district offer sacrifices during the spring and autumn festivals. There are other white horse temples in different places, but we do not know whether they all refer to the same history.

Chapter VI.

To return to Kiukiang. A substantial stone wall protects the river frontage of the settlement along its whole length. At Kiukiang, as at Hankow and other cities higher up the river, the water rises from forty to seventy feet during the summer, the rise at Kiukiang being some forty two feet occasionally, which is said to be caused by the melting of the snows in the middle of Asia, the water being drained off the land by the Yangtze. The consequence is

that both sides of the river are under water for a distance further than the eye can reach, and the people who are prepared for the floods remove elsewhere till they have subsided, and when the farmers return to their homes, they find a fertilized soil to work on. The different native Customs' stations are so constructed that they can be taken to pieces and removed till the waters go down, when they are brought back, and the fleecing of the boatmen and traders is resumed. During the floods, we have on more than one occasion gone all over the settlement in a canoe, the water being from eighteen inches to several feet deep in places.

During this time the hulks in front of the settlement are hauled in close to the shore, but during the winter when the water is low, they are several hundred feet further out and one can walk between them and the bund wall. In the summer we have been miles inland in a houseboat, having six feet of water under us, the same land at other times being under cultivation.

At the back of Kiukiang are the Le Shan or 'Cottage Hills;' they are about four thousand eight hundred feet high and the tops can be reached without much fatigue by some of the passes. The ridge in various places is scarcely more than ten feet wide, so that on a windy day one has to be careful. Looking down on one side is a silvery streak in the distance; this is the Yangtze; on the other side of the slope which is very steep, though covered with foliage, can be seen the Poyang Lake, so that a grand view can be obtained from the ridges. There are several places of note in these hills; for instance the 'White Deer Grotto' and the 'Mandarin's Grave' while there are several summer retreats belonging to the Kiukiang residents. The story of the White Deer Grotto affords an instance of the weakness of human nature in the person of one of China's philosophers, Chu, who told a deliberate lie to get out of a difficulty.

The place was so named because Chu had a tame deer on which he rode backwards and forwards between Nankang, where he was prefect, and the grotto. Chu was a rather absent-minded philosopher, for he occasionally rode the animal with his back to the deer's head, but then philosophers are allowed to be that way; it is considered a sign of genius by some people.

Chu built the grotto so that he could have a quiet place to study in far from the moil and turmoil of the busy towns. He was engaged in studying the works of Buddhism and Taoism and writing criticisms on the works of Confucius, rather a comprehensive undertaking, we should think, and it was while so engaged that he was visited by a young lady, but although she called repeatedly upon him, he did not know it, for he was so pre-occupied. On one occasion, however, after having been several days without food, somebody at his elbow asked him to eat. He looked up and saw a damsel passing fair and it was she who had spoken. Said he 'How came you here? Who are you?' She replied that she was the daughter of So-and-So and had been sent by her father to supply him with food, as he was engaged on a great work, which when finished would entitle him to a place in the temple of the sages. If he did not eat he could not work, so she had brought him his food for several days. 'But,' said he, 'I have not seen you before; it will not do for you to come to this lonely spot, for people will talk scandal which will never do.' She overcame his objections and he ate. So she called several days afterwards with food, that which was supplied by his servant being untouched, Chu telling the fellow that he had already satisfied the demands of appetite. Of course, the man would not believe this, but Chu informed him of the visits of the damsel which made the servant entertain doubts of his master's sanity, as he had seen no such person come and go. Evidently, he argued, hard study had turned his brain. The girl told Chu that she had a jewel,

'yu' or jade stone, which possessed the property of conferring ability to comprehend difficult passages and enable the holder of it to give freer expression to his thoughts; further to give him the power of doing a great amount of work without suffering corresponding fatigue. She said she would lend it to him; he was to put it into his mouth and place it under his tongue, and then his mind would be divested of all cares, and his ideas would flow with remarkable brilliancy. She only attached one condition and it was this she would return in a few days and he must give the jewel back to her, and on no account swallow it. He consented and she departed, having previously informed him that in the event of his swallowing the yu, it would be the cause of her ruin. Chu put the jewel in his mouth as directed and felt a different man; his ideas were clearer, he found himself able to go on with his work without difficulty and with remarkable rapidity—in fact, such was the virtue of the talisman that he was able to finish in one night, a work that he had failed to accomplish in several months.

Now, after he had finished his labours, he still retained the talisman under his tongue, and he thought within himself, if this is so pleasing in the mouth, what must it be in the stomach? His curiosity getting the better of his discretion and unmindful of the consequences to the girl, he swallowed the gem, an act of unparalleled ingratitude on his part. By and bye, the owner of it returned and questioned him as to whether the talisman had afforded him the necessary assistance. He confessed it had beyond his most sanguine expectations, and such being the case, she requested him to return it the her. He hung his head for shame and being unwilling to acknowledge that he had swallowed it merely to gratify his curiosity, prevaricated somewhat, for he stated that having finished his work, he still kept the jade stone in his mouth, and being very tired, fell asleep, but dreaming that he was hungry, inadvertently swallowed it. Said the girl 'This act of yours will cause my death, that yu was the spirit of the sages; you will become celebrated and I shall die.' She asked him, however, to grant her one favour, namely that he would send out into the woods on the morrow, and when her body was found have it decently buried with a grave stone over it, stating that the deceased was the wife of the philosopher Chu. He promised to do so, and the next day sent out his disciples into the woods to look for her remains. They went, and after a long search, found—not the corpse of a human being—but the dead body of a she fox. This they took to the philosopher who was rather taken aback, but as he had given his promise, he would not break it, so he ordered the body to be decently buried and had a grave stone erected over it bearing this inscription 'Mrs. Fox, wife of the Philosopher Chu.' This stone was to be seen up till the time of the Taiping rebellion, at least, and here we add a saving clause, so say the natives of the locality.

The Chinese think a great deal of the deer, and use its horns and flesh for medicine. The horns which are imported into Shanghai from the north cost from thirty to eighty taels a pair. Occasionally a medicine shop will import a live deer and slaughter it with imposing ceremonies. Apothecaries squeeze the head of a live deer and the froth which comes from the animal's nostrels during the torture, is sold as a valuable curative. The 'Belling of the Deer' is an ode of the She King and is sung at the feast given to the students at the provincial examinations. On the downfall of the Tsin dynasty, it was said 'The house of Tsin lost its deer, the whole empire pursued it and the most gifted caught it.'

The mandarin's grave referred to above is another celebrated place in the hills. It contains the remains of the philosopher Chow, who ranks second only to Chu, for he was a great scholar. On his grave are tablets setting forth

Ginning Machine and Spinning Wheel, p. 122.

half a dozen and they flatter conspicuously in the wind, while the crews have on their best uniforms. The commander-in-chief of all the river gunboats on one occasion was Pung U Lin, and he had the title of imperial commissioner of the Yangtze, and stood high in favour at Peking, but he had an unpleasant knack of removing the heads of opium smoking mandarins. He beheaded them first and reported the matter to Peking afterwards, so that the central government could not undo his decisions. Pung went by a name which, translated into English, means 'Old Ironsides' and like a certain district magistrate at Shanghai, travelled about incognito to rectify abuses. On one occasion he turned up at Kiukiang and entered a teashop where the people had obtained an inkling that the great man was about to visit the city and were talking about him, calling him by him nickname. The stranger listened attentively for some time and then ventured to enquire who 'Old Ironsides' was that they were talking about. Said they 'You must be a stranger in these parts,' whereupon he acknowledged the soft impeachment but wanted to know if the individual was just in his dealings with the people. 'Just, enough,' they replied, 'but he's mighty strict.' They then told him of Pung's anti-opium proclivities and that the opium shops were closed for the time being in anticipation of Pung's visit. This made the stranger long for a smoke, and he offered to stand treat if the teashop keeper would show him where he could get a few whiffs. The man said he thought he could get in at the back door of one of the opium-smoking establishments, so they started off and having reached the place, Pung discovered himself. Tableau—opium shop keeper and teashop man on their knees with their faces on the ground, imploring mercy, the former because he was running an opium den, and the latter because he had called his excellency by a nickname. Pung forgave them, but with a significant motion with his hand, gave them to understand that if on his return to Kiukiang he found the opium den open, there would be a headless ghost wandering about in hades and bewailing the day, when in the flesh, he had taken to selling filthy opium for equally filthy lucre.

Chapter VII.

In the month of March the shoutai or literary chancellor visited Kiukiang for the purpose of conferring the B.A. degree on the students of whom there are four thousand in this prefecture, though only one hundred and eighteen receive the coveted honour. The chancellor is received in great state and his chair is carried by eight bearers who have painted on their uniforms, back and front, the figure of a horse rampant. The chancellor visits all the prefectural cities in his province twice during the term of his office. The students presume upon their position and occasionally cause trouble with the tradespeople. They will go into a shop and deliberately steal something and put it up their sleeves and when found out, throw themselves on the floor and refuse to leave till the shopkeepers apologize to them, which they are only too ready to do to get rid of such unwelcome and unprincipled visitors. And these are the men from whom the future rulers of China are taken!

The next visitor we have is the futai, or governor of the province, his excellency having selected the third day of the third moon as the auspicious day for commencing his tour of inspection. The governor of a province, which usually has more people in it than the whole of the British Isles put together, is supposed to pay a visit at least once during his three years of office, to the different towns under his jurisdiction so that his advent is an event which gives the local officials a lot of extra work to do because the preparations for his reception are always on a grand scale.

powder, a hammer, an iron ramrod and a number of fuzes, not forgetting some lighted touch paper. When he has to fire a salute, he fixes the bomb handle in the ground and then loads the bombs which are made of thick iron. Having put in the powder and covered it with a wad which usually consists of paper picked up by the roadside, he rams it down with his hammer and ramrod or punch, and then applies the light, the result being a very loud explosion. These bombs are called tung te pao or 'stand-on-the-earth guns,' and are used on joyous occasions. Although a salute with these and with guns is supposed to consist of only three discharges, still there is nothing to prevent the honoured guest receiving 'four times three' and this is a custom which is usually observed. The futai has with him a guard of sixty Tartar soldiers who are armed with Enfield rifles and are drawn up on each side of the road awaiting him. In the meantime many of the mandarins have hastened into the city and proceeded to the parade ground to be in readiness to meet him there. Along the main street of our settlement a number of soldiers and bannermen are placed and they line the road for nearly its whole length. The bannermen have splendid flags made of silk and many coloured, being composed of parallel strips of blue, yellow, green and other colours, mounted on tall poles surmounted by a spike. The futai is carried in a chair which is an open one and he sits on a tiger's skin; had his excellency been a military man instead of a civilian, he would have ridden on a pony, except in case of infirmity. As he passes through the lines of soldiers they go down on one knee, and then form up behind him and follow him into the city.

At the parade ground the procession stops and the troops are reviewed. A good deal of firing and a number of evolutions are gone through, the signal in each case being given by beat of drum and the waving of flags from the drum tower. Chinese reviews are all much of a muchness, varying only in some of the details, so that when a person has seen one he has seen all. There are always the fortified city to be taken, the mine explosions, the 'tiger' men and the usual theatrical posturing and yelling. At most parades there is an exhibition by the cavalry, where these centaurs, armed with bows and arrows, shoot at a target as they pass it, the same way as is done in the circuses. To enable the riders to more effectually distinguish themselves, the course is a straight one, and the pony runs in a rut with the sides raised about as high as the rider's knees, so that the steed requires no guiding by reins or knees, and the gallant warrior has only to shoot at the target, which he can almost touch with his hand, as he passes it. Even then, he sometimes misses it, when the reviewing officer reduces him to the ranks and informs the emperor in his memorial on the review that So-and-So was careless and not fit to be an officer. Sometimes the clumsy officer receives a flogging with the bamboo for his remissness. The target used by the infantry consists of a stand on which are fastened a large number of bags of lime each about six inches long and wide, and as these are hit, they break, so the soldiers can tell at once whether they have struck the target, and at the same time know the exact spot, an advantage not shared by the foreign marksman who has to depend upon the markers for his information. The longest distance they shoot from appears to be less than two hundred yards, but even at this distance, their aim is not very accurate, and the bullets fly all over the place to the danger of the country people who may unfortunately be in the neighbourhood.

On one occasion we came across an officer drilling his men. Said he to us 'These men only joined yesterday, they do not know much, so you must not criticize them too severely.' Well, from our point of view, that 'yesterday' was a long time ago; the men were certainly awk-

ward, but it would require a considerable amount of persuasion to induce us to believe that the men before us had only been a day in the force, and we did not believe it.

It is not to be wondered at that the soldiers do not always know their drill, especially about inspection time, for during many months of the year the men on the roll do not exist at all. They are down on paper and their pay is drawn, but the money goes into somebody else's pockets. As soon as the season approaches, some hundreds of coolies are taken on and they go through a short course of instruction, so that they may pass muster for the occasion, but after the inspection is over, the emergency men go back to their every day work, rejoicing that they have earned a few cash more than usual. All the mandarins, however, do not defraud the government in this way, and we have heard of a general who defied anybody to prove that he had not the full number of men to correspond with the number in his books. No doubt he was a straightforward man from a Chinese point of view, for he only charged the government for the actual number of men; he forgot to mention, however, that while he drew pay for the soldiers at the rate of thirty days a month, he engaged the men by a month of forty five days, which left him a very handsome margin and eventually got him into hot water with the government.

The next magnate who comes our way is the leangtai or provincial paymaster to the forces, who lives at Nan Chang Fu. It appears that the duties attached to this office consisted formerly, that is before the Taiping Rebellion, in collecting the tribute grain in Kiangse and forwarding it to Peking. This is not now done, for instead of sending the grain tax in kind, it is remitted in money by the futai, so that the leangtai's sphere of operations is now considerably reduced. All he has to do is to receive rice for the soldiers in his province and hand it over to the cheshiens or district magistrates. Some districts send him rice, that is those which are rice producing, such as Lo Ping, while others, such as Ter Whah or the Kiukiang district, forward him the value in money, and he buys the necessary quantity of grain. The chuntai, or brigadier-general, or his immediate subordinate officer, gives the soldiers tickets for their monthly quantum of rice, which is a hu each or about thirty five pounds by weight, and they present them at the granaries under the cheshiens. The leangtai does not give the troops their pay; this is done by the futai, who pays each man the equivalent of five thousand cash in this province, every three months. It will thus be seen that three of the principal officials of the province have something to do with the soldiers, the theory being that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, or in other words in the event of defection on the part of any one of the three, the other two would have sufficient security in their hands to prevent the disaffected party getting the soldiers to join him.

We have had several other processions, one being the spring ox procession, which is got up to give the ox an airing. This ceremony is performed once a year by people engaged in agriculture, but is under the patronage of the mandarins. The ox, which is sometimes made of clay, and at others of paper, according to the custom of the locality, is painted various colours and is intended to give the people an idea of what their prospects are likely to be during the coming twelve months, each colour meaning something. The colours are arranged at Peking and recorded in the almanac, but popular belief has it that a blind man has placed before him various water colours, and according as he daubs them about, so the colours are ordered to be painted on the ox. Some years, of course, the prognostications are more favourable than others, but each colour means

either famine, flood, sickness, plentiful harvests, fire, rain, etc. During the year under notice, the Chinese are full of high spirits and joyful anticipations, owing to the colours painted on their ox. It appears that the first day of the first moon coincides with the Le Chun or commencement of Spring; a conjunction which is said not to have occurred for two centuries, this being regarded as a most favourable omen, while the colours of the ox exhibited in every district in China portend much happiness. Besides this, snow fell before New Year's day, a very lucky event. According to the Peking almanac this year, the ox is eight feet long, four feet high, and the tail one foot two inches long, the mouth is open, the head, ears, horns and tail are coloured green, the body, belly, loins, and neck yellow, the hoofs white; the rider of the ox is two feet six inches high and he holds a whip two feet four inches long; the boy's clothes are green, the thong of his whip is five coloured, and his girdle white, as is also the nose rope of the ox.

On one occasion at Shanghai we wished to see the Spring ox, but the guardian of it told us it was locked up and could not be got at till the next day. We did not want to tramp all the way back without having accomplished our object, so tried a little mild bribery and corruption; we insinuated to our informant that it was possible there might be some little difficulty in getting the door open, but as a favour he might take twenty cents to the man who had the key—whom we very well knew was himself—and ask him to let us in. Money goes a long way in China and can work wonders, and the twenty cents sufficiently oiled the rusty wards of the lock so that we were able to get into the dingy room where the ox was. But we were disappointed and considered the money thrown away, for of all the frauds we have had experience of, this one was the most barefaced; the so-called ox was no larger than a pig, and about as æsthetic; it was fearfully and wonderfully made and the uninitiated would require to be told what it was, but the Chinese leave a good deal to the imagination, which in their case goes a long way. This ox was made of paper and bamboo; at Ningpo it is made of mud, and when the signal is given by the magistrate officiating at the ceremony, the people rush in and break it to pieces and scramble for the material which is placed on their fields under the impression that their ground will be fertilized thereby, and so fierce is the struggle that broken heads and bleeding wounds are plentiful.

Chapter VIII.

There are processions and processions; some of them of extensive proportions and others the reverse; some are what may be called public and others private, but all more of less dirty, the dresses and paraphernalia being used year in and year out till they cannot be used any more. Even where the dresses are new, they are worn without being buttoned up, the native mind not grasping the idea of the utility of buttons, consequently the clothes hang on the shoulders of the wearers as they would on scarecrows.

While on our rambles a small procession comes along; there are not many people in it; in fact by rights there is only one person, but a few idlers follow him about. He has his hair loose and on his shoulders is a yellow placard containing a notice to the effect that Ah Lo, the man himself, has been accused of stealing from his employer, a watch having been missed. He has a lighted joss stick in his hand and he has adopted this mode of protesting his innocence. Various methods are employed by the Chinaman to declare his innocence. Breaking a cup or saucer, typifying the wish that his life may be broken if he lies in what he is saying, killing a fowl, meaning that his blood may be spilt if he prevaricates, and calling down the vengeance of the gods upon him are some of the things done

to show he is a paragon and not as other men, but as two men will each swear the other is saying the very opposite of the truth, and each applies the same test of his own truthfulness, it would seem that neither party has much faith in the possibility of anything serious happening to himself.

A Hongkong paper some time ago cited an amusing account of a police court case where an informer gave evidence against one of the defendants. 'The first defendant protested that he was not the master of the house, and he challenged the informer to brave the wrath of the appropriate joss at the Man Mo temple by cutting off a rooster's head and swearing upon it to that effect before that deity's shrine. For his own part he was perfectly willing to take that fearful oath as to the truth of his present assertion and he asked his worship to allow him that. His worship allowed the ordeal and the informer professed complete readiness to substantiate his statement in the manner indicated in the awful presence of the idol. Two unfortunate roosters were procured which were to shed their innocent blood for the dispute of these two worthies, who were taken by an inspector to the temple, where after the usual amount of chin chin joss pidgin, the alleged gambling master went before the shrine and decapitated his bird, and made asservation without a hair of his head being singed. Then came the informer's turn, and he, with a demeanour equally indicative of conscious rectitude, slaughtered his rooster and repeated his statement on its gory head. Strange to say, he came out of the ordeal with equal impunity, and the parties went back to the police court, each with the truth of his assertion completely vindicated. His worship, however, fined the defendant.' The paper goes on to say 'the sentence of the Man Mo temple deity on the Ananias who had the temerity to take a false oath to his face has not yet been made public.'

Another procession we saw was that of a string of travel-stained wayfarers, and it consisted of people from those parts of the country then known as the famine districts. Similar processions were continually passing through the settlement and city, the people either coming in boats or arriving on foot on their way to Nanking, Wuhu, and other places where rice was cheap and where employment was to be obtained. Rice is cheap enough, here, for the matter of that, but there did not appear to be work for extra hands. Many of these refugees were miserable looking objects, as by the time they got here, they had endured great hardships and were thoroughly worn out. They did not trouble anybody, but went to the tops of the walls where they stayed in order to recuperate. While walking round the walls we came across a batch of them and it appears an old man belonging to the party had died during the night and an old woman was reduced to skin and bone. One of the women of the party offered us a very young infant, as she had no nourishment for it and no money to buy food. During the migrations the previous year, when the famine was more severe, boatloads of women and children came from Honan, and were offered for sale at the rate of forty cash a catty. The women were much better featured than the ordinary run of those belonging to this place, and their feet were not compressed.

We came across a party of refugees who had been to Wuhu, and passed through Kiukiang on their way home again, as they had earned a little money and wanted to get back. We met a youth who has travelled some distance, for when the famine commenced, he left and made his way to Nanking where he stayed some time, but becoming homesick, resolved to go home again. He got as far as the entrance of the Poyang, and having crossed over, slept for the night at a temple, with a few hundred cash under his head. When he awoke in the morning his money was gone, but the youngster was a

philosopher, and failing to recover his savings, trudged on to Kiukiang, where we met him. He did not seem surprised that we could speak to him in his own language, but that, as he said, 'all nations spoke the same language,' his inference being that because we could converse with him, therefore Chinese was the universal means of communication.

Other processions of wayfarers pass through here occasionally; they come from places where there is either a temporary flood or no work to do at certain times. They go in batches of two or three hundred and are furnished with a pass from the mandarin of the place they have left, and being in such numbers, they put on an independent air and make demands on the rich people, taking no refusal. It is therefore to the interest of the mandarins through whose districts they pass to get rid of them as soon as possible and while they are with them, they assign them quarters and give them food, or some charitable institution does, which amounts to the same thing. When these travellers have got all they can out of the people amongst whom they have squatted, they move on, or perhaps return home after learning that they will be able to resume work there.

During the tea season there is a procession every morning commencing at about two o'clock, and the noise is such that there is no sleep for the weary mosquito bitten victim tossing on his bed in the vicinity. During the season Kiukiang is an exceedingly busy place and hundreds of women and girls are employed picking out the stalks, etc. from the leaves. We opine that if some people with delicate stomachs saw the way these pickers work, they would refuse to drink any more tea, at least if it came from China. As mentioned before, there are floods sometimes at Kiukiang and the water covers the ground, but for the convenience of people a platform, some three feet wide and raised about the same height above the ground, is placed in the streets. On this platform—there is only one in each street,—everybody walks and as there are hundreds of pickers and all rushing along to get work, the noise and confusion can be easier imagined than described. Some of the women and girls fall off in the darkness into the water and then, of course, there is a lot of yelling and shouting, and the bedraggled ones vent their wrath on those who have caused their mishap, in the choicest Chinese billingsgate which we have referred to before. The hour at which these people arrive is too early for work, but they congregate outside the doors of the closed godowns and favour the community with a dissertation on various subjects, interspersed with polite invitations to 'open the door' to which the obdurate watchmen, not responding, the insinuating brick is brought into requisition by way of diversifying the monotony. The cause of this excitement is the fact that the supply of labour exceeds the demand, and as many of the girls come from the country for miles round Kiukiang, they naturally do not want to lose their chances of earning, what to them, would be quite a lot of money, for it is probable they never earn anything during the rest of the year, their time being fully taken up attending to their household duties.

Expert tea pickers can earn as much as a hundred and sixty cash a day, as they are paid by results and receive four cash for each catty picked. It is said they do not really earn this, that is by picking forty catties, but that some of them, having got into the good graces of the overseers, persuade them to mark down two, three and four catties, on the tickets with which they are provided, whereas, in fact, they have only picked one catty. So says our informant, a native gentleman of the class 'teacher' who wears spectacles, the glasses of which are about two inches in diameter; surely *he* cannot be suspected of drawing upon his imagination.

The Chinese teacher is an institution in connection with consuls, customs' officials and

"Diagrams of the Great Absolute," p. 160.

which is called 'The Burning Clothes Festival' there is a procession of boats containing priests who are engaged to pray for the dead and do a little hocus pocus. One boat contains the priests who are armed with gongs and other kinds of musical instruments. It is hung with lanterns, and the band plays, while in the following boats are heaps of paper sycee which is burnt as the crafts drop down the stream and fairy lights are sent afloat, presenting a very pleasing appearance on the water, for they burn for some time. On shore, the devotees erect a shed close to the water or on a large boat; on this an altar is raised, and lamps on a triangular frame are suspended from the top of a mast. All along the streets from house to house, ropes are extended and on them are hung mock clothing and other things which will be burnt as a means of conveying them to the dead. Among the things burnt are money, clothing, houses, articles of furniture, household implements, ponies, boats, and various accessories and necessaries requisite to make life happy; all the articles, however, being composed of coloured paper and bamboo. Although the offerings are for all dead, the original design was to benefit the spirits of those whose resting place was unknown, owing to their having died or been drowned at sea, consequently the festival is kept up in grander style on the coast than it is in the interior of the country. It is said that this feast was instituted to commemorate the adventures of a youth who prevailed on the gods to allow him to visit the unseen world for the purpose of finding his mother and bringing her back to the earth. His search was successful and he had the satisfaction of returning to this mundane sphere with his maternal relative.

Among other religious processions that we have come across was one to the Queen of Heaven, to whom we have previously referred and on one occasion we witnessed a very grand procession to her honour. It started at three o'clock in the afternoon and was attended by thousands of people, the sightseers making room of their own accord for the processionists to pass through their midst. The most sensational part was that of five votaries who believed they had experienced the aid of the goddess, and they carried heavy incense burners. Each man's right arm was bared and extended by means of a bar, one end of which rested on his right hip while the other was held in his hand, and fastened to the string attached to the burner were ten hooks which passed through the skin of his arm between the elbow and wrist, so that the whole weight was supported in this manner, the votary's skin being pulled away some inches from his flesh, consequently the five men must have suffered a great deal, though they did not show any signs of pain. After these, came representatives of the theoretical three hundred and sixty guilds or trades, followed by men on ponies, then two large flags and tablets, a magnificent three flounced 'Myriad Name Umbrella' with the names of the donors in raised silver characters. To these succeeded an official card tray carried by two men, then a band of music, lamps, 'tiger head' boards and tablets. Immediately in the rear, came a group of children representing the eight immortals of the Taoist mythology. Next came the principal gods, men in mandarin's robes, ponies and a succession of portable stands of rich gilt and Ningpo carved work, some containing flowers and others fruit. Behind these was another band and children representing the goddesses, with more stands and flowers, gorgeous banners, and gold embroidered umbrellas, followed by five tables on one of which was a 'golden pig,'—so called because it was baked and the crackling had a somewhat golden colour—a goat and a pig, both cleaned ready for cooking, and their heads turned to the sky, the bodies being in the position of animals standing up. Next came more umbrellas, and men dressed in white, with pewter halberds,

maces, swords and other fantastic weapons, round which silk handkerchiefs were wound. Then there was a large gilt fan, also a child on a pony appearing from a large clam, a half naked boy with a hoop round his body representing the God of Fire, and then a large banner richly embroidered with gold dragons, and bats. These gave place to a chair with flowers, a vermilion umbrella, incense tables, gongs, fans, halberds, coloured banners with green bamboos and horsehair on top of the poles.

All this show had been grand enough, but what followed was a pretty and quaint sight. It consisted of youths dressed in lavender coloured silk robes, and wearing huge spectacles of dark coloured pebbles and large sun hats. They had several magnificent satin banners, bright green, yellow, scarlet, and white, with characters in gold on them, each banner being carried by three persons. The tops were sword shaped silvered over and had fur tails attached to them. Then came a canopy of pale blue silk and another of white with red curtains, and under these walked more spectacled youths. They were succeeded by men in official robes richly embroidered, with mandarin's beads round their necks, but the greatest attraction came last, namely the image of the Queen of Heaven whose chair was supported by eight bearers and the chair itself was covered with yellow silk, emblematic of imperialism. The goddess was dressed in an ochre coloured robe, her face and hands being almost of the same hue, and as her chair passed, the crowd bowed their heads. The rear was brought up by thousands of people who walked in the sweltering sun apparently entirely oblivious to the heat.

Chapter IX.

We leave the buoy abreast of the Kiukiang custom house a little after noon on the 16th of July, for a trip down river as far as Wuhu. The wind and current are in our favour and we go over the ground at the rate of six or seven knots an hour, the weather being cool for the month of July and all that can be desired. Passing the city we observe that the walls are covered with verdure from top to bottom, giving to what would otherwise be an unsightly object, a pleasing and refreshing appearance. At the back of the city in the distance loom up the Le hills, their rugged outline standing out in bold relief against a cloudy sky. A little before 1 P.M. we are abreast of the iron-cased fort before referred to, while a little further on is another fort. Between the second one and the pagoda is the foreign cemetery, which is kept in repair by subscriptions collected by H. M.'s consul for that purpose. On the opposite side of the river is the pretty little village of Shao Ts Ko, the country around for miles being flat and well under cultivation, while on the Kiukiang side are slight elevations, studded here and there with trees, but the slopes are cut in terraces, and tilled, and everything is green of varying shades, there being no barren spots to be seen. We reach the Kiukiang rocks, though at this time of the year they are under water, and consequently cannot be seen owing to the river rising. To mark the spot where these rocks are, the Kiukiang customs have established a light station abreast of them, on a cliff or bluff which varies from 50 to 100 feet above the level of low water mark. We go on shore for a few minutes and peep into the light keeper's quarters which are nice and cool, in fact, one side of the structure is entirely open, possibly for the purposes of light and ventilation. A number of Chinese are about and all appear happy. Some are sitting in the shade smoking and chatting, while others are busy working in the fields. One individual hoes up the ground for a few seconds, as if his very life depended upon his exertions, and then he takes a rest, to repeat the process of hoeing and resting till time to go home. The Chinese, as a nation, ought to be happy, considering how easily they are

satisfied; and would be, were it not for the rebellions, floods, famines, squeezes and other little contretemps which occasionally happen to mar their enjoyment, though it is possible that the country people know very little of what is going on outside of their own immediate neighbourhood. Here and there buffaloes are browsing and whisking their stumpy tails to keep off the flies and vermin that annoy them, being assisted by magpies and minas in the latter operation. These birds do not seem to be the least afraid of the uncouth animals with which they are associating; they perch on their heads, horns, and flanks, hop about between their hoofs and seem generally to enjoy life, catching the flies whenever they present themselves.

A little way lower down river, begins Olyphant island which divides it into two channels, there being from two to eight fathoms of water in the northern, and from four to seven fathoms in the direct channel, which is again divided by Lay island forming what is called the southern channel which does not appear to be used except by boats tea-laden, from the Poyang Lake further down. On Olyphant island are several villages with cottages peeping out through clumps of trees, lazy buffaloes are plodding along drawing primitive looking ploughs, while equally plodding natives are driving them. Both Olyphant and Lay islands are low lying, and more or less under water in summer time. Sailing on we come to Point Otter with its light station. To the south is Hukow, which is surrounded by a wall enclosing not only the city itself, but several hills. At various distances on the top of the wall are towers and guard houses and to the west of the city is a fortified temple on a precipitous bluff, which used to be the summer residence of the late Pung U Liu. When the sun shines on the walls of this temple the effect is dazzling, owing to their whiteness. Hukow is at the entrance of the Poyang lake from the neighbourhood of which most of the tea exported from Kiukiang, is obtained. At the entrance of this lake are two forts—one on each side—mounted with guns of the latest improved styles.

Looking across the land into the Poyang Hu or 'Expansive Lake,' we see a mountain rock, which is about seven miles from the mouth of the lake and is called by the natives the Tah Ku Shan or 'Big Orphan Mountain,' but better known to foreigners as the 'Big Orphan' simply. The southern end of the island is abrupt and almost as straight as a wall, which helps to give the rock the appearance of a small-footed woman's shoe; hence the Tah Ku Shan is also called the 'Shoe Mountain' or Shy Shan, which gives rise to the following legends.

As far back as the eighth century, one Chang Kwo Lao, who is called one of the eight immortals, and recognized as such by the Taoists, had occasion to come to China. His residence appears to have been somewhere to the west, probably in India. As he passed Kwun Lun Shan, a mountain in Taoist mythology and the residence of Se Wong Mu, the queen of the fairies, he saw her sleeping on a terrace beside the Lake of Gems. Now Chang Kwo Lao ought to have known better, considering his age and respectability, than to play practical jokes, but he was guilty of such an act of levity, for, seeing that one of the fairy queen's shoes had fallen off during her slumbers, he thought he would appropriate it for a lark. He did so and was punished for his temerity, for Se Wong Mu, waking up, discovered her loss, and as fairies are supposed to possess supernatural powers, she was at no loss to fix the taking of the shoe on the right individual. She immediately exclaimed 'This is none other than Chang Kwo Lao, I will punish him for his impudence' and she proceeded to do so.

Meanwhile old Chang was continuing his journey and probably chuckling to himself at the thought of Se Wong Mu's dilemma on awakening and finding her shoe gone. He reached the Yangtze and travelling up it,

arrived at the Poyang which he entered. Se Wong Mu was not far behind, and by the time he had got a short distance into the lake she was in close proximity to him. Now Chang had not bargained for this, but being a necromancer, he had not much to fear, as he thought, so he plied his art and caused his boat to fly through the water with lightning speed, without visible means of propulsion. It was in vain, for Se Wong Mu was the more powerful of the two and continued to gain upon him, whereupon, in his fright, he plucked the cause of all his trouble, Se Wong Mu's shoe, out of his bosom and threw it into the water and it forthwith became the Shoe Mountain.

Finding escape still impossible, he decided to cross the Le mountains, and employing his necromantic art, he caused his boat to rise in the air, so that all went well till near the summit of one of the peaks when his onward career was suddenly and violently arrested, for the boat struck on Wu Lu Fung. A short distance from the top of this peak may be seen a granite formation which looks like the walls of a city. It is called the Nu Erh Chun or 'The Maidens' City' and this was the scene of Chang's disaster, for as he was flying through the air, his boat struck against the wall of this city and was smashed to pieces. As an evidence of this, the natives at the present day point to pieces of chinaware lying about as the remains of the immortal's crockeryware and cooking utensils. They also show a rock which bears some resemblance to a rudder and they affirm that it is the identical implement used by Chang in steering his boat, while the indentation in the hard rock, having the apparent impress of the bottom of a vessel, is exhibited as the place through which Chang's boat slid after grating over the Wu Lu Fung. Whether Se Wong Mu caught him at last and chastised him for his impudence, or whether she left him alone after his disaster thinking he had been sufficiently punished, we have never heard.

The other version relates to different personages and is to the effect that the Shoe Mountain was caused by the shoe of the sprite of the Little Orphan falling into the lake and being transformed into the Shy Shan. It happened in this wise. The Little Orphan is an island in the Yangtze about thirty five miles below Kiukiang and on it there lived a sprite. The head of the Taoists was Chang Tien Ts and for some reason not explained, he wanted to drive the fairy away. He armed himself with a couple of magical swords and commenced operations. The fight was long and fierce and the fairy appears to have battled with Chang all the way from home up to the Poyang. In the scuffle, Chang lost one of his swords and the fairy dropped a shoe over the spot where the Shoe Mountain now stands. The inference may be drawn, seeing the resemblance of the mountain in shape to that of a small-footed woman's shoe, that even supernatural beings were in the habit of adopting the absurd custom of bandaging their feet, which is considered a sign of gentility by the ladies of the celestial empire of the present day.

Yet another legend, which states that Fe Ching, the 'Shoe Nymph' while disporting in the celestial regions and becoming somewhat overcome with wine, dropped her shoe in the lake.

Now for the reason of the rock being called 'The Big Orphan.' Once upon a time, this being the orthodox way of commencing a story, there was a family of four living in a boat on the Yangtze. The father and mother earned their living by fishing and they had two sons. One day a great storm arose and the frail fishing boat was upset, with the result that the father and mother were drowned, and while the two sons were in danger of meeting a similar fate, a gigantic frog appeared on the scene and took the now orphans on his back. Being overcome with grief at the loss of his parents, the younger boy threw himself into the water

and became the Little Orphan, while the elder was conveyed into the Poyang, where he, too, succumbed and was transformed into the Big Orphan. The frog became the 'Frog Rock' which is to be seen about a mile to the south west of the Big Orphan.

At the present day the frog is minus its lower jaw and history states that this was knocked off by thunder, (lightning), but the popular belief inclines to the idea that the destruction was caused by other means, namely, that the people of Tu Chang were responsible for its mutilation. The district of Tu Chang lies on the eastern side of the lake and it appears that a famine occurred here, while on the western side, that is the Nan Kiang and Kiukiang districts, there was plenty. Now the frog sits facing Tu Chang, so the people of that part believed that in some way it ate up their prosperity to the advantage of the districts on the opposite side, and a wag of Nan Kiang wrote a ditty which runs as follows:—'The frog which sits in Nan Kiang devours Tu Chang and enriches Kiukiang.' Of course, this annoyed the Tu Changites, and they determined to have revenge by destroying their inanimate enemy, and collected a large force for the purpose, but this coming to the knowledge of the Nan Kiangites, they, too, raised a body of men to defend the frog, for although they professed to make fun of the Tu Changites as regards the frog's agency in keeping the land poor, they themselves did not but believe the reptile fertilized their own district. Of course, if the frog were destroyed, they also would suffer, so the opposing forces met in the vicinity of the rock and the Tu Changites were so far successful that they were able to break off the lower jaw of the frog, the consequence being that their district has been more fertile ever since.

Chapter X.

Perhaps our readers will not object to learn something about Se Wong Mu and Kwun Lun where she is reputed to have lived. Kwun Lun, Tien Shan and lake Lob are on the great plateau of central Asia, which contains an area of nearly three million square miles at a considerable elevation, and in it a number of rivers have their source. Not only is this vast plateau the most wonderful on the surface of the earth, but it obtained notoriety in ancient times as being the home of the genii and the subject of numerous legends.

Kwun Lun was the abode of the immortals, though there are also genii living on the Fortunate Isles in the Eastern Sea and other places. They live on gems which are found on the sea shore, while the Fountain of Life which is always flowing, supplies them with water. Kwun Lun was said to be eleven thousand le high and ten thousand in circumference and at its foot flowed the Blue, (east), Red, (south), White, (west), Black, (north) and the Yellow river, and anyone drinking of the water of this last became immortal; in fact it was the river of Life. On this mountain grew sesamum and coriander seed, which formed the food of the genii, at the head of whom was Se Wong Mu. On this mountain, too, was the palace of Se Wong Mu who was the queen of the fairies. The palace was built of jadestone and was surrounded by the Weak river which flowed out of a hollow rock and was lost in the moving sands. It was so called, because nothing would float on its surface, the water being too weak to support even the lightest substance, and the palace itself was of the most gorgeous description. Among the tall peaks of Kwun Lun was the Lake of Gems, a wonderful and fairylike lake, around which were trees bearing, as fruit, the most precious gems, hence the name. Among them was the peach tree, the fruit of which only came to perfection after the long period of three thousand years and a mortal eating of this fruit passed out of the mortals state to the immortal. It was this tree that Han She Chung climbed, but accidentally fall-

LITTLE ORPHAN ISLAND, p. 172.

dragon having been victorious, he condemned the wind to come at the call of anybody. We frequently hear of sailors whistling for the wind, which some people may consider a silly operation, but when they learn the origin of the custom, they will not be surprised. As the Chinese do not know how to whistle, they make a noise with their mouths, which has the same effect.

On the eastern side of the Poyang lake a low range of sand hills may be seen, and on one of these hills, which is the most barren of the whole lot, stands a small temple which is known by the name of the Lao Yeh Miao. At the present day, the wind has blown the sand up in drifts around this temple; consequently it is almost buried, especially on the north east side where the drift reaches up to the roof, necessitating its being cleared away now and again. The joss house, though a small one, is regarded by the people as the most important in the vicinity of the lake, for the reason set forth in the following legends. It was erected by, and during the reign of Chu Yuan Chang, the founder of the Ming dynasty.

Previous to this, Chu Yuan Chang and Chun Lin Leang had been contending for the throne of China, and each being supported by many followers, numerous fierce sanguinary battles were fought between the contending parties. As the reader will remember, the hero of this legend is the same personage who built the 'White Horse Temple' mentioned elsewhere, and it will be seen that the lower animals lent their aid in obtaining for him the kingdom, so it is not to be wondered at that he was ultimately successful. The most important fight on the water was in the Poyang lake, and it is also considered by the Chinese as the most famous naval engagement recorded in their history. It was the one which decided the fate of the empire in favour of Chu Yuan Chang. During the heat of this fight Chu at first got the worst of it; his war vessels were disabled by shots from Chun Lin Leang's guns, and his own was found to be in a sinking condition. Chu felt that there was scarcely any hope of escape from his enemy, when one of his sailors reported that the craft had either grounded or struck a rock. He went to examine the condition of his boat, when a gigantic sea turtle put its head up out of the water and proceeded to carry the vessel out of danger. The sailor said that the creature that was assisting them was a turtle, but Chu reproved him, telling him it was a god who had come in that form to help him. When Chu obtained the crown, he rewarded the turtle for its timely aid, and deified it, erecting the Lao Yeh Miao to its honour.

There is another version of this story; it relates to the same personages and to the same naval engagement. During the fight a shot from Chun's guns carried away Chu's rudder. At this juncture a great storm arose and Chu's vessel drifted helplessly over the lake, at which Chun was in high glee for he thought Chu would fall an easy prey to him, but he did not, for a turtle or yuan, some thirty feet in diameter, rose from beneath the water, and turning its back towards the enemy's fleet, acted as a shield to Chu's boat. This gave those on board time to repair their damaged rudder, and after drifting upwards of thirty le, Chu was able to renew the fight, which was ultimately decided in his favour.

Sailors at the present day stand greatly in awe of this turtle god, and when proceeding up the lake make offerings of a red rooster, paper money and incense to propitiate it. On returning, they indulge in similar worship as soon as the Lao Yeh Miao is sighted, and this is on no account omitted, as they fear some great disaster will befal them if they neglect the customary offerings. The god is supposed to be able to calm the lake and give its devotees a safe passage through this most dangerous part of the Poyang; on the other hand

if anchored, the god can get up a storm instantly and dash the frail vessel on the shore, should it be annoyed. Should turtles or terrapins be seen by sailors while navigating the lake, they are to be spoken of in the most respectful language and reverenced as gods, the failure to do so on one occasion as recorded below being attended with dire consequences. It appears that a party of graduates of the first degree were going up to the provincial capital to pass at the triennial examination for the second degree. When their boat neared the Lao Yeh Miao the lake was as smooth as glass and a number of turtles were disporting themselves on the surface of the water. One of the graduates called out in a joking manner, at the same time pointing to a turtle, 'What is that?' His horrified companions begged him to keep quiet, assuring him that what he saw was none other than the god of sea turtles. 'No god at all' he replied, 'its nothing but a common turtle, and if you'll give me something to catch it with, I'll prove it to you.' Fatal words! He had scarcely uttered them when a tremendous gale came on; the vessel laboured heavily through the heaving sea towards the narrow reach abreast of the Lao Yeh Miao, when it suddenly swamped, and the impious graduate and eight of his companions met a watery grave. Thus was he punished for his profanity, and his unfortunate end is regarded as a warning to all to treat turtles and terrapins, in the Poyang lake at least, with the respect and reverence due to them as gods.

The Chinese profess to believe that there is a large yuan or turtle under the surface of the earth and that when it gets enraged it moves about and causes earthquakes.

Chapter XI.

From Hukow for some miles down the river the land is high and in some places the hills reach nearly down to the water's edge. Some of them called Sand hills are entirely bare of vegetation, while others are only scantily covered. Olyphant Island ends a little below Point Otter and then the channel becomes broader, while nestling at the foot of the Sand hills are two villages, parts of which must be submerged during the high water season. In the centre of the river we get into the 'chow-chow' water, caused by the meeting of the streams from the north and direct channels and the Poyang lake. We are soon through it, however, and a steamer passing down about this time there is waving of hats and handkerchiefs in sign of recognition. The swell produced by the steamer's motion makes our craft pitch about considerably, while the echo produced from the sound caused by her wheels striking the water, reverberates among the hills for some time after she has passed us. It is getting near 6 P. M. and there being no convenient anchorage nearer that Loong Tang Creek, we make for it, with what little wind there is, in order to stay there for the night and we get to the creek before dark. Here there is a pretty strong current; on one side the land is hilly, while on the other it is low and flat and there is a small village which was formerly much larger, but in consequence of a fire it was nearly all burnt down and the present village consists of bamboo mat huts. After satisfying the 'keen demands of appetite' we ramble on shore, to see the sights, but are disappointed. The village has only one lane running through it, the huts are miserable places to live in, and the whole place looks dirty. Following the course of the creek which is of considerable breadth for some distance up, we come to the fields, and on our way back become the centre of attraction of groups of field labourers, some of whom salute us with that favourite expression among natives, for foreigners—'foreign devils.' Of course, we take no notice of these pleasantries but continue the even tenor of our way, though we cannot help thinking that they are nearer connections of 'Old Cloven Foot' than we are.

Soon after our return to our boat, the village magnate, or petty mandarin, comes down to enquire who we are and all about us. We ask him on board—an invitation which he accepts with seeming reluctance to trespass upon our hospitality—and regale him with tea and cigars and show him photographs and pictures with which he appears delighted, and wants to know what they mean. The *Graphic* pleases him most. Some of the pictures represent railroads and trains, ironclads and air ships. He has heard of the old Shanghai and Woosung railroad, though he has never seen it, and he expresses great surprise when told about balloons. When he brings his visit to a close he asks us to go and see him in the morning; we promise to do so if he is up early enough, as we tell him we will leave about 4 A M. on the morrow.

Later in the evening, we go ashore again and visit the tea and opium shops which appear to be doing a thriving trade. Well-dressed and fascinating young Chinese females press us to partake of the delights of the place, but we decline the invitation with thanks. At other shops we see haggard, dirty and dissolute women and men indulging in the favourite pastime of gambling, and they look suspiciously at us as we enter, probably thinking we have come to spoil their little game. There are far more women than men in this village, the latter being for the most part non-resident and engaged principally on the river, only calling at the place, either on occasion of head winds or at night.

About 2 o'clock next morning we hear porpoises blowing at the mouth of the creek and near to our boat, though as it is very dark at the time we have no opportunity of seeing them. Before 5 o'clock we are on deck, and so is the anchor, and away the boat speeds merrily over the water. It is broad daylight a little after 4 o'clock and the sky is tinted with gorgeous and varied hues—a glorious sight—such as must be seen to be appreciated. Here and there are sombre clouds through which peep the golden rays of the rising sun, getting stronger and stronger till the clouds disappear. The air is cool and the breeze comes from the south, driving our craft along like a thing of life. At 6 o'clock we reach the North East Crossing, the third light station which is under the control of the Kiukiang Customs. We go on shore and the natives come down and look at us and our belongings. Among them is a miserable-looking shaven-pated priest who appears to take a great interest in us, following us about from place to place, and on our departure, continuing to gaze upon us till we are a long way off.

Up to this time we have been happy, but now flies assail us. They are perfect torments, settling on our noses, ears, cheeks and other tender spots, and we do not get rid of them for some time. Pat, when he travelled and was troubled by mosquitoes, let them all inside his curtain, and then slept on the floor: *we* go on deck, and leave the flies in undisputed possession of the cabin. As the wind freshens they disappear for a time but when it dies away they come forth again from their retreat.

The river becomes broader as we proceed, the surface rougher, and with a stiffening breeze we begin to feel qualmish; fitful gusts of wind come down the hill slopes on the south bank, causing our craft to heel over so much that the water comes in through the cabin windows on the lee side; the masts creak and strain, while the vessel bobs up and down in a very uncomfortable manner, necessitating shortening sail. For miles and miles the south side of the river is rocky and hilly, while the north is quite the reverse. We pass Koong Tz Shan and city, the latter having a wall round it, which not only encloses the town itself, but includes a number of hills. The houses are built in a valley having hills on three sides and the river in front, the ground being very low. Below Koong Tz Shan is the Little Orphan, referred to above, a rocky island near the north bank which stands

entirely alone, towering high above the river. It seems strange that this island should be so isolated from the hills on the south bank, for there is a mud flat for miles to the north.

We drop anchor a little below the Orphan, and it takes four men some time to pull alongside the landing place, owing to the strength of the current; and then we brace ourselves together to make the ascent. From the water's edge to the summit, are steps, and we succeed in counting four hundred to the top of the island and sixteen more to the upper floor of the joss house which caps this singular pinnacle and from this spot we obtain a magnificent view. To the south is Koong Tz Shan, and to the south-east are hills of varying heights from 250 to 700 feet; to the north our eyes wander over low lying land intersected by lakes, creeks and canals; at our feet, the muddy Yangtze is swiftly rolling on and dashing impetuously against the rock-bound shore; above, birds of different kinds are circling round and darting backwards and forwards, uttering shrill cries. Beyond these cries no sound is heard. Parts of the island overhang the river to such an extent that they would topple over, were it not for the fact that they are portions of the solid rock. Several temples have been built at different stages of the ascent, and incense is burning in all of them at the time of our visit. Venturesome foreigners have inscribed their names on the walls of the highest temple, though the number is limited, and of course we do likewise. There are strange insects about, and we only capture a peculiar kind of caterpillar, as we have nothing to hold any other specimen in, but it is probable that the Shanghai Museum does not possess any insects similar to some we see, consequently we are disappointed in not being able to take any away with us. We go into all the temples, three of which are furnished with bells said to be over a hundred years old. We sound the bells, beat the drums, drink tea with the priests, give them some cash, and examine the idols. In most of the temples are fancy boards in black lacquer and gold, with the names of persons on them, having been presented by individuals who are supposed to have derived some benefit through the influence of some of the josses located on the island. On bamboos which grow beside the steps, many Chinese have inscribed their names, in the same way, and possibly from the same cause which has prompted us to leave our mark on the walls of the temple.

One more word about the Little Orphan. Yü the Great, who opened the water courses and delivered the territory of China from the flood, engraved a record of his exploits on the sides of the Little Orphan. As Yü lived such a long time ago, it is not surprising that there is not a vestige to be seen at the present day of his writing on the sides of the Little Orphan.

Up comes the anchor, and up go the sails, the wind is fresh and we make a splendid run to Dove Point which is the fourth light station from Kiukiang. About midway between Dove Point and the Little Orphan, the channel of the river is divided by several islands, named Dove, False and Pigeon island respectively, the latter being by far the most considerable. Abreast of Pigeon island is the city of Ma Tung a very busy place, and near it an extensive grove of shady trees, while further on are bold cliffs, upwards of 300 feet high, and at the foot of which the water circles and boils and the current runs at several knots an hour. Here we hear the *cicado*, or as foreigners in China call them "scissor-grinders," from the peculiar noise they make while feeding or resting on branches of trees and we pass a flock of cranes disporting on the bank, and although we are close to them, they do not pay any attention to us. In the distance to the north stands a pagoda as we skim along Tung Low Reach and a little further on is Whong Yuen Chin where we see a

man winnowing grain of some kind, by simply throwing it up in the air, and as he faces the wind, the dust which is separated from the grain falls on his person, but as his grandfather had probably worked in the same way before him, so it is likely his children—if he has any—will imitate him afterwards. Spencer Rock is passed, and then Tung Lew on the south bank with its two pagodas, and at the light station near the south end of Christmas island we take a run on shore. There is little to be seen, however, and we soon feel inclined to be once more afloat. Continuing our way we thread the junk channel and are quickly abreast of Hoong She Ke. The breeze still keeping up we make Eagle island, arriving there at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Around the light station here the keepers have cultivated a small farm which appears to to be in good order, vegetables of various kinds being among the produce raised.

From this point we run down to Ganking the capital of the Ganway province, but as we have a fair breeze we do not land. The pagoda at this city is a fine one, and seven-stories high. At 6 P M. after passing Jocelyn island, we reach Hen Point light station there being two lights at this station, one on shore, and the other placed over the wreck of the s.s. *Kiang Loong*, which vessel was lost here in 1873.

The following story is told of Hen Point rock. It appears that a priest, having apparently eaten something indigestible, had a dream during which he witnessed a quarrel between the spirits of the air. One of these took the form of the Hen Rock, which, with other spirits, was so enraged that it attempted to block up the river. Just then the priest awoke, and realizing the state of affairs, commenced to crow, whereupon the Hen Rock stopped as did the others, and the Goddess of Mercy, having been invoked, the Hen Rock became a fixture and did not succeed in blocking the river. A little further down river is Tai Tze Ke, a solitary rock about three miles from Hen Point light station, and it has a temple on it, the priest in whose charge it is being subsidized by the Customs to keep a lamp burning at night. Round this lonely spot the current runs with remarkable rapidity, while between it and Hen Point there are strong eddies. We visit the temple which we find damp and dirty, the priest and his servant being in keeping with the whole. After looking about a bit, we soon leave and pass a three-storied temple. As in the morning we had a glorious sunrise, so at eventide we have a glorious sunset, presaging a hot day on the morrow. Very little wind now disturbs the air, and we drift down with the current, while the sails hang listlessly against the masts. It is dark, though the stars are out and the silence of night is occasionally broken by various sounds on shore; frogs croak their evening hymn—and keep it up too, for a long time; different domesticated animals raise their voices; dogs bark, probably at the approach of strangers, buffaloes low, and a 'four-legged animal with pointed ears' informs the neighbourhood of his whereabouts, while men and women are loud in their narration of events and circumstances. On board, the crew having performed their ablutions are variously amusing themselves and whiling the time away, singing and giving each other catch sentences to repeat, in the same manner as we in our younger days were betrayed into saying 'Robert ran up the ladder, with a lump of raw liver' a number of times. As for ourselves, we place our back against the mast, and smoke a cigar and meditate. We build castles in the air under the influence of our surroundings; recollections of days gone by mingle with our airy architecture; we doze and feel supremely happy.

The spell is broken by the appearance of lights indicating the approach of a steamer, so the lowdah is told to hang a lantern over the bow, that the steamer may see us and not run us down. Soon after this the light on Fitz Roy

island coming in sight and we anchor about 10 o'clock, proceeding early next morning. By 7 A.M. we only get as far as Ta Tung for we have the current alone to depend upon, the wind having died away. On either side are high hills, though they are more numerous on the Ta Tung side, among then being the Wild Boar hills, about 1,500 high and below the town we pass the ruins of a temple on a hill—indeed temples and pagodas are to be seen in many places on the banks of the Yangtze. While running down Wild Boar Reach, thousands of locusts fly across the river, many of them being caught in our sails and at the time of our trip these insects are ravaging and making sad havoc amid the edible vegetation in the Ganway province. At about half past eight we are abreast of the lower end of Buckminster island, where a light is supported by the Customs, and taking a short cut between Buckminster island and Seau Shan Ne-ow we arrive at Te-eh Kiang village. Further on is an island about 80 feet high having a small temple or pagoda on the summit. In the background rises an amphitheatre of hills which are about 1,500 feet high, some of them under cultivation. At 1 P.M. we arrive at Point Haines which is the limit of the Kiukiang light district, and here we see myriads of locusts devouring the grass and young reeds and they are so plentiful that we can hardly take a step without treading on some of them. The weather being very hot, we do not stay long, but getting the anchor up, hurry on to Wuhu, where we arrive a couple of hours afterwards, having made the whole passage of one hundred and ninety five miles under sail in less than fifty one hours including all stoppages. Of course, we go on shore and are hospitably received by our foreign friends.

Abreast of Wuhu is a small clump of houses in connection with which a romantic tale is told. A general at Chinkiang in bygone days, received instructions to take command of an army somewhere, and during his absence some busybody told his wife that he was unfaithful to her. This preyed upon her mind, and she went and drowned herself. Strange to tell, her dead body floated up river against the current and was found on the shore near this station, where a temple has been built in commemoration of the event.

Sportsmen at Wuhu have a fine opportunity of distinguishing themselves, as game is very plentiful. We notice that the feet of many of the women have not been deformed like those of most of their sex in other parts of China and are informed that when the Taipings had possession of the surrounding country they forbade, as they did at Quinsan and other places, the bandaging of the children's feet; consequently the parents were unable to carry out the idea of ruining their girls' understandings for life to make them look as graceful—as a maimed sailor hopping round on wooden legs.

L'ENVOI.

We now bring our rambles to a close, and have come to the conclusion that the pleasantest way of spending a holiday in China is to travel in a house boat, the more so, if one has some knowledge of the Chinese language or has a servant who can speak English. During all our tours we never had any trouble with the natives, and we have been on other trips besides those recorded in these pages, but we will not inflict them on the reader. We had a good time, as Cousin Jonathan would say, and trust our readers similarly enjoyed themselves when they went with us in spirit on the same journeys. Farewell.

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